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[HIS LORDSHIP'S WELCOME.]

## THE GOLDEN MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Stranger's Secret," "Man and His Idol," "The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE SEEDS OF VENGEANCE.

She listened and sat, till night grew late,  
Bound by a weary spell;  
Then a face came in at the garden gate,  
And a wondrous thing befell.

George MacDonald.

It would be difficult to say which made the greater impression on the sensitive Vida, the words to which Fabian Temple's wife had given utterance, or the manner which had accompanied their utterance.

The words startled her.

She listened to them with mingled astonishment and incredulity; but when she came to regard the speaker with close scrutiny, they were half forgotten in wonder at the spectacle presented to her gaze.

The two had seldom met except in a casual and unimportant way. But Vida had in her mind the image of a sad, patient woman, with gentle eyes and shining brown hair, smoothly parted, sitting in her black velvet dress hour after hour by her husband's side while he wrote on and on, scarcely conscious of her presence.

That was Fabian's wife as she had many a time recalled her as in a picture.

Who, then, was the woman before her?

Still Fabian's wife; but how changed, how marvellously, almost miraculously changed!

The brown hair, no longer smooth and shining, hung in a tangled, frowzy mass over a brow which the sorrow, despair, madness—what was its right name?—of a few days had already seamed with deep furrows. The placid eyes, no longer patient, no longer swimming in the light of affection, blazed with unnatural fierceness.

The cheeks were hollow, the lips, once red, were colourless and scarred where in some moment of agony they had been bitten through.

Even the dress betokened the change which had come over the wearer. Far different to the old black velvet gown in which she had passed her days was the attire she now assumed—a rich silk that clung about her knees, rain-bespattered, mud-stained, and hanging here and there in strips as if it had been trailed through thorns and brambles, and across a country like a morass.

At the sight of the change thus suddenly wrought in the woman before her, Vida could not repress a shudder. She was still more pained as the cause of this change—so far as she could surmise it—forced itself upon her.

Was it not obvious that the fortune which had suddenly come to Fabian and herself had turned her brain?

On this supposition, and this only, her words and the appearance she presented were alike accounted for, and on this point Hilda's next remark was convincing.

"It is natural that you should distrust me," she said.

"Indeed, no; I have no cause to do so," Vida returned.

"What! No cause? Do you forget who I am, and the wrong that, being what I am, I have innocently done you? You know me—the world knows me—as Fabian Temple's wife. The wife of the man who is rioting in the fortune that should have been yours."

"He is welcome to all he has," replied Vida; and then following up the idea she had formed that it was this fortune of which they were speaking that had turned her companion's brain, she added, "I have enough, more than enough, for all my necessities. Wealth seldom brings happiness. Often it proves a misfortune to those who become possessed of it."

"Wrongly possessed of it," said Hilda, with a strong emphasis on the first word.

"Ay, and rightly, too; it is better to be contented than rich."

It was a simple truth, but it seemed especially irritating to the listener. Her eyes flashed, and she

struck her clenched hand upon the table as she exclaimed:

"You are so meek! so wretchedly content and spiritless. You see a fortune slip out of your grasp, and make no effort to regain it. You see another rioting in the world at your cost, and look on as placidly as if no wrong were done you. Heavens! Do you never think what this fortune would have brought you?"

"Not happiness, I fear."

"And why not? It would have made you the envy of the county—raised you into the best society—given you the right to pick and choose among the elders of the highest families. There is nothing in the way of luxury or ambition that you could not have commanded. Think of that, Vida; think of it! And all this you have forfeited!"

"You forget that I am bound by my father's will. The unfortunate difference between him and his adopted son induced him to take a course for which no doubt he had sound reasons, and to leave the will of which you speak."

"And which you have never disputed."

"Disputed!"

"Not though Ambrose Copley is your lover, and this will robs him of his fortune, even should he escape with his life. You have permitted him to use this will for the purpose of raising money, even before he has the legal right to do so. Until proof of your father's death is forthcoming, his will is of no account; yet you have permitted this—this person—"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, my—my husband—to act as if it were, and to lord it over every one, as David Hyde's favoured heir. Have you no friends? No advisers? What sort of practitioner is this Ewen Ascott, your father's legal friend, that he permits you to be thus victimized? I am indignant at the thought of such double dealing."

Her indignation was not assumed, and by means of it she was slowly working herself into a state of fury.

"I have not thought it necessary to call on Mr

Ascott to interfere," said Vida, quietly; "I do not entertain a hope that my father yet lives, and I have no reason to question the genuineness of his will."

"Tell me," said she, impatiently, "did its contents awaken no surprise in your mind?"

"A little, I confess."

"You were not prepared to find the name of Fabian Temple holding the place it does in it?"

"No."

"There was nothing to lead you to suspect that?"

"Nothing."

"So far as you know, the footing on which your father and he stood was that of neighbours—not friends. They had no close, no business relations?"

"My father had employed him once or twice, I think."

"As a copying clerk?"

"It was to draw up some deed, I believe."

"Not to draw up his will, you are sure?"

"I cannot tell."

"All that you know of the matter, then, is that David Hyde employed Fabian Temple to draw a deed for him, and in return left him the bulk of his property, excluding his adopted son, and leaving you in comparative poverty? That is the position of affairs, yet you have no doubts, no suspicions; your mind entertains no apprehension of foul play. You take a simple girl's view of all this and are content."

"You think I should have been more circumspect."

"I think your suspicions should have been aroused. The place where your father was last seen—so near to our wretched home. The mystery attending his disappearance. The fact that the will is of so strange a character. All this ought to have struck those on whom you should have relied for advice. Even the fact that Fabian acts as if he knew that your father was no more, is full of suspicion. Others only suspect, why, then, should he know? Others believe that David Hyde may yet see the light of heaven again, and yet Fabian Temple does not hesitate to squander his inheritance by anticipation. Why is this? Why? Because—"

But Vida put up her hands, her face kindling with horror.

"Hold!" she cried, "this is too dreadful. These words from your lips!"

"And why not?"

"Hush! hush! You forget that you are his wife—his wife, heaven forgive you!—and that in these words you are denouncing him, in words to which I cannot listen. It is a horrible crime at which you hint. You cannot mean it. You cannot have forgotten yourself so far."

"I have forgotten nothing," returned the excited woman, rising with a face white with suppressed feeling, and hands clenching to rigidity. "You think me mad. I read the suspicion in your eyes."

You believe that this sudden fortune has unhinged my brain. You are deceived. I come here the victim of a wrong that might have turned a stronger head. I come here excited, exasperated, driven to the extreme verge of endurance. But I am sane. Calmly and without flinching I have laid down for myself a line of duty which I will pursue, and step by step I am going forward in that destined path; what the end is you will know hereafter; meanwhile, think of what I have said. Ponder the hints I have given you, and for your lover's sake—for his sake, Vida—try and read whatever will connect Fabian Temple with your father's will and your father's fate."

While yet speaking she moved with a haughty bearing, yet tottering step, towards the window by which she had entered.

Vida, terrified and bewildered, caught her words, but hardly dared trust herself to believe in their dread significance.

It was not till Hilda Temple had moved several feet, that she put out her hand as if to detain her.

"Oh, stay, stay," she cried, "you cannot mean that my father died by Fabian Temple's hand?"

"I cannot prove it," was the cold rejoinder.

"But you think—you are persuaded—Oh, no, no! I dare not ask you that question. And yet, if it was not to hint at this, why did you come here to-night?"

Hilda returned two paces.

"Because," she said, "it was my will that you should see as I see, that you should suspect as I suspect, and that whatever I do may be borne out by your testimony. From to-night you will think of your father's fate as you have never thought of it before. There is no need for me to lead you on. I have said enough. When next we meet, it will be you who will be fierce and clamorous, and I—God knows if I shall have the strength to hold my purpose then. Good night! Good night!"

She waved her hands as if to forbid Vida to follow, and so made for the window, and drawing the curtain aside with a snatch, stepped into the garden.

It was starlight; but the light was feeble and it was with many a plunge and stumble that she made

her way to the gate by which she had entered the overgrown and tangled wilderness in which the house stood.

To her astonishment some one stood at the gate.

"Hallo!" shouted a gruff voice as she reached it.

It was old Abner.

He was standing leaning with both hands on the top of the gate, and by its aid supporting a long pipe which he appeared to be smoking, though it was not at the moment alight.

What more natural than that an old man should stroll down to the garden gate to smoke his pipe? What more natural either than that being thus engaged, under the placid stars, he should have been startled by the appearance of a stranger from the house?

"It is only me. I have just quitted your mistress's room," said the visitor with a quiet firmness.

Why, as I live, it's Mrs. Temple!" exclaimed the garrulous old man.

"Yes; pray unlock the gates. I am late."

"Late!" ejaculated Abner. "The very word as Mr. Fabian used when he came here by appointment to meet my poor dear master the morning as ever was after that dreadful night. 'I'm late,' says he. 'Late's early enough this time,' says I. 'I'll wait,' he says. 'Do, sir,' says I, and shows him into the drawing-room!"

He whispered the last words.

"The drawing-room?" repeated Hilda, startled at something strange and peculiar in the old man's tone.

"Yes! where the will was found."

Speaking in a lower and still more impressive whisper, he lifted the latch of the gate and held it wide, so that the visitor might pass out. Somewhat strangely, too, he did not close it after her; but accompanied her, walking by her side in a close and confidential manner, until their figures were both lost in the shadows of the unbragging trees that over-arched the road down which Hilda Temple took her way.

The night wind had risen, and the gate, first swinging to and fro, at last shut and latched itself.

Vida, looking from the window which she had closed, heard the sound without heeding it. Her brain was in a whirl of excitement over what had passed that night, and what might yet happen. Ambrose Copley might come! It was not yet too late. He might have been alarmed at what had just happened, and still in concealment might be waiting till all was quiet.

Persuaded of this the gentle girl resumed her watching, and sat a long, long while absorbed in thought.

At last the opening and closing of the garden gate startled her. A footstep caused her to throw open the window and look out. Some one drew near on tiptoe.

"Who is it? Speak!" cried Vida in a suppressed voice.

At the same moment old Abner stepped into the room, lighted pipe in hand.

He had been more than an hour absent down the road; but he did not think it necessary to explain that circumstance.

With a rough and awkward apology for alarming his young mistress he retreated to his own quarters, and soon after fell asleep before the kitchen fire, as was his wont.

The silence which succeeded his retreat was unbroken by the intrusion of any human being on the privacy of the quiet house that night.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### VOSPER'S INFATUATION.

For in my breast a raging passion burns—  
A passion which hath made my nightly couch  
A place of torment, and the light of day  
With the gay intercourse of social men,  
Feel like the oppressive, airless pestilence.

No, it is hate! Black, lasting, deadly hate!

Joanna Baillie.

A LITTLE man in a great rage is always amusing, and it would have been difficult to find a less man in a greater rage than Doctor Vosper contrived to keep himself in during these days.

It seemed as if he never cooled down, or enjoyed a moment's repose.

His absurd jealousy was always at the boiling point. As an inmate of the Earl of Courtland's house he could not escape from the Lady Edith! When she was not present there was sure to be something to remind him of her, and thus his hopeless, impossible passion was constantly quickened and kept alive.

Did he entertain the faintest hope that by any turn of fortune he could ever be anything more to her than her medical attendant?

Well, it is difficult to say. Human reality cannot be gauged. There is no limit to infatuation. Still,

though he could not think so meanly of himself as she thought of him, or know as she knew that this passion of his was one of the best with which she amused her friends, it is hard to suppose that he could have been unconscious that difference in rank placed an impassable barrier between them.

One thing, however, is certain. He could not be made to see that the objections to himself were stronger than those to Fabian Temple, and the mere thought of him, the mention of his name, the merest chance allusion to him in conversation, drove the little doctor to the verge of apoplexy.

With what intensity of dislike he from the first regarded that handsome face, those flashing eyes, and that figure in contrast with which his own was that of an ape! And as time wore on that dislike intensified, until it deserved another name. It was no longer dislike—it was hatred. Hatred the most deadly, blind and unreasoning of all the passions!

Indifferent to the little doctor as he would have been to a reptile in his path, Fabian Temple went on from day to day, growing stronger in his infatuation, and ever less regardless of the moral obligations which should have separated him from the Lady Edith.

That suggestion of hers as to the want of proof of the legality of his marriage worked in his veins like a moral poison.

Hour after hour he found himself brooding over an idea which six months ago would have made him shrink from himself as a scoundrel.

The idea was—that he should disclaim the unfortunate Hilda, and make Edith his wife!

That was clearly what she had hinted at in the conversation in the conservatory, and what were the obstacles?

He was perpetually asking himself that question. With the specious subtlety of a mind that once warped from the straight line of right loses itself in sophistries, he argued thus:

"I have loved the earl's daughter all my life. She is necessary to my happiness. I know that even when I married Hilda. Married her! It was she who married me. Your quiet, simple women are full of cunning, and she had art enough to take advantage of a time when I was not myself—when a morbid craving for sympathy was upon me—and so made herself my wife. She did it with her eyes open. She knew that my heart was another's, and that I could not love her, and still she persisted in her design. Is it my fault if she overreached herself? Am I to blame if the marriage cannot be substantiated? Ten to one if it would have stood the legal tests, hurried and irregular as it was, and taking place in a foreign country where all our institutions are imperfectly understood. It is clearly Hilda's fault, and hers only, if I repudiate the marriage."

It had come to this.

The fortune, and the influence of a heartless, designing woman had, in combination, produced this fruit.

Doctor Vosper, watching events as keenly as a chess-player watches the board, was the first to see that this move was inevitable.

And what then? Who cared what Vosper saw or failed to see? Not the proud beauty, his mistress, who made fun of him as her dwarf. And assuredly not Fabian Temple, who, dwelling in a Paradise of his own creating, was scarcely conscious of the doctor's existence.

Well for him had he heeded the poet's suggestion that "the bright sun brings forth the adder, and craves wary watching." While the bright sun of fortune shone on Fabian, the adder in his path was slowly gathering venom which it had no idea of sparing when the time for its use should come.

As he lived under the earl's roof, Vosper had no private residence of his own, but retained apartments in a house belonging to his sister, Miss Aquilla Vosper, in the neighbourhood of New Bond Street. It was not in that street, or, indeed, in any other street; it occupied an angular nook, otherwise devoted to coach houses, but sufficiently close to be described on letters as "near" half-a-dozen highly aristocratic resorts.

The favoured occupant of this house was a maiden lady whose age might have been guessed at fifty with some approach to the truth, and might even have been so guessed to her face without offence, seeing that she was so deaf as to be utterly unconscious of what passed in her presence. Like her brother, Miss Aquilla had a red face and was of an apoplectic tendency generally, but her chief peculiarity was that, by reason of her deafness, she was so perpetually festooned with elastic tubing, and surrounded with ear-trumpets of different kinds, as to convey the idea that she was holding a bazaar of those fancy articles.

It was the first-floor drawing-room which Miss Vosper occupied, a gloomy and ill-furnished apartment, furnished in rosewood and horsehair in the most uncomfortable and repelling style, as if it had never been occupied except for penitential purposes. Hard



cold, shiny, and inflexible, everything in the room raised its protest against comfort or enjoyment. And yet the doctor found a charm in the place, and would shut himself up for hours in its damp atmosphere whenever the opportunity presented itself.

The charm, so far as it might be made out, lay in this, that in this gloomy temple were stored the sacred relics of the Idol to whose fanatical worship he had given himself up.

Over the mantelpiece there hung a faint, smudgy miniature of the Lady Elith as a girl—bold, angular, and expressionless, but to him beyond price. In the place of honour on the wall opposite the door was suspended, in a costly frame, another portrait of the Idol—a proof before letters of a plate done for a "Book of Beauty." On a shelf was the book itself with a duplicate copy of the plate and the verses on it which some unknown poet had furnished. Next to this was an album, full of trifles, utterly worthless except to him. In that book he had treasured every scrap of her handwriting, addressed to himself—a melancholy collection, chiefly detailing the symptoms of colds, coughs, and similar ailments, suffered at country-houses, from which she had written. A cabinet beneath the bookshelves contained other treasures—odd gloves and ribbons, faded flowers, a broken fan, ball-programmes, counterfoils of concert tickets, a pink satin slipper, stray buttons, fragments of torn lace rescued from ball-room floors, and so forth.

But all hers.

All stored and treasured up as precious from association with her beauty, and the glory of that presence which had been the joy and torture of his life.

These treasures the deaf Acquilla always alluded to, in general terms, as her brother's "rubbish." But they were sacred from her touch, simply because they were his. There are degrees in idol worship, and Acquilla's idol was her brother, the doctor, whose talents and greatness she held in abject reverence.

Of late she had observed with dismay a startling change in him. He would come to the house like a maniac, and locking himself into his room, roll upon the floor in paroxysms of rage and despair.

These manifestations Acquilla knew to be in some way connected with his "rubbish," her womanly tact giving her a clue to the passion that was the bane of her brother's life, though he had never said a word to her upon the subject.

One evening—it was the second after the ball at the duke's—Vosper came home unexpectedly, in a state of intense agitation. Having shaken hands he rushed up stairs, and the sister following saw that he hastily tore down the portraits of the Lady Elith, and such other visible portions of his "rubbish" as related to her, and thrust them into the little cabinet, which he carefully locked.

Then seizing one of her trumpeets, he shouted, "A lady is coming here."

She nodded, and her eyes wandered enquiringly to the places where the portraits had hung.

"That lady?" she asked.

"No!" he shouted with an angry glare of his eyes. "I shall be happy to receive her," said the deaf sister.

At this he removed the speaking-tube from her stout waist, and seizing every trumpet and hearing-appliance with which she was fortified, carried them off, leaving her, in her deaf state, utterly helpless and defenceless.

Shortly after a cab stopped in front of the house, and before the cabman had time to alight from his seat, the doctor had rushed out and was showing the way to a lady, thickly veiled, who ascended at once to his own rooms.

On entering, she started at the sight of Acquilla.

"Only my deaf sister," murmured the doctor.

It was so difficult to believe that no syllable could reach the brain which lighted up those intelligent eyes, that the woman hesitated; then, in desperation flung up her veil, and disclosed the trouble-wasted face of Hilda Temple.

"She can hear nothing?" she demanded, indicating Acquilla with one hand.

"Not a word."

"We can speak in perfect confidence here, then? Thank God!"

She threw herself wearily into a chair, and Vosper stood beside her.

"You have followed my suggestion? You have been to Silverthorpe?" he asked, eagerly.

"I have seen Hyde's daughter," was the answer.

"And the result?"

"That is to come. I have but sown the seeds of suspicion in her mind; but they will take root. Her love for Ambrose Copley will secure that. It will make her see with my eyes."

"But you learned nothing? No facts—no suspicious circumstances—nothing to give colour to your belief in Temple's guilt?"

"Nothing from her—except that it is as we thought."

Her father and Fabian were strangers, or at best neighbours.

"Good, good. But you gained nothing from her; you saw others, then?"

"One other, one of Hyde's servants. Abner he called himself."

"And you learned of him—what?"

"Poor old man, he was nervous and agitated, afraid to commit himself or to compromise others, yet with a weight on his mind of which he was anxious to unburden himself. Too confused to have any distinct impression of anything, he rambled on, first giving facts which seem to favour the idea of Copley's guilt, then making admissions calculated to bear out our view. At last I drew from him one statement—the one he from the first had upon his mind. Something, he said, had occurred in the drawing-room at David Hyde's house while Fabian was there which had aroused the gravest suspicions in his mind."

"And this something, what was it?"

"There I am at fault. As we approached the details the cunning and avarice of age asserted itself, stimulated by the fear of getting himself into trouble. Feeling was the stronger I could not tell. It was in vain that I urged on him the duty of an old and faithful servant, the claims of his young mistress, whose happiness was bound up in this matter, everything, in short, that I could think of likely to influence his mind. He declines to speak out until he has had an interview with Fabian, the result of which may be to set his doubts at rest. If not, he will not hesitate to tell all he knows."

The doctor reflected a moment.

"This interview must take place, and at once," he then said.

"It will be private, of course."

"Of course."

He repeated the words in so dry a tone, and with such a malignant twinkle of his eyes, that even the deaf Acquilla understood some hidden purpose in him.

"And now what further," Vosper went on. "You proceeded to Silverthorpe, to the old street, to the old house?"

"Yes," she replied, a violent tremor agitating her frame as she did so.

"And you found it—pray compose yourself—undisturbed?"

"No."

"What, the seal which I secretly placed on the padlock had been broken?"

"It had."

"Some one had entered the building then?"

"No doubt of it."

"Strange! It could hardly have been Temple. He has not left town since or we should have known it. Who then? Is it possible that he has an accomplice?"

The wife's face underwent a painful change.

"Or that he is innocent?" she gasped.

Vosper cast an angry glance towards her.

"Have you no strength of mind or purpose?"

he exclaimed. "Were your convictions of yesterday based on idle fancies; or are your wrongs so slight that you hesitate to avenge yourself on the author of them? What am I to understand?"

More wan, more wild and distraught in aspect than even on the night of her interview with Vida Hyde, the forlorn woman could only clasp her hands and look imploringly at her companion.

"You forget that I love him," she faltered. "Oh, yes I do—I do love him. And he is my husband. He has not even yet cast me off. Under the influence of this bad, wicked, heartless woman—"

The doctor's red face deepened to a purple tint.

"—he is urged on to lengths which he may regret, may repeat of. And if meanwhile any word or act of mine should bring him to a shameful and untimely end! Oh, I dare not think of it. My brain reels with the torture of that thought. Why—reflect, reflect—I might become his murderess, and then could I look for peace or rest, in life or in death? Nothing could give it back to me, no, not even the grave."

She clasped her face in her hands and tears trickled through her wasted fingers.

Vosper watched her with the sneering contemptuous face of a demon.

"You are aware that the earl and countess have accepted an invitation to spend a few months at the Count de Vermont's chateau in the Pyrenees?" he asked.

"No."

"Nor that Temple accompanies them?"

"He goes too? Is it possible? And he has said no word of this to me!"

Vosper shrugged his shoulders, an expressive shrug.

"This might be deemed a breach of confidence were it not so openly talked of among the household."

"By the domestics?" cried Hilda, shrinking from the bare idea of her position being canvassed in the servants' hall.

"The step is a prudent one, and well imagined," said Vosper. "It will avoid what the French call an *escalandre*—a scandal—a scene. From that distance the whole affair can be conducted by letter, which is so much pleasanter."

Hilda looked at him and listened to him with loathing, so sardonic was the expression of his imp-like face, and so heartless and cruel his tone.

"Am I to understand," she said, "that Fabian retires to the Continent to spare himself the pain of a final parting with his wife—"

"And to give himself the pleasure of the society of the lady who is to succeed her. That is what I understand, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"The wronged and ill-treated woman he proposes to cast off, with the stain of infamy upon her name, has the spirit to forestall him by bringing him to account for the one crime that has paved the way for the other."

A cry of anguish escaped the lips of the unhappy woman.

"You torture me!" she ejaculated; "it is cruel, cruel! And yet why should I weep and mourn over my misery? I despise myself for this weakness. I will not care for him or pity him; and will only remember that I am forsaken and desolate, and that I have it in my power to revenge. One word of mine and he is lost."

Vosper caught at her wrist.

"*Speak that word,*" he hissed in her ear.

The concentrated intensity of the man stamped on his face and expressed in his voice, startled and alarmed her.

"Why do you urge it?" she demanded.

The doctor recoiled at the question, so sudden, and so unexpected.

While he hesitated a third voice interposed with an answer.

For the first and last time the deaf Acquilla spoke.

Seeing that there was some misunderstanding, and wholly at a loss to comprehend it, she put her own construction on what she saw, and unable to restrain herself further, suddenly addressed the distracted Hilda.

"He loves her, my dear lady," she said. "He's never said it by word of mouth, even to me; but he does, I know it. He loves her ladyship in that way that his life's a burden to him. And is that secret ever it, he's hidden all her pictures and the rubbish he treasures up of her's that you mightn't see 'em. But it's no use, it ought to be known. It's killing him by inches. If ever man was dying for love it's my poor brother dying for this lady. It's true, Harold, it's all true. More's the shame!"

Amazed beyond measure, Vosper glared upon the deaf woman, and motioned her to silence with both hands, but in vain. Whatever fancy of her darkened mind—whatever sense of duty had prompted her to speak, she did not desist until the mischief was done. But for the doctor's extreme perturbation Hilda, distracted as her mind was, might have failed to comprehend Acquilla's words. As it was, the truth flashed upon her in an instant.

"It is because you love this proud woman—because you would remove a rival from your path—that you prompt me to denounce him," she exclaimed.

"And then—what then?" he demanded angrily.

"Only this," was her reply, "that you recall me to my reason. I will pause and reflect before I act upon advice so interested and selfish as that you have plied me with."

"But, madam," he began.

"Not to-night, not another word to-night. I am like one walking in his sleep upon the edge of a precipice. Already I may have gone too far!"

Waving him back impatiently as he attempted to urge something in explanation or extenuation, she made her way from the room and from the house, and emerged into the night, with a look and manner as if stunned and bewildered.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### HIS LORDSHIP'S WELCOME.

Like a new-caged bird that sees the sun,  
And blinded by his light, sees not the bars  
That shut out liberty. Wilson.

THE flight of Ambrose Copley had just the effect that was to be feared.

It turned the tide of suspicion dead against him.

Even those who had believed him innocent before, now regarded this as proof positive of guilt.

"Why should an innocent man break out of prison and run away from his accusers?" was the natural enquiry.

The answer lay in a simple matter of fact, but that would have satisfied no one. Not one in a thousand could have sympathized with that wild, free, untamed nature, which had been at war with the restrictions of society from first to last, and which found imprisonment simply intolerable. As a bird dashes itself to pieces against the wires of its cage in desperation, so this brave, daring, free-soiled lad was utterly beyond self-control in the fierce thirst and yearning of his heart for liberty.

But who of all the world understood this?

Not Vida even.

No. Her gentle, yielding, tenderly reliant nature had failed to realize or understand this phase in the character of the man she so deeply, so passionately loved. She had been used from a girl to hear him denounced as roving and restless, daring and uncontrollable; but she only believed that it was her father's harshness which made him so. She did not know that this was in his nature, in his blood; as much a part of him as the clear blue eyes and open, handsome face, in which she saw the perfection of manly beauty.

"He will reform in time," she thought. Perhaps deep down in her heart of hearts she might have thought also, "love will reclaim him." But this she hardly dared admit, even to herself.

Ignorant of his real nature, therefore, even Vida was mistaken in the motive which had prompted his flight; but her faith in him was not shaken. She knew—in the strength of this her faith—that it was not guilt, and she was content.

The only man who held the real clue was Boldero. Had that interview on the night when the youth came to his house not taken place, he would still have understood Ambrose better than anyone else. There was something congenial in the vagrant natures of the two men, and when the fugitive sought the shelter of his house, he gave it him without suspicion or mistrust.

There was a room in the roof with a window a foot square in one of its sloping sides, looking straight up into the sky above it, which was assigned to Ambrose.

It so happened that this communicated by a short narrow flight of stairs with what Boldero called his own room—the little snugery in which the great man studied his songs, and designed his dresses, and practised his double-shuffles, which were the delight of his patrons, and so forth. That room had given birth to "Those Carly West-end Swells," and "Always are so crazy, oh," young ladies, and the rest of those creations of audacious wit and rollicking humour with which the name of the great Boldero was identified. As it happened this studio was always locked up sacred from intrusion, no one being permitted to enter it, except the Angel, as the fair, blue-eyed child who was the light of that strange home was fondly designated.

Under these circumstances it was possible to conceal a stranger in the upper room for any length of time without the knowledge of the household. Ambrose, therefore, occupied a place of perfect safety, with this disadvantage only, that it was twice as much a prison as that from which he had escaped.

The lean-to roof prevented his standing upright or moving about. Nor was this the worst of it. There was the necessity of perpetual caution as to noise, while the prisoner was haunted with a fear lest his ill-advised step in coming there might compromise the man who had given him shelter.

In one respect his escape from prison had helped Boldero. It had for a time silenced the absurd suspicion that the singer was concerned in the murder. But as days wore on, and the excitement attending his disappearance died away, the stupid outcry was revived. The newspapers, who follow one another like sheep through a gap in a hedge, discovered that Boldero had been at Silverthorpe with the man whose escape from gaol was conclusive proof of his guilt, and they were violent in their abuse of the police for neglect of duty in not directing their researches in that quarter.

Learning this from the papers, which he devoured ravenously day by day, the prisoner soon saw that he could not remain where he was either with safety, or without the chances of getting the good fellow who was his best, if not only friend, into serious trouble.

Sometimes he thought, as he turned it over in his mind, that it would be better for him to confess the crime of which all believed him guilty, and so make an end of life and all its troubles.

"For," he argued, "I never have and never shall be worth my salt at anything. I've gone to the bad, and at the bad I shall keep. I'm tired of the game and had better throw it up and have done with it."

But even while these thoughts were in his mind better ideas would come to his rescue. The image of Vida would steal between his eyes, and the dark vista of his stormy and wasted life. His love for her revived the charm of existence.

Matters went on thus from day to day, when an incident, and a very trifling one, determined him on the course to be adopted.

It was the dusk of the evening, and Boldero was in his garden, working away at his flowers as usual. He had been all day studying a new song, with a new character dance, and had only stolen out as the light failed to enjoy the recreation which garden work always afforded him.

Hearing him still there, Ambrose ventured to steal down to the bottom of the stairs and peep into the room, but he had scarcely thrust his head through the half-opened door when its appearance was greeted with a scream.

It was a loud shrill scream of terror which caused him to draw back in alarm.

"The man! The man!" he heard, as he drew the door towards him.

Then the truth flashed on his mind.

It was the little Aglaia, who had been playing in her father's room, and had been terror-stricken at his apparition.

As he listened he could tell that she was descending the stairs shrieking, and repeating the cry, "A man! a man!" in a manner which was sure to bring the servants to her assistance, a result which would probably end in his discovery.

Determined to avoid this at all risks he ascended to his garret, and bursting open the window in the roof, clambered through it, and emerged in the leaden gutter inside the parapet of the house. The gutter was sufficiently wide to enable him to crawl along it some distance unobserved; there he lay down and waited until the gathering gloom would permit him to escape unobserved.

The way of escape he subsequently adopted was a desperate one. Some half-dozen houses from that he had quitted he found an open window, near which stood a brazier and other implements used by plumbers in repairing the roof.

Seizing the brazier he boldly stepped into the room. A woman seated there reading uttered a cry of alarm, but at the sight of the plumbing implements was reassured and permitted him to pass down through the house unquestioned.

On emerging from the door into the street, he stood for a moment hesitating what course to take.

With no purpose in his blighted life and beset by danger on every side, what did it matter?

Almost without a thought, and in total ignorance of the way, he bent his steps northward. It was away from the city, from the streets, from those in quest of his life.

That was all he thought of.

His way lay past market-gardens, through open meadows, by orchards heavy with rosy fruit, through straggling villages, and so away, and yet away into the open country. Behind him the halo that crowns the city of the world: before him darkness and mist and gloom.

The heart of the fugitive sank within him as he pursued his onward path, and it was with a sense of delight that he presently recognized near a roadside coppice the red light of a gipsy fire.

Without a thought he made direct for the tents.

As he came within the circle of light which the newly kindled wood fire threw around it, three or four reclining figures met his view; but early as it was no one seemed stirring. He nevertheless advanced direct towards the fire.

In doing so he soon came to where its ruddy glow lit up his face and disclosed his figure full in view of the encampment. There was a low murmur of voices and a rustling sound; then, the flapping entrance of a tent was suddenly raised, and a woman started forward and confronted the intruder.

She was hideous in face, bent in body, and her eyes were of a vivid green that glistened and scintillated in the firelight.

"Welcome, my lord!" she cried, throwing up her arms in a strange fashion. "Your lordship has been expected this many a day!"

The words were uttered with great deference, and in a deeply earnest tone.

(To be continued.)

Of the 1,297,406 cwt. of bacon, hams, and pork imported into the United Kingdom in 1864, almost four-fifths were the produce of the United States.

THE ORIGIN OF GLACIERS.—The mountain-snow is squeezed by the superjacent portions; it yields, and as some of the air entrapped in the snow escapes, a compact mass is formed, half snow and half ice, technically termed *névé*. By the force of gravity, the *névé* is slowly dragged downwards, moving partly by the upper layers slipping over the lower ones, and partly by the sliding of its whole mass bodily down the plateau. As warmer regions are entered, the *névé* gathers into the valleys, and becoming more and more consolidated, it passes by insensible degrees into the

glacier. Still urged downwards, the glacier continues to move by sliding and yielding, grinding down the rocks over which it passes, or grooving and scratching them in the direction of its motion. It is the long continuance of this action which has led many eminent men to believe that the glacier scoops out for itself the valley through which it moves; but though this view has been opposed, it certainly appears probable that, if it cannot originate, the glacier may enlarge and condition its bed.

#### AN IRISH ROMANCE.

We doubt whether many of our readers are aware of the strange and interesting relation which subsists between a large body of the Irish peasantry and an Irish gentleman, with whose name we are tolerably familiar, and who bears in Ireland the title—prouder far, in the opinion of the people, than dukedom or earldom—of "The O'Donoghue of the Glens."

Among the many triumphs of Irish imagination there is none more conspicuous than its legendary lore, and among Irish legends the most exquisite for its simplicity and delicacy is one which has for its scene Lough Lein, the fairest of the three lakes which have conferred a deserved celebrity upon Killybeg. The spot is indeed one which might well kindle into poetry a mind less impressionable than that of the peasant of Kerry.

The lake, a miracle of miniature beauty, sleeps at the foot of the loftiest mountains in Ireland, and of crags in which the eagle builds. The softness and warmth of the almost Italian atmosphere throw a charming languor around the place. The brilliant green of the turf—the thickets of myrtle, arbutus, and holly which clothe the banks and the islets—the grey, quaint-shaped, lichen-clad, rocks, which your guide calls The O'Donoghue's castle, and prison, and library, transport you at once to fairy-land.

Here alone should you hear the legend, for here alone can you feel it. Even the melodious verse of Moore, which keeps ringing in your ears, spoils the vision. You will best hear the tale from the lips of a peasant girl.

On the 1st of May—so runs the story—a strange sight may be seen by the shores of the lake. No sooner does the sun begin to appear over the tops of the mountains than a wild strain of unearthly music rises from the rocks, and if there be present a spectator lately purified from his sins a glorious pageant becomes visible. Troops of fairies spring from every nook and scatter over the surface of the water the loveliest of flowers. Then a trumpet sounds, and the crags assume once more their pristine form of chapel and castle and donjon keep, and from under the archway rides out slowly upon a milk-white charger a princely cavalier, dressed in the gorgeous habit of an ancient Irish chief. His horse treads the water as though it were solid ground, and the prince gazes sadly on his old home.

Again the fairy music rises, and swells, and sinks; the horseman reaches the midpoint of the lake, waves a farewell, and all the pageant disappear. But it is said those fortunate ones to whom the vision has been vouchsafed are ever after prosperous, and when, as sometimes happens, this favour has been bestowed on many, the golden age returns for a while, the fields are loaded with the harvest, and all the valley reaps the bounty of The O'Donoghue.

The old family with whom this wild legend is connected has been always conspicuous in Irish annals. It claims descent from the Royal House of Munster, and is mentioned repeatedly in the chronicles of the Abbey of Innisfallen as the head of the Eoganacht of Lough Lein.

Among the most stubborn of the enemies of the English Pale during the middle ages were the chiefs of this powerful house. Nor when a partial subjugation of the native power had been effected did they show themselves more inclined to submit.

In 1603 The O'Donoghue of the Glens was attainted. In 1689 his grandson was a general in the army of James II. Rebellion was followed by confiscation, and but a small remnant was left of the vast estates which once formed the patrimony of this noble house. The chiefs sank in appearance—not in reality, as we shall presently show—to the position of country gentlemen.

The present head of the family, a young man of much promise, and in many ways remarkable, is not only heir through his father to these traditions, but through his mother to the power and popularity of O'Connell. Yet though the mantle of the great demagogue has fallen upon him, he has little of the demagogue in his character, as in truth it would be difficult for one to have who has his old rank and power so forcibly put before his mind in the mouldering towers of Ross Castle, and the tombs where sleep the many chiefs of his house in the ruined chancel of Nuckcross Abbey.



**DUCHY OF CORNWALL.**—The annual accounts of the Duchy of Cornwall laid before Parliament show that in the year 1865 the receipts amounted to £68,508, which is almost precisely the same sum as in the previous year. Sums amounting to £1,146 were paid for repairs and improvement of the property; and expenses of management, salaries, and various disbursements, amounted to £14,169. The payment to the use of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales amounted to £51,331. Foreshores and estates sold in the year produced £8,281, and £18,343 was laid out in the purchase of estates at The Brewers and other places, part of the reserve or capital in the funds being sold out.

## BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "Self-Made," "All Alone," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XLVIII.

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff of conscience  
To do no contrived murder. I lack iniquity.  
Sometimes to do me service, nine times in ten.  
Shakespeare.

"WELCOME!"

This was the first word that sprang alive from the heart to the lips of Justin Rosenthal, as he held out both his hands, and cordially grasped those of the young officer who stepped on shore.

He was a very handsome fellow, this young sailor, of slight but elegant figure, of dark olive complexion, dark brown hair and moustache, and dark hazel eyes.

His expression of countenance was gracious, his movements graceful, and his manners courteous. In a word, he had the air of a true gentleman.

"Thanks," he answered, lifting his cap and announcing himself as—"Lieutenant Ethel."

"I am rejoiced to see you, Lieutenant,—truly rejoiced," said Justin, with smiling emphasis, as he heartily shook the hands of the new comer. "I am Mr. Rosenthal," he added.

"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Rosenthal."

"And this young lady," said Justin, turning the lieutenant towards Britomarte, "is Miss Conyers."

Again the young sailor lifted his hat and bowed profoundly.

"And this other young person," said Justin, smiling, "is Judith Bioridan, Miss Conyers' attendant, and our companion in exile, and as such as dear to us as a sister."

"I am glad to make her acquaintance," said Lieutenant Ethel.

"And now," said Justin, eagerly, "will you walk up to our house, while we become better acquainted?"

"With pleasure," answered the young officer; and he immediately offered his arm to Britomarte, as the way was rugged.

But with a courteous smile she declined the assistance; and they walked on in an irregular group. Under all these civilities there had been on both sides a half-suppressed eagerness of curiosity.

On that of the young officer to know how these English citizens happened to be found on the desert isle in the Indian Ocean. And on that of Justin was something more than curiosity; it was almost an agony of anxiety. And it broke forth as they went on.

"Outward or homeward bound?" he inquired.

"Outward," replied the young lieutenant.

"I am sorry for that! I had hoped that you were going home. Nevertheless you are as welcome—as welcome as—what shall we say, Miss Conyers? What simile shall we find to express how welcome he is?" said Justin, turning to Britomarte.

"None so strong as the simple fact," answered Britomarte; and then, turning with a smile to the visitor, she added, "You are as welcome, sir, as friends from home to exiles on a desert island."

Lieutenant Ethel bowed.

"From what port are you last?" inquired Justin.

"From London."

"And where bound? You must not take exceptions to my asking many questions. Remember that news is scarce here. In fact, the morning papers are not delivered with the regularity we could wish."

"Oh, pray question me as much as you like. I am ready to give you all the information in my power. If I forget to volunteer any, ask me."

"Then where are you bound?"

"Oh, I beg pardon. We are cruising in search of privateers, which are reported even down as low as these latitudes, lying in wait for our returning East Indians, which offer them a rich and easy prey."

"We are lingering too long in the sun," suggested Justin; let us hurry on to the house."

"Bedad he's jealous! and with good reason," muttered Judith to herself.

"Let us get into the house. We have a house, even on this uncivilized isle," said Justin, as the whole party increased their rate of speed.

"Yes; but all this time we are struck with astonishment to find my fellow citizens here, braving about the walls of the universe like the lost spirits of the free lovers in Dante's Inferno, and I am consumed with curiosity to know how they came to be thrust outside the world," said the young lieutenant.

"And, unlike myself, you are too polite to ask questions. Well, you shall know all about it. But here we are at the house. Please to walk in," said Justin, leading the way through the rustic gate, up a gravelled walk, between borders of fragrant flowers, to the vine-shaded portico that roofed the door.

"Welcome to our island home!" he added, as he opened the door and conducted the guest into the hall, and through that into the parlour.

"Thanks," said the young stranger, removing his cap, and gazing around upon one of the pleasantest summer rooms he had ever seen in his life. Straw matting was on the floor; snow white curtains at the vine-shaded windows; fresh flowers on the mantel-shelf and on the tables; and coolness, comfort, and beauty everywhere.

Justin handed him a chair.

Judith ran out to prepare refreshments.

When they were all seated, the young lieutenant said:

"Everything I see around you increases my astonishment and curiosity. You seem really to be comfortably and permanently colonized here!"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Justin quickly. "We have been here over two years, and passed a not unhappy period. But we have had enough of it, and want to get home."

"But—how—came—you—here?" inquired the young man, slowly and emphatically.

"Ah! you have really asked the question at last. I thought I should bring you to it," laughed Justin. Then growing suddenly grave as he thought of the shipwreck, he said:

"You remember the ill-fated Sultana?"

"East Indian! sailed from Liverpool for Calcutta last October was two years ago! Yes, I should think I did. I was on the ship of war Penguin at the Cape of Good Hope when she touched there. She remained two days, and then sailed, and was never heard of afterwards."

"We were passengers on the Sultana. After leaving the Cape she encountered heavy gales, and was driven entirely out of her course and out of her reckoning, and finally upon the reef of rocks below here where she was wrecked."

"Great heaven! And you were cast away here."

"Yes."

"And your fellow voyagers?"

"They were but too probably all lost."

"Tell me the particulars."

Justin settled himself in his chair, and told the tragic story of the shipwreck.

The lieutenant listened with deep interest. He was much too young a sailor to be very familiar with such disasters.

When the narrative was finished, and he had expressed all the horror and the pity that was naturally inspired by the tremendous calamity, he said:

"But in the midst of all the desolation it was very fortunate for you that the ship struck so high and fast between the rocks, and held so long together."

"Yes, it enabled us to save nearly all our cargo, provisions, and even furniture and live stock," said Justin.

"It was a stupendous undertaking to remove them all."

"Yes; but it was successfully accomplished; and it enabled us to establish ourselves comfortably here."

"Yes, indeed," assented the young man, looking approvingly around upon the pleasant room. "That was more than two years ago. And you have lived here ever since quite isolated from the world."

"Yes."

"And in all that time no ship has passed?"

"Yes! one ship! But of that hereafter. Tell me now, lieutenant, how you came to be so far out of your course as to touch this island."

"We are not out of our course. We are cruising about these latitudes on the look out for privateers, as I told you. We were just as likely to find one lying to in your cove as anywhere else hereabouts."

"Just," answered Justin, emphatically.

"But we did not exactly come in here to look for them. In fact, we suffered some injury from the gale last night; and this morning we steered for this cove, that we might be at anchor here while repairing. It was while we were letting go the anchor that the captain, to his unbounded astonishment, saw you and your companions on the beach. He immediately sent

a boat on shore to see who you could possibly be; for, up to the moment at which we discovered you, we had supposed the island to be entirely uninhabited."

"Then, of course, you did not see our signal?"

"Signal? What signal? Had you a signal?"

"We have had a pennon flying from a staff at the highest point of land on the island ever since we have been here. We have renewed it from time to time during the last two years. There it is."

"Where?" inquired the young man.

"There!" said Justin, going to the window and pointing to the top of the mountain.

But there it certainly was not.

"I suspect that the wind made free with your flag of distress, friend; for certainly not a vestige of it remains," said the young lieutenant, leaving the window and returning to his seat.

Judith reappeared and laid the cloth, and spread the table with coffee, rolls, butter, fried fish, and broiled chicken.

"It is our luncheon hour," said Justin; "draw up and partake."

The young lieutenant frankly accepted the invitation.

They gathered around the table, and while they ate talked of home.

When luncheon was over the young man arose and thanked his host and prepared to return to his ship.

"The captain will come on shore to see you, I am sure. How long we may have to remain here for repairs I do not know; a few days, I suppose; but when we sail of course you and your party will go with us?" he said.

"Of course we shall with your captain's kind permission," replied Justin, with a smile.

"We are not homeward bound, as I have already told you. We are cruising in search of privateers. We may be some months longer in these latitudes, and we may have a sea-fight or so. Still I think, upon the whole, your prospects will be better in going with us than in staying here."

"Immeasurably better! Besides, we can stock your store-room with a large quantity of fresh provisions which may be acceptable to your crew. And if there should be a 'sea-fight or so,' as you say, why I shall be happy to take part in it."

"Truly so shall I," put in Judith, "if you will put me behind a safe place entirely, with a little hole convenient for me to shoot through."

"Thank you, Miss Bioridan," replied the young man, laughing. Then, turning to Justin, he said:

"Why can you not accompany me back to the ship? Our captain, I know, will be very happy to see you. And he would probably like to return on shore with you."

"I thank you, I should like very much to go on board in person and invite your captain to visit us here. But are you sure it will be convenient for you to carry me?"

"Convenient for me to carry you? Why, certainly. And not only convenient but delightful. And not only you, but you all. Will Miss Conyers honour us by making one of the party?" said the young sailor, turning towards Britomarte.

"Will you, Miss Conyers?" inquired Justin.

"Thanks! no, I think not this morning. Some other time," answered the young lady.

So with a courteous bow the young lieutenant lifted his cap and left the house, accompanied by Justin.

They walked down to the beach, where they found the boat waiting.

The young officer motioned Justin to precede him, and then followed him into it.

And the oarsmen took their oars, pushed off from land, and struck out for the ship.

Five minutes of rapid rowing brought them alongside.

The captain stood on deck waiting to receive the stranger.

The young lieutenant stepped on board accompanied by Justin, saluted his superior officer, and then presented his companion.

"Captain Yetsom, Mr. Rosenthal."

The two gentlemen thus introduced to each other bowed somewhat formally.

"Wrecked from the Sultana, some two years since, and cast with two companions on this desert island," the young officer went on to explain.

"Lord bless my soul alive! Come down into my cabin and take a glass of wine," said the captain, as if the calamity had just then occurred and the sufferer was in immediate need of a restorative.

Captain Yetsom was what might well be called a stout man. He was of medium height, but thickly set and solidly built, with a large head, broad shoulders, deep chest, and strong limbs. He had a florid complexion, blue eyes, and sandy hair and whiskers. He wore the undress uniform of a captain in the British navy.

"Come—come down into my cabin and take something to drink. It will help you."

"Thanks, captain. I will go down into your sanctum with pleasure; but as we have just risen from the lutecheon-table, I do not require any refreshment," said Justin.

"Nonsense, man, you must need something to drink! A glass of generous wine would set you up. Come down and take— Lord bless my life and soul, what a calamity! Were they all lost?"

"All but three," answered Justin, as he followed the hospitable and obstinate sailor down into the cabin.

And there, over some rich old port, Justin had to tell again the tale of the woeful shipwreck.

This talk were away a good part of the afternoon; and then Justin arose to go.

"I came on board in the hope of persuading you to return with me and spend the afternoon and evening at our rustic dwelling," said Justin, standing cap in hand.

"Not to-day. To-morrow perhaps. We shall be here three or four days, at least. The ship's carpenter reports our injuries from the late gale much more serious, or at least more extensive than we had supposed them to be. He says it will take the best part of a week to get her ready for sea again. When we sail I hope you will go with us. I dare say you have no desire to colonize here?"

"Not the slightest. I and my companions in exile will very gladly take passage with you," said Justin.

"And I shall be very glad to have you. But mind! I do not promise to take you home immediately. We may have a bout or two with the privateers first," explained the captain.

"So mote it be! I should enjoy a bout or two with the privateers; and bear a hand in it as well as I could."

"I'll warrant you!"

"And now, captain, I have a large quantity of provisions, consisting of live stock, fresh vegetables, fish, eggs, fruits, and so forth, which I would like to place at your disposal," said Justin.

"Oh, I wouldn't like to rob you of them! In fact, I couldn't think of doing so," said the captain, while his palate, almost pickled with a surfeit of salt food, fairly watered at the mention of fresh meat and vegetables.

"But," said Justin, smiling, as he noticed this, "if we are to be your passengers, where will be the robbery?"

"True—I didn't think of that! Surely it would do you no good to leave all the fresh food here to go to loss after you are gone."

"Certainly not. Therefore, captain, if you can spare any of your hands from duty on the ship, perhaps you had better send them on shore to employ the days while you remain here in taking the provisions on board."

"Certainly. That is good advice," said the captain, smacking his lips.

"And—I shall hope to see you and as many of your officers as you please to bring, to dine with us to-morrow at four."

"Yes—thank you. We'll come."

"Then I will bid you good afternoon, captain."

"Ahem! I beg your pardon! Stop!"

Justin stopped.

"Mr. Ethel!"

The young lieutenant answered the call.

"Is the boat ready to take Mr. Rosenthal on shore?"

"Ay, sir, yes!"

"Then I will take leave of you," said Justin.

"Ahem! wait one moment," said the captain.

Justin waited.

"Ahem! ahem! ahem! You say that you have plenty of fresh provisions over there?"

"Plenty, captain; and they are heartily at your service," said Justin, suppressing a smile.

"Beef?"

"No, I am sorry to say, not beef. We have but one milch cow."

"That's bad. Mutton?"

"Running; not killed. You see we never kill sheep at this season, for one would spoil before we three could eat it."

"Humph! that's bad again. But a slaughtered sheep wouldn't spoil before we could eat it here on ship-board?"

"You shall have your choice of the flock to-morrow, captain!"

"Thank you; I will take it then. Have you chickens?"

"Yes. I am happy to say that we have chickens in our larder already prepared to cook."

"Ahem! send me a pair for my supper by the boat when it returns, there's a good fellow!"

"Certainly, captain. It was my intention to do so," said Justin.

"And now I'll not detain you, since I see you are in a hurry to be off," said the captain.

And Justin bowed and left the cabin.

On deck he found Lieutenant Ethel waiting to see him on shore. And they entered the boat and were rowed back to the island.

"You will be so kind as to send one of your men with me to take back a basket which I promised to send the captain," said Justin to Lieutenant Ethel, as the boat touched the sands.

"Yes, certainly! Go, Jones," said the young officer.

And the sailor to whom he gave the order arose and followed Justin on shore and then up to the house.

And then, before even giving Britomarte an account of his visit to the ship, he called Judith to bring a large covered basket, and with his own hands he filled it with chickens, eggs, fresh butter, cheese, milk, fruit, and fish, and gave it to Jones, directing him to take it, with his compliments, to the captain of the Xyphias.

And Jones touched his hat and went back to the boat.

Justin passed into the parlour, where Britomarte, with tea ready, waited for him.

"Oh, Justin, what a joy to think that we shall leave this lonely isle, and sail for our native land once more!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, an unutterable joy!" replied Justin.

"Ah, what a change has a few hours brought about. This morning when we arose we had no more idea of being rescued from this island than we had had on any day in the two years and a half that we have spent here!"

"No, indeed! Let us thank heaven for this great deliverance!"

"Oh, I do! I do!" said Britomarte, fervently.

Then a silence fell between them for a few minutes—a silence which Britomarte at length broke by asking:

"Our prisoner, Justin, what about him? Have you told the captain of him?"

"No, not yet. I have concluded to defer all mention of our prisoner until to-morrow, when the captain and his officers are coming to dine with us."

"Yes, that will be the best opportunity of introducing the subject," assented Britomarte.

After tea they spent the evening in planning for the entertainment of the captain and the officers. And then they separated and retired to bed—not to sleep, but to lie awake with the joy of thinking about their voyage home.

The next morning was one of pleasant bustle in the island home.

The little household was astir early. And directly after breakfast they went about preparing to receive their company.

Justin went out with his tackle to the little creek making up from the cove, where at this season he could catch fine fish.

Britomarte began to sweep and dust the parlour, and to arrange the furniture and put fresh flowers in the vases.

These vases, by the way, were of wicker-work, woven by Justin from the fibres of the palm-leaves, and provided with wooden cups hollowed out from blocks of palm-logs, to hold the water for the flowers.

Judith, in the kitchen, was up to her eyes in pastry, jelly, and custard.

"Sure it is a blessing intirely that I was so saving of the sugar, using the sweet sap from the canes in the swamp as often as I ever I could to make it last. And a notable favour I've Crummie not to go dry. True for ye, ma'am, wid the sugar, and the milk, and the eggs, and the fresh fruit itself, I can make a desert fit for the royal family to sit down to, let alone the dinner that will go before it, wid fresh fish and ham, and roast chickens and pigeon pie. And the idea iv our having company to dinner, ma'am! Sure it's in a dhrame I'm thinking I am all the time. Plaise, ma'am, will ye be so good as to pinch me, to see if I'm awake myself," said Judith to Miss Conyers, who had come into the kitchen for more water for her flowers.

"Don't you think if you were to put your finger to the hot stove it would do as well, Judith?" laughed Britomarte.

"Faix, no, ma'am. I niver could abide a burn. And troth if it's a dhrame itself, I don't know as I care to wake. To think I used to say, when we came into this new house, that if we had only one neighbour living across the fields there some'ters, where we could go and take tay onct in a while, it would be pleasanter like. And sure now me words are coming true, for if we haven't a neighbour itself to come and take tay wid us, we have a company iv gintlemen and officers coming to dine wid us. Troth, it is a dhrame, sure enough!"

Miss Conyers left Judith to her work and her wan-

derings of fancy, and returned to the parlour to complete the decorations of that pleasant room.

By-and-by Justin returned with a large string of fresh fish, which he took into the kitchen and handed over to Judith.

As he left the kitchen he met coming out of the opposite door the pirate captain.

"Ah, you feel better to-day. You feel able to be up?" said Justin.

"Yes. Come in; I want a word with you," said the man.

Justin went into his bedroom, which for the last two days had been almost entirely given up to the prisoner.

"Well?" said Justin, taking a chair and seating himself.

"Well," said the prisoner, throwing himself into another chair, "there is a man-of-war in the cove below."

"The sloop of war Xyphias, commanded by Captain Yetson, is out there."

"Exactly. And the officers are all coming to dine here to-day."

"The captain and as many of his officers as he can bring are coming."

"Precisely. So I understood from the gabble of the women flying past my door. Now, I tell you what, Mr. Rosenthal, I wish to surrender myself to the captain of the Xyphias."

"You will do well," said Justin, with a feeling of intense relief; "that will be your best possible course, and it will save me from the distressing duty of delivering up a man whom I have sheltered in his need and nursed in his illness."

"And shaken and choked in his cups, and hand-cuffed and locked up in his sleep! Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!" laughed the man.

"It was the monster who proclaimed himself a pirate, boasted himself a throat-cutter and a ship-sinker, that I took care of in that way. Such a monster was not to be let loose upon two helpless women, who had not even the means of securely barricading their doors against him," calmly replied Justin.

"Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! Yes, when I'm in liquor, I'm always a monster by my own account. I have then a mad delight in inspiring fear, horror, and detestation."

"Then you must expect unpleasant consequences from indulging in such a mad delight. But how could I know then, how can I know now, whether you spoke the truth of yourself or not?"

"By my word of honour to the contrary, given in my sober senses, if you choose to take it. If you do not, I have no other way at hand to convince you. Did even my mutinous crew accuse me of anything worse than taking a little too much?"

"No!"

"And then again the lady saw through me better, but it is true that women are keener sighted than we are."

"Why did you not say all these things to me long ago? If you had, your captivity would have been very much ameliorated," said Justin, regretfully.

"Why? Can a brave man ask? Do you suppose that I was going to explain and apologize and supplicate my captor? I'll tell you what—so far from that, if I could have got loose I should have killed you."

"Or tried to do it, you mean! You used some bad language on waking up and finding yourself fettered."

"Yes—that's a fact."

"Why do you make now the explanations you have withheld to your hurt for six months?"

"Why again? Can a good man ask? It is because you brought me in from the storm, struck the fetters from my wrists, gave me your own clothes, laid me upon your own bed, and nursed me like a brother. That's the reason why I have explained to you first. In any case I should have given a true account of myself to the captain of the Xyphias, to whom I intend to surrender."

"Then you are not really what you reported yourself to be?"

"What exactly did I report myself to be—Captain Kydd?" laughed the man.

"Pirate! throat-cutter! ship-burner!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Pirate I am, but I never cut a throat or burned a ship in my life! I never harmed a woman or child in my life, or man either, for that matter, except in fair fight."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I hope you will be able to convince Captain Yetson of the truth of your statement. You had better surrender to him as soon as he arrives. I will give you an opportunity of doing so in the parlour. After you have made your case clear to the captain, I shall be glad to have you join us at dinner. There is my wardrobe—a limited one, indeed—at your disposal. All that can be expected of us Crusoes is cleanliness," laughed Justin.



"Thank you! Do you know when the ship sails again?"

"In three or four days. She is anchored here for repairs of injuries received in the late gale."

"And your party goes with her of course."

"Yes. We shouldn't like to stay here and chance the coming of another ship."

"Whither goes she?"

"Cruising after pirates."

The cheerful bustle of a numerous arrival startled Justin, and with a nod to the sailor he left the room and hurried to the hall door to receive his guests.

There was the florid captain, the two lieutenants, the chaplain, the surgeon, the doctor, and the purser—a party of six, come to dine with Justin.

"How do you do? how do you do?" said the captain, heartily shaking Justin's offered hands.

"That pair of fowls was delicious, I tell you; and the fish and eggs were a fine addition to my breakfast this morning. Let me introduce you these gentlemen: the Rev. Mr. White, ship's chaplain; Lieutenant Ethel, you know; Lieutenant Robins; Dr. Brown, ship's surgeon; Mr. Bruce, ship's purser. Gentlemen, Mr. Rosenthal."

Having accomplished this introduction with a great deal of ceremony, the captain, with his officers, followed his host into the parlour, where there was another introduction—namely, to Miss Conyers, who received the party with graceful courtesy.

"And now, Mr. Rosenthal," said the captain, as soon as they were all seated, "my men with the boat are down below there waiting your orders concerning the shipping of those provisions you talked of. If you will send one of your hands to show them where they are, they will go to work immediately."

"You forget," said Justin, smiling, "that I have no hands but those with which nature has provided me. I should not like to part with either of them. But if you will be good enough to excuse me for fifteen minutes, and allow Miss Conyers to entertain you, I will go and show the men where the provisions are stored, and set them to work."

"Do so, then, my young friend! Of course we will excuse you for so good a work!" said the captain. Justin bowed and left the room.

But before leaving the house he put his head into the bedroom door and looked to see if the captain was ready for the interview with the officer. He saw Captain Spear, with his head in the wash-basin, engaged in a very much-needed ablution.

"You will be ready in fifteen minutes?" inquired Justin.

"Yes, or in twenty."

"Then I will come for you."

"Thank you."

Justin hurried down to the beach, where the boat was waiting, called the men to follow him, and took them to the mountain grotto, where his provisions were stored, set them to work at its removal, and then went back to the house.

He found the captain all ready to go in the parlour.

"You will remain here a few minutes while I go to Captain Yetson and prepare him to see you. Remember, that he has not even heard of your presence here yet."

"And my sudden appearance might kill him with joy? Is that it? Well, go and break the news gently, Mr. Rosenthal," laughed Spear, sarcastically.

Justin went into the parlour.

"Back already!" exclaimed the jolly captain of the Xyphias.

"Yes, and I have some news to tell you."

"News! what, on this place? It must be that Columbus has discovered America, or the Dutch taken Holland."

"No; but it is that we have taken the captain of the Sea Scourge!"

"Heaven bless my soul and body, man! are you mad?"

"No, nor dreaming. We have taken the captain of the Sea Scourge!"

"Taken the captain of the Sea Scourge? Taken the pirate Spear? We know that he was reported cruising about in these latitudes, lying in wait for East Indians, but we have seen nothing of him. There was no Sea Scourge nor any other ship in sight when we anchored here, or when we came ashore."

"And yet we have the notorious sea rover."

"Spear?"

"Yes, Spear."

"Boh, man, you are jesting with us! You mean that you have him in his photograph, or something?"

"No I mean that I have him in person."

"Then there must be some other play upon the words. Have the pirate Spear personally present on this remote Indian isle!"

"I assure you that the captain of the Sea Scourge is on this island, in this house, and waiting to surrender himself to you!"

"For heaven's sake, man, explain yourself! Read me the answer to this riddle before my head goes!"

said Captain Yetson; while his officers listened with the same sort of curiosity they might have felt in an ingenious enigma, or as if the case had been put to them in conundrum style, as,— "Why have we the Captain of the Sea Scourge here?"—and they were trying to guess the answer, or expecting one from the propounder of the question that should set the room in a roar.

"I will explain," said Justin, and turning to Lieutenant Ethel, he continued:

"You may remember, Lieutenant, I told you, yesterday, in reply to an observation of yours, that the Xyphias had not been the only ship which had passed here, in the two years and a half we have spent on this island;—that there had been another ship?"

"Yes, I remember."

"That other ship was the Sea Scourge, driven out of her course by a furious gale. She came into our cove."

"Yes! Well?" exclaimed the captain and several of the officers, listening eagerly.

"The captain landed here. He drank more brandy than was good for him and went to sleep on the floor. In the afternoon his crew mutinied, deposed him from his command, put another man in his place, and sailed without him."

"Good! I like to see the traitors fall out among themselves. Where did you say the fellow is now?"

"On this island! In this house! He has been here ever since he was abandoned by his ship, of course. That is, he has been our prisoner for six months. He is now ready to give himself up to you."

Justin went out and returned, accompanied by Spear.

The prisoner walked straight up to the captain of the Xyphias, whom he recognized by his uniform, saluted him, and said:

"Sir, I am Captain Spear, of the ship Sea Scourge. I surrender myself to you, claiming the usage of a prisoner of war. If I had a sword I would hand it over; but I have none."

"You are the captain of the Sea Scourge, and you surrender yourself to me, an officer of the British navy. Well, sir, it is the best course you could pursue. But whether I shall be able to treat you as a prisoner of war, depends very much on the account you are able to give of yourself. What have you been doing with the Sea Scourge?" demanded Captain Yetson.

"Capturing your ships wherever I could find them," boldly answered Spear.

"Our merchant ships?"

"Well, I never happened to overhaul one of your men-of-war!"

"I suppose not. But do you not consider it the act of pirates to attack and capture unarmed merchantmen?"

"No!"

"But after taking these merchantmen, you have massacred the crew and burnt the ships?"

"Never!"

"What have you done with them, then?"

"Bonded them and sent them home. If I have ever done otherwise, convict me of the crime of piracy, and sentence me to suffer its penalty. But until you can do that, treat me as a prisoner of war."

"I shall treat you as a prisoner of war until we reach one of our own ports. There I shall deliver you over to the authorities, to be dealt with according to law. For your own sake, I hope it will appear that you have done no worse than you say. Lieutenant Ethel, take charge of the prisoner, and see him safe on board the ship," said Captain Yetson, reseating himself.

The young officer advanced to obey the order, but Mr. Rosenthal intervened by stooping and saying to the captain:

"As you receive this officer in the character of a prisoner of war, I would like to ask him to join us at dinner, if you have no objection."

"None in the world. Lieutenant, I relieve you of your charge for the present. Captain Spear will dine with us," said Captain Yetson.

In that rustic cottage of but four rooms parlour and dining-room were one.

And so Justin invited his guests to take a walk around his garden, to give Judith an opportunity to set the dinner-table.

After which the whole party dined sumptuously.

And it was near midnight when they returned to their ship, taking with them Captain Spear.

(To be continued.)

THE TURNSPIT.—Louis XI. of France once took it into his head to visit the kitchen, and see what was going forward. He there found a little fellow about

fourteen years of age busily engaged in turning the spit, with roast meat. The youth was handsomely formed, and of so engaging an appearance that the king thought him entitled to some better office than the humble one which he then filled.

Accosting him, Louis asked whence he came, who he was, and what he earned by his occupation. The turnspit did not know the king, and replied to his interrogatory without the least embarrassment, "I am from Berny, my name is Stephen, and I earn as much as the king."

"What, then, does the king earn?" rejoined Louis. "His expenses," replied Stephen, "and I mine." By this bold and ingenious answer he won the good graces of the monarch, who afterwards promoted him to the situation of groom of the chamber.

#### A BOLD EXPERIMENT

A SPECIAL train lately left Easton Station upon a strangely exceptional errand.

More than one hundred skilled workmen and labourers, marshalled by gangers, contractors, and agents, took their seats in it in orderly fashion, but with a mysterious and determined air, as if some more than usually weighty business were on hand. One carriage was devoted to stout stools and implements, and the train thus freighted reached Tring.

A procession was formed at the station—each man shouldering a crowbar or other implement, and a complete phalanx, 120 strong, marched out, two and two, into the moonlight.

A walk of three miles brought them to the side of Berkhamstead Common, nearest to Ashridge Park, the seat of Earl Brownlow, and the objects of the expedition were then first made known to the rank and file.

The greater portion of the common, occupying a space some two miles in length and from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a half broad, was enclosed by Earl Brownlow; and we learn that Mr. Augustus Smith, of the Scilly Islands, as the owner of an estate near, and therefore as a commoner, acting in concert with his neighbours, had determined to test his lordship's right to this course in a very practical way.

The whole of the iron railings, consisting of stout "uprights," five feet high, and with broad metal bands at close intervals between each, were to be thrown down before daylight, Mr. Smith and the commoners taking all responsibility, chartering the train, and engaging the men. These last were told off in detachments a dozen strong; the substantial joints of the railings were first loosened by hammers and chisels, and the crowbars did the rest.

Before six o'clock in the morning the whole of the enclosure was levelled to the ground; each stout upright having the metal bands, its tributaries, first neatly folded round it, and then being laid upon the turf it had recently served to close in.

It was seven o'clock before the alarm was given, and by the time Mr. Paxton, the late Sir Joseph Paxton's brother—and Earl Brownlow's steward appeared upon the scene Berkhamstead Common was enclosed no longer. It was too late to do more than protest against the alleged trespass, and this was energetically done.

Meanwhile the news spread, and the inhabitants of the adjacent village and district flocked upon the scene. In carriages, gigs, dogcarts, and on foot; gentry, shopkeepers, husbandmen, women, and children, at once tested the reality of what they saw by strolling over and squatting on the common, and cutting and taking away morsels of gorse, to prove, as they said, "the place was their own again."

The cost of the three miles of iron railing removed is said to have been more than £1,000; and that of its removal must have been considerable.

Whatever may be the result of this daring return to what is called "old constitutional form," and however it may be viewed by the legal authorities before whom it will be speedily brought, it must be regarded as one of the most decided and vigorous protests against alleged usurpation which have occurred in our own prosaic, peaceful, and order-loving times.

GROUNDLESS COMPLAINTS.—Aurora, the Goddess of the Morning, was lamenting among the gods that she, who was so much praised by mankind, was so little loved and sought after by them; and least of all by those who sang of her and praised her most.

"Grieve not at thy fate," said the Goddess of Wisdom; "is not mine the same? And consider, too, continued she, "who are those that neglect thee, and for what rivals they desert thee. Behold how, whilst thou art passing by, they lie buried in the arms of sleep, and waste away body and soul. Besides, hast thou not friends, hast thou not votaries enough? All creation honours thee; all the flowers awake, and deck themselves in thy rosy light, in new bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcomes thee; each

contrives some new device to hail thy brief visits. The industrious husbandman, the studious sage, do not neglect thee; they drink from the cup which thou profferest, health and strength, quiet and long life, doubly welcome in that they enjoy thee, undisturbed by the noisy rout of sleeping fools. Dost thou deem it little happiness to be beloved, and be unapproached by the multitude? 'Tis the highest pleasure of love among gods and men." Aurora blushed at her groundless complaints, and every fair one, who is pure and innocent like her, desires the same good fortune for herself.

### MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"Two years' hard labour!"

The dull, stolid face of the prisoner at the bar turned a shade paler—the heavy underlip drooped slightly—and that was all.

But from a shabby woman in the crowd there rose up such a shrill wail of agony as pierced its way to the very roof.

"No, no, your honour! surely you wouldn't be so hard on a poor widow woman as that, and he the only son I've left in the world! He never did it, your worship—it was only them rascally fellows he was with. Surely, surely, your worship—"

"Be still, woman!" said an officer, authoritatively. "What do you mean by raising such an outcry as this in court?"

As the judge stood with one foot on the step of his handsome little *coupe*, a tall figure rose up, almost from under-nest the horses' feet, with an uplifted, menacing finger.

"You've shown no mercy to me, Judge Emerson—maybe the time's comin' that Heaven's face will be turned away from you. I'll never cease callin' down curses on you, day nor night!"

"The lower classes have such a propensity for making scenes on the slightest provocation," thought the judge, leaning snugly back among the crimson cushions.

A hard, stern man, Judge Emerson had never learned the lesson of tempering justice with mercy. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," was his code, and not even the shadow of affliction in his own home had bent the nature that was like cast iron.

The clear, white moonlight was glimmering brightly over the crusted surface of the snow that had not yet been entirely cleared away, and the bitter wind swept keenly across Judge Emerson's face as he alighted in front of the brown stone mansion where the light shone like red stars through the silk draperies of the plate glass windows.

"Bitterly cold," said the judge to himself, shivering even through folds of broadcloth and sable fur. "The thermometer can't be far from zero—perhaps below. Well, it's very reasonable weather!"

He stopped short; for, close to the broad flight of stone steps cowered two tiny forms, ragged and pinched and forlorn, over which he had very nearly fallen—a boy of seven years' old, and a girl perhaps a year younger.

"What are you doing here?" sternly demanded the judge, contracting his magisterial brow.

"Please, sir," said the boy, as well as he could speak for shivering muscles and chattering teeth, "the servants drove us away and—"

"Drove you away?" repeated the judge, with austerity. "I should think they would! How dare you come here begging? Do you know that I've the greatest mind in the world to call a policeman and have you both sent to the station-house?"

"Sir, if you please—"

"But I don't please!" stormed the irate judge. "Now I don't want to hear another word of your stereotyped story—I just want you to understand that I am not the person to practise your art upon. Begone!"

The little girl, clinging tightly to her brother's arm, broke into a terrified cry—the boy suddenly casting down his eyes, crept away like some repulsed animal.

Once he paused and looked back with wild, hungry eyes, as if yet cherishing some grain of hope.

"Begone, I say!" thundered Judge Emerson, as he stood on the steps waiting for the door to be opened.

Had he forgotten the old Scripture words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me?"

So Judge Emerson crossed the echoing marble vestibule and entered the handsome room with its ceiling of painted stucco and its crimson velvet walls, where his invalid wife sat among her cushions, idly fingering the fringe of her rich silk dress.

"How are you feeling to-night, Helen?"

In the depth of Judge Emerson's adamant heart there were just two soft spots—one for his sick wife, the other for a son, whom, long ago, his own severity had driven from the heart's home of love.

And, as he spoke, he bent tenderly over the white, weary face.

"About as usual," she answered. "Have—have you no news to-night?"

"None."

She turned her face away with a sort of sobbing sigh.

"It is this suspense that is killing me, John. If I only knew where he is—if I could only be sure that he would one day come back to me!"

"My dear, try to compose yourself," said the more practical judge. "I tell you that the machinery I have set in action cannot fail sooner or later to discover his whereabouts. It's a mere question of time."

"Time—time," sighed the invalid. "And I have so little time left! Oh, my boy—my son!"

Judge Emerson sat down, biting his lips and contracting his brows moodily.

For years the dearest object of his heart—that of bringing this lost son back to his home—had been frustrated; now he had just begun to cherish a faint hope.

"Helen," he said, "Charles was my son also. I loved him as dearly as you can do. Only have patience, my dear, and all will be right."

And this was the skeleton whose bony ghastliness looked out from the luxuriance of Judge Emerson's brown-stone mansion.

Meanwhile the two little children, clinging closely to one another for warmth, were sitting in the angle of a brick archway, where the moonlight streamed in white and freezing on the December night.

"Guido," said the little girl in soft Italian accents, "what did the cross man say to you?"

"He told us to go away, or he would put us in prison," said the boy, answering in her own tongue.

"Francesca, are you very cold?"

"Oh, yes, very. Cannot we go home, Guido?"

"No!" He shook his head resolutely. "The woman said she would kill us if we came back without money, and nobody would give me money. Here's my coat, Francesca; it's thin and ragged, but—"

He tied the sleeves round his little sister's throat as he paused.

"Are you warm now?"

"No—but come close to me, Guido."

The two child-faces, white and pinched, turned upward to the starry concave of heaven—what a study they would have been to the wisacres who believe that "whatever is, is right."

"Guido, do you see that great, bright star, like an eye of gold? Is it in heaven? Oh I wish were there! I am so cold—so cold!"

"Don't cry, Francesca—the tears are turning to ice to your cheek. Come closer, closer still; we can go to sleep; and perhaps it will be warmer when we wake up."

And so, sweeter than the breath of lotos island, more soothing than the ripple of golden waters over drowsy sands, the fatal sleep came down upon the two little ones close clasped in each other's arms in the icy moonlight of the bitter December night.

While the golden eye of little Francesca's "great, bright star" watched them with tireless light, one of Heaven's sentinels.

"I think I've found the clue at last, Judge."

The shrewd-looking detective pulled his fur collar up over his crimson ears with a jerk as Judge Emerson walked by his side through the foul, narrow turnings of an obscure street.

"Mind, I don't hold out any hopes for certain—I only say I think we're on the right scent at last."

The officer walked up stairs, and through the dark entry, with the air of a man who was entirely accustomed to this sort of place, and opened a door at the end of the passage.

An old crone rose hurriedly up from her seat over a few smouldering coals, rubbing her withered hands obsequiously together.

"I'm sure anything I could do, gentlemen—"

"I want the effects belonging to Charles Elleringham Emerson, who died November the eighth."

The judge grew pale, and staggered as if he had been shot to the heart.

"I've made a mistake," thought the detective, who was apt to forget that people ever had hearts. "I should have prepared him."

The woman, apparently quite aware that evasion and denial would be alike unprofitable, went to a mouldy old mattress in the corner, and fumbled beneath it, bringing out a rudely tied parcel.

"They came to me honestly; the captain left the children here, and then was to pay their expenses."

"Left what children?"

"Mr. Emerson's."

"Was there no mother?"

"The captain said she died in Palermo."

The old woman had answered these questions with subdued meekness; but her eyes glittered as the detective slowly undid the parcel.

Very few relics appeared—only a pair of tarnished gold sleeve-buttons, a few articles of dress, and a picture, minus its frame.

"The frame wasn't of no consequence, I s'pose," said the old woman, apologetically. "I pawned it to get a new coat for the dear little boy."

Judge Emerson had taken the picture in his trembling hands—through the tremulous mist of tears he could see the beloved, familiar features of the son who was lost to him forever!

"And the children?" he gasped.

"Dear little things," whined the old woman, "I sent 'em out on a little errand—Betsey, what are you hangin' round for?—and they haint got back yet."

She busied herself with re-arranging the charred brands of wood as she talked. Through all the discussion her eyes had never fairly been raised to the faces of her interlocutors.

"Very well," said the officer. "I shall leave Miss below stairs to look out for 'em—and—"

"But you're not goin' to take away them gold things?"

"I should rather think I am. If there's anything due to you, you'll probably get paid; if not—"

And the detective walked quietly out of the room.

When he had reached the end of the long hall, he stopped and turned round abruptly, confronting the girl called "Betsey," who had slunk noiselessly after them.

"Now, then, what have you got to say?"

"It's a lie—it's all a lie!" gasped the girl. "I will tell it, if she kills me for it! She sent 'em out to beg—she sends 'em out every day!"

"The children?"

"Yes, the children! She struck me this morning, and I'll be revenged!" went on Betsey, with flashing eyes. "And—hush! is that her? no, it's only blind Jake—I heard her tell 'em she'd beat 'em to death if they came back without money! Hush! it is her; I can't tell you more; only go to the station-house in — street. I heard 'em talking it over this morning."

Betsey glided away like a shadow as Mother Hutchinsons' cat-like step sounded on the creaking boards; while Judge Emerson and his companion slowly left the house.

"The station-house in — street," musingly repeated the officer. "I didn't anticipate this. I knew that Betsey had something to say all the time, but—it looks badly, it looks badly."

Judge Emerson made no comment—he could not speak.

Arrived at the station-house, the detective whispered one or two words in the ear of a man sitting behind a tall desk, and was silently motioned towards a room beyond.

"The names?" questioned the officer.

"Charles Guido and Mary Francesca Emerson—testified to by the inmates of No. — street; frozen to death in Brick Alley last night!"

The detective opened the door, and Judge Emerson stood before the dead children of his dead son—all that remained of his fated race—and recognized, with a keen pang of remorse, the little ones whom he had turned from his own door scarce twenty-four hours ago.

Frozen to death—white and beautiful as broken lilies, with their long lashes darkly veiling the pale cheeks where no flash of roses would ever mantle more.

And when Judge Emerson knelt, stricken down by the stern strength of Fate, beside the two corpses, he remembered the curse that had been called down on his head by yet another stricken parent, and knew that God's hand was heavy on him!

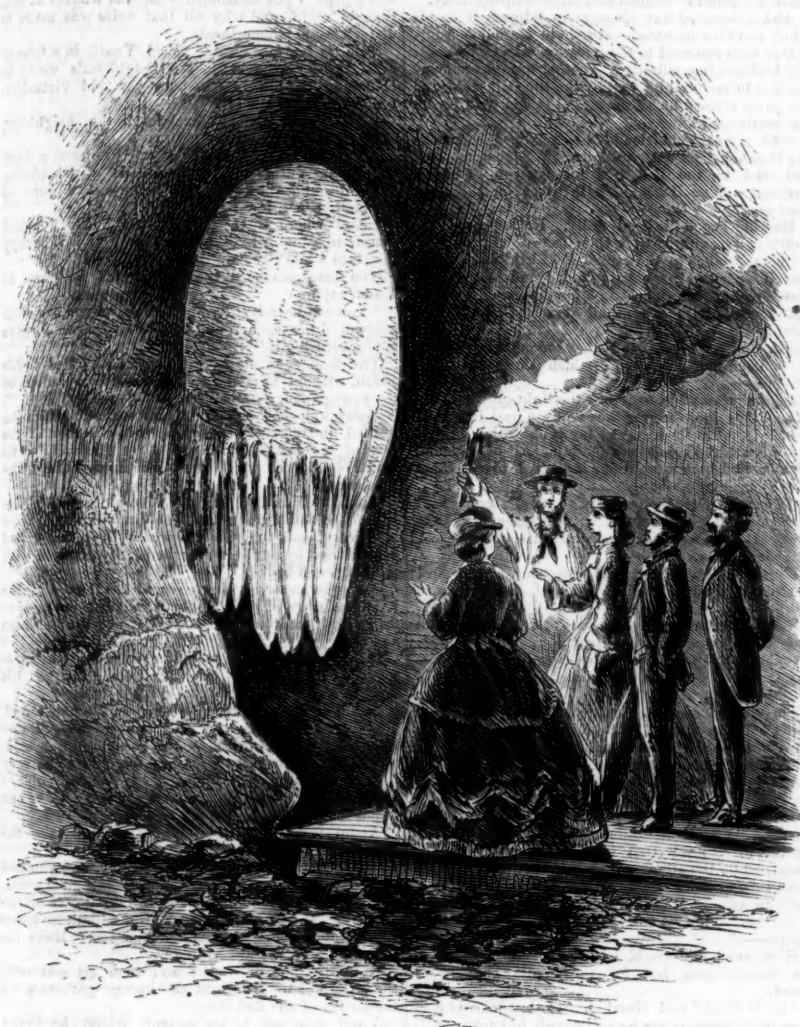
He had been merciless all his life, and now mercy was denied to him in the hour of bitterest need. As he had noted, so had it been measured unto him, the bitterest cup that ever comes to mortal lips!

A. R.

**A MONSTER SALMON.**—A salmon has just been caught in the Tay of the astonishing weight of sixty-nine pounds and a half. Its length is 4 ft. 8 in., girth at greatest thickness, 2 ft. 6 in.; circumference of head, 2 ft.; across tail, 1 ft. The market value of the fish, at present London prices (3s. 6d. a pound), amounts to £12 3s. 3d.

An action has been brought in the New York law courts against Miss Kate Josephine Bateman by Mr. Augustin Daly, the author of "Ish the Forsaken," for 410 dollars, for literary services rendered. The defendant pleaded that she was under age when the alleged services were rendered. The plaintiff was accordingly nonsuited.





[THE PULPIT IN THE EL DORADO CAVE, CALIFORNIA.]

## SCENES AND WONDERS IN CALIFORNIA.

WHETHER it be a special provision of the Almighty that new countries should have attractions not found in older lands—attractions that certainly fade away as they become populated—is a question; but that it is so, is evinced by California and Australia, those vast countries so (comparatively) recently transferred from the wilderness and the savage to civilization.

The natural wonders of California have in years past struck the traveller with awe and astonishment, and each new wanderer now finds new wonders and fresh beauties. It has the largest trees, the highest falls, the deepest valleys, the steepest mountains, the grandest of caves, and in fact a little of almost everything to be found in any other land, as well as many things that none other possesses.

San Francisco—the queen city of the Pacific—boasts the finest harbour in the world, and the entrance to it, through the Golden Gate, is a scene, once viewed, never to be forgotten.

There are probably but few persons who have passed through this entrance to the fine bay of San Francisco that are familiar with the origin and meaning of the name, the popular idea being that its name was suggested by the staple mineral of the country—gold. This is incorrect, as it was called the "Golden Gate" before the precious metal was discovered; and the first time it was used, most probably, was in a work entitled "A Geographical Review of California," with a relative map. This work was published late in 1848, while the first discovery of gold was on the 19th of January following.

The real origin of the name, then, was in part from the excessively fertile lands of the interior, especially

to those adjacent to the bay of San Francisco. Possibly there may have been some "spiritual telegrams" sent from California (?) to the Saint, telling him of the glorious dawn of the golden day that had broken upon the world, and that his name would henceforth become the magic charm to millions of men and women in every quarter of the world. Be that, however, as it may. That it is the gateway or entrance to the magnificent harbour of San Francisco is well known. The centre of this entrance is longitude 122 degrees 30 minutes west from Greenwich. On the south of the entrance is Point Lobos (Wolves' Point), on the top of which is a telegraph station, from whence the tidings of the arrival of steamers and sailing vessels are sent to the city.

On the north side is Point Bonita (Beautiful Point) readily recognized by a strip of land running out toward the bar, on the top of which is a lighthouse, that is seen far out at sea, on a clear day, but seldom before that on the Farallone Islands, some 27 miles west of Point Bonita.

In front of the entrance is a low, circular sandbar, almost seven miles in length, but on which is sufficient water, even at low tide, to admit of the largest class of ships crossing it in safety—except, possibly, when the wind is blowing from the north-west, west, or south-east; at such a time it is scarcely safe for a large vessel to cross at low tide.

From Point Bonita to Point Lobos, the distance is about three and a half miles; and between Fort Point and Lime Point (just opposite to each other), the narrowest part of the channel, and "The Golden Gate" proper, it is 1,777 yards. Here the tide ebbs and flows at the rate of about six knots an hour.

One of the most fashionable drives for San Franciscans is from the city, by the Mission Dolores to the Ocean House, returning by Fort Point and the Presidio.

In March, 1847, there was a circular battery of 10 iron guns, 16-pounders, mounted upon the hill, just above the present works.

The present beautiful and substantial structure was commenced in 1854, and is now nearly completed. It is four tiers in height, the topmost of which is 64 feet above low tide, and is capable of mounting 150 guns, including the battery at the back, of 42, 64, and 128-pounders, and, during an engagement, can accommodate 2,400 men.

The greatest number of men employed at any one time was 200; now there are about 80.

The lighthouse, adjoining the Fort, can be seen for from 10 to 12 miles, and is an important addition to the mercantile interests of California, although we regret to say the lantern, known as the "Fresnel Light," is only of the fifth order, and is the smallest on the coast; it is 52 feet above level. Two men are employed to attend it. Connected with this is a fog-bell, weighing 1,100 pounds, and worked by machinery, that strikes every 10 seconds for five taps, then has intermission of 54 seconds, and recommences the 10 seconds strike. This is kept constantly running during foggy weather.

FIVE THOUSAND labourers are engaged in demolishing the ramparts of Antwerp.

CHRONICLERS report that the winter of 1420 was so mild that cherries were ripe in August and grapes in May. It is stated that the corn was in the ear at Easter, 1585. January, 384, was famous for the quantity of roses gathered in the fields round Paris.

A NUMBER of empty bottles thrown into the sea on the west coast of Africa have been picked up on the Irish coast. One has been found after sixteen years, another after fourteen, and a third after ten years.

THE old custom of burning widows in India has for some time been giving way before an advancing civilization, and the marriage of widows is now allowed. The first, it is believed, which has ever occurred in the Presidency of Bombay, took place on the 22nd of November last, at Bandora.

THE WIDENING OF PARK LANE.—It is said that the purchase-money to be paid for Gloucester House, which is to be pulled down for the Park Lane improvements, is £60,000. Of this, £20,000 is to be paid to the Duke of Cambridge for the unexpired lease of 44 years, and £40,000 to the trustees of the will of the late Sir Richard Sutton for the freehold.

A CENTENARIAN.—"The oldest inhabitant" of Bridgwater has just departed this life at the age of nearly 103 years. Mr. James Hartnell, the deceased, was a native of the town, and was born in August, 1764. Up to within a month or two of his death he was accustomed to rise at 8 o'clock in the morning, and to retire to rest as late as 10 at night. The deceased left £1,000 each to his housekeeper and servant, £1,000 to the Mayor, George Parker, Esq., £200 to the Bridgwater Infirmary, and, it is said, 19 guineas each to five schools in the town.

THE BITTER LAKES.—The Bitter Lakes were once a part of the Red Sea. This most probably was their condition when the miraculous passage of the Red Sea occurred. But the prophecy of Isaiah that "the tongue of the Egyptian Sea" should be destroyed, has long since been fulfilled, and now, not only are the lakes severed from the Red Sea by the sand-bank of Shalool-el-Terraba, but they have also lost all their water by evaporation, and are, in fact, lakes no longer, but merely the basins of extinct lakes. Where the water formerly existed is now a thick sheet of the purest salt, sparkling and bristling in regular undulations like a *mer-de-glace*. Below the salt there is sand resting on a stratum of clay. The maritime canal is to traverse the length of the Bitter Lakes, but no works have yet been begun in this vicinity, and the ground is still untouched all the way from Scrapeum to Shalool. The bed of the Bitter Lakes is twenty-six feet below the low-tide level of the Red Sea; it is probable, therefore, that the French will have no difficulty in filling the basins as soon as they can bring the water of the Red Sea across the barrier at Shalool.

THE DUKE OF KENDAL.—If Prince Christian be naturalized and created an English Peer, by the title of Duke of Kendal, on the occasion of his marriage with the Princess Helena, as is reported, the fact will be an additional link which connects Kendal with lucky foreigners and affairs of the heart. After Ivo de Taillebois, of the House of Anjou, came over with the Conqueror, he won the heart and hand of Lucy, sister of the Saxon Earls, Edwin and Mortear, and thus obtained a portion of Lancashire, and that part of Westmoreland called the "Barony of Kendal." The barony became extinct, from lack of male heirs, in 1334; but the last descendant of this ancient line, Emily Taillebois, aged eighteen, died only three or four years ago, a pauper in Shrewsbury workhouse.

Henry V. made his brother John Duke of Bedford and Earl of Kendal; and after John's death the Crown created Henry Beaufort Duke of Somerset and Earl of Kendal. After Beaufort's death Henry VI. conferred the title on a foreigner—John, son of Gaston de Foix, with whom it died. The first Duke of Kendal was Charles, the short-lived son of James Duke of York. George of Denmark, on his marriage with the Princess Anne, was named Duke of Cumberland and Earl of Kendal. With this foreigner the title expired; but George II. created his German mistress, Von Schulerberg, Duchess of Kendal, since whose death the title has lain dormant in the Crown.

## ALI-BEN-IDDEM.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

YUSEF lay unconscious some time where he had fallen. His returning senses took in strange sounds. As he struggled to his feet, he heard the howlings of jackals in the distance, and the shrill neigh of some fugitive horse.

The air was full of the fine sand borne aloft by the hot wind. Utter darkness was around him. In attempting to move he fell over a dead body. His head and side pained him greatly. Yet, despite all these circumstances, a flash of joy traversed his soul.

It was something, with so much depending upon him, to realize that he still lived.

His first step was to attend to his wounds. He dragged himself wearily to the overturned tent of the viceroys.

Finding nothing there to quench his burning thirst, he went on a little further to the place where the scattered stores were lying. He found a leathern jar full of water, from which he eagerly drank, and afterwards he bathed his head and wounds. On a further search, he found several bottles of wine which had been put up for the use of the viceroys, and one of which he opened and placed to his lips. The rich and generous fluid lent a glow to his frame, and he felt a renewed strength.

His next movement was to examine the bodies around him, in the hope of finding some one yet alive.

While thus engaged, and just as he had realized to himself that he was the only survivor of the conflict, he heard a groan at a little distance, and hastened in that direction.

He found, lying near the overturned pavilion, the viceroys himself, moaning and half delirious, as he began to rouse from his insensibility. Yusef threw some sticks on the fire that was smouldering and half trodden out, and as its blaze lighted up the scene, he knelt beside the helpless magnate, and stanching the blood that flowed from a wound in his chest.

While thus engaged, he talked cheerfully and soothingly to him. He examined his wounds, and dressed them with the tenderness of a woman. He brought him water, and bathed his face and head, and gave him wine to drink. At length the wild and staring expression left the eyes of Mohammed, and he regarded Yusef gratefully.

"Do you feel better now, highness?" asked the young sponge-gatherer, as he gently raised the viceroys.

"Yes," was the reply. "Take me to Cairo, and I will reward you a thousand fold."

Yusef laid the viceroys down again, while he considered what he should do. It was necessary to acquaint Haschid with the late occurrences at the earliest moment, but how could he leave Mohammed while he went?

The jackals, whose cries indicated their nearer approach, might tear him to pieces in his absence. In the midst of his dilemma he heard a neigh, and found that two horses were standing quietly near them.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with an air of relief, "we shall do very well now."

At this juncture he beheld a movement under the canvass of an overturned tent, and to his great surprise a human figure crawled out. The next moment he recognized the person as Abdul!

"Oh, is that you, Yusef?" exclaimed the half-witted youth, in a tone of delight. "I heard you moving around, but thought that it was the robbers come back. Oh, we've had a terrible fight. Are you badly hurt?"

"Not badly," said Yusef, taking the hand Abdul extended to him. "I want you to do an errand for me, Abdul, as quickly as possible. You see that light," and he pointed to the fires of Haschid's camp. "I want you to go there for me without delay."

He briefly explained to Abdul the presence of Haschid and his attendants, and assured the youth that he would run no risk in a hasty ride to Haschid's camp.

"Tell them to pack up everything," said Yusef

—"that the viceroys is injured, and must be taken to Cairo for medical assistance without delay."

Abdul repeated the message to impress it on his mind, and then mounted and rode to Haschid's camp.

Our hero returned to the viceroys, who had almost relapsed into insensibility. Another draught of wine assisted to restore him, and by the time Haschid and his party arrived he sat erect, and talked with feverish excitement.

"Ah, my dear old friend!" he exclaimed, recognizing Haschid, "let us go to Cairo. We must go back and send to the Red Sea for my son. Perhaps you've seen him, Haschid? He lives on the coast near you."

Haschid shook his head sadly. He supposed the words of the viceroys to be the effect of delirium.

"The distance to the capital is thirty miles," observed Yusef, addressing Haschid, "and with these horses we can readily do it in a few hours. If we set out immediately, we shall reach Cairo before morning."

Haschid assented, and they mounted, placing Mohammed on a horse of which Yusef held the bridle.

They shaped their course by the light of the stars, and as they sped on over the sands, Yusef informed Haschid that in the leader of the robbers the viceroys had recognized the chamberlain, Ali-ben-iddem. Abdul added his explanations in regard to the cause of the journey.

"Thurbat not the viceroys's son!" exclaimed Haschid—"the real son of a sponge-gatherer! How strange! The real son, then, must be either Yusef or Abdul! Heavens!"

He broke off abruptly. He had bent a keen and searching gaze upon the face of Yusef, and that gaze had proved a revelation.

He did not trust himself to speak for some time, but there was an expression on his face and a light in his eyes that told a joyful spirit, and a resolve to sift the matter to the bottom, if Mohammed should be unable to do it himself.

The viceroys was soon unable to hold himself erect in his saddle, and Yusef was obliged to take him on his own horse and hold him in his arms.

"Shall we go straight to the palace?" asked our hero, after a few moments' reflection on the incoherent murmurings of Mohammed.

"No, no!" exclaimed the viceroys, with feverish energy. "I am ill. Thurbat has twice attempted my life, for I know that both father and son were concerned on the attack on me, and if he were to see me in this condition, he would have me at his mercy. Take me somewhere till to-morrow where I shall not be known. Thurbat and Ali—son and father—both vipers!"

He moaned, and would have fallen forward upon the horse's neck but for the gentle support of Yusef.

"He is right," said Haschid. "Let us take him to some quiet place, where he will remain unknown until he is well. He must not be placed in contact with those wretches again until he is in a condition to punish them as they deserve."

During the rest of the journey, the viceroys talked incessantly in the wild delirium of fever, and it was with difficulty that the sponge-gatherer could hold him on his horse.

It was later than Yusef had expected when they entered the capital. The moon had vanished, and the dark hours that precede the morning veiled the great city in a black shroud.

"Where shall we take him, my boy?" whispered Haschid. "The palace is out of the question, and I know of no place where he would be safe. Thurbat may make a show of grief to-morrow, and, not finding the viceroys's body, he may institute a general search."

"There will be a sandstorm before anyone can go from the capital to the scene of conflict," replied Yusef. "By noon to-morrow the sand will have hidden every trace of the conflict. I think I know where to conceal the viceroys."

Yusef reflected. During the time he had been at school in Cairo, he had resided with a tutor in a secluded part of the city.

This tutor, a grave and dignified man of mature years, affected to be a philosopher, had never married, and lived entirely alone, having his meals prepared outside of his own domicile. To his house our hero resolved to take the wounded and delirious viceroys.

It was not long after entering the city before they reached the house of his tutor. It was dark and silent, however, and Yusef dismounted from his horse and sought admittance, while Haschid dismissed his men, bidding them look out for themselves till morning. Abdul supported the viceroys, in which office he was assisted by Haschid. Yusef pounded at the doors, tried the windows, but to no effect. At length, as he was about to discuss some other plan with

Haschid, a window in an adjoining house was raised, and a gruff voice demanded what was wanted at that time of night, and why all that noise was made to disturb the neighbourhood.

"Oh, is it you, Azul?" asked Yusef, in a tone of relief, as he recognized the neighbour's voice as belonging to his tutor's purveyor and victualler. "Where's the teacher?"

"Ah, Yusuf Kader!" exclaimed the neighbour, shutting the window.

A moment later he made his appearance at a door, welcoming Yusef with protestations of friendship, and informing him that the teacher had gone to Alexandria for a few weeks.

"And where is the key of the house?" asked Yusef, in a tone of disappointment. "I will occupy the place while I remain in the city."

The man produced the key, which he gave to Yusef, saying:

"You can keep it till you go home, as you are such a friend of the teacher, and I know he'd never forgive me for refusing it."

The man soon closed the door and retired to his couch, without having seen the three companions of the young sponge-gatherer.

Yusef unlocked the door, found a lamp, which he lighted, and carried the viceroys to a chamber at the rear of the house, accompanied by Haschid, while Abdul conducted the horses to a stable behind the residence.

Although Yusef's late tutor affected to be a philosopher, he had surrounded himself with many articles of luxury, and the room to which the viceroys had been carried by our hero was plentifully adorned with paintings and books.

A simple straw matting covered the floor, and the windows were shaded by straw blinds; but a luxurious bed stood in the corner, draped with fine linen and silk.

Removing the blood-stained garments of the viceroys, Yusef laid him on the soft couch and bathed his head in cool water, and sent for a physician.

Abdul soon made his appearance in the house, and Yusef conducted him to a pantry where the philosopher had left a quantity of food and wine, and then said: "Abdul, I fear that the viceroys is going to be very ill. He is burning with fever. If you are able, I want you to take the four horses and go back to our hamlet with a message to my father and mother."

Abdul testified his willingness to undertake the journey, and took some refreshments.

"Tell them to come here immediately, and you had better conduct them hither. Mother is a good nurse, and I shall need her assistance in taking care of the viceroys. And as he has spoken of Morah so many times, you had better have her come too. Make the journey as quickly as possible."

Abdul finished his repast, and then set out with the horses for the hamlet of the sponge-gatherers on the shores of the Red Sea.

Yusef returned to his patient, whom he found parched with thirst and wholly delirious. Our hero mixed lime-juice and water for him, and then sat at the side of the bed, holding the hand which Mohammed had eagerly thrust out in his own.

The ravings of the delirious prince were pitiful to hear; and the whole soul of Yusef, despite his corroding anxiety for Isolate, was moved to pity and affection for him.

"Where is my son—my only son?" exclaimed Mohammed, regarding Yusef with a wild and eager gaze. "Thurbat is not my son. The child of Zuleika—my lost Zuleika—must be noble and good. Are you my son? I love you dearly already, my boy. Perhaps you are my son?"

He listened eagerly for a reply; but the young sponge-gatherer, whom pity had affected almost to tears, sadly shook his head.

Haschid, who stood at the foot of the bed, again eagerly scanned the features of Yusef by the strong lamplight, and whatever suspicions had been awakened by his moonlight view, now appeared to receive confirmation.

Yielding to Yusef's solicitations, Haschid retired to the adjoining bed-room that had once been occupied by Yusef, and threw himself on a couch, where he was soon asleep.

But the viceroys tossed feverishly on his bed, raving of his lost son, and embracing Yusef repeatedly with the declaration that he loved him, and that he was his son.

The physician sent for now made his appearance, and the wounds of the viceroys received the necessary attention.

It was found that he was badly wounded in several places, and that he was in a high fever.

He grew more and more delirious under the physician's hands, and manifested a great deal of excitement, living over the events of the attempted assassination in a way which showed how terrible had been their effect upon him.



At length the viceroys became so wild in his delirium that Haschid was summoned from his bed to help sooth and attend him.

"I must tell you the truth, gentlemen," said the physician, shaking his head; "your friend is in a very critical situation."

And it was with sad hearts and faces that Yusef and Haschid stood beside his couch, unmindful of their own fatigues and injuries, and looked at Mohammed and thought of Isiolette.

"My poor child!" said the stricken father. "Although we know that the chamberlain has seized and imprisoned her, we cannot move a hand towards her rescue until the viceroys has recovered. And if he should die—"

The thought was too terrible to utter.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Ali reached the capital before any of the survivors of Mohammed's retinue, and proceeded at once to the private chamber of the false prince, according to appointment.

He had ordered his men to separate on their approach to the city, and return to the haunts and holes from which they had been summoned.

He found Thurbat in a most anxious state of mind.

"Well?" was the son's greeting.

"It's a success," replied Ali. "He's dead!"

"Are you sure of it?"

"As sure as a man can be of anything he does with his own hands and sees with his own eyes."

Thurbat paced restlessly about the room.

"And it seems to me that you do not appreciate this success," continued the father as he poured out a couple of glasses of brandy. "You are now virtually the Viceroy of Egypt."

This assurance enabled the young man to overcome the shock the announcement of Mohammed's death had caused him.

"And I want you now to be equal to all that is required and expected of you," declared the chamberlain. "In a short time—perhaps in ten minutes—you'll hear a grand tumult in the palace which will be caused by the returning attendants of Mohammed. You'll have to meet them and learn your sad bereavement, and express your grief in the most appropriate manner."

The cold reality of meeting these necessities chilled the profligate for an instant; but he controlled himself and said:

"Well, after the grief business, what next?"

"Why you must send a force to hunt the robbers and recover the body of your supposed father. I myself will take charge of the said force, or you can."

"What next?"

"Why, we must send a present to the Sultan, with a letter announcing Mohammed's death, and requesting him to send your appointment, if he deigns to do so. This done, we must prosecute our affair with the girl, change her to her new quarters, and put our friends into power. And since Haschid is dead we'll look after his property."

The tumult promised by Ali was now heard in the court of the palace. The fugitives had arrived. When the uproar had reached the desired point, Ali told Thurbat to go forth, and inquire what it meant, and he did so.

From that moment he played his part so well that his father, who watched him from a distance, was delighted with him.

At an early hour of the morning an entire regiment was despatched in quest of the robbers and the bodies of the slain.

Thurbat went with it, affecting a grief for the viceroys that was touching to witness. The party encountered a severe sand storm an hour or two after leaving the capital, and the whole forenoon proved most unpropitious to the mission. They wandered about nearly all day, repeatedly revisiting the vicinity of the spot where the attack had taken place, according to the declarations of the survivors; but nothing was seen of the survivors or of the bodies of the dead.

The false prince accordingly returned to Cairo in a state of mind which became jubilant the instant he came in contact with Ali.

"I've often heard of sand storms, and of the burial of whole caravans by them," he declared; "but I never realized until to-day how neatly the thing is done. We could not find any trace of the fight or of the bodies. There was not so much as a footprint in the sand."

Ali looked serious a moment, and said:

"I am sorry that your search was not successful. The people will not realize that he's dead."

They discussed the situation of affairs at length, but neither expressed a suspicion of the great truth which was now rising up against them—the truth that the viceroys still lived.

The death of Mohammed was announced throughout the nation, and the announcement caused the deepest sorrow. He was as much extolled as the prospective viceroys was despised.

The successful conspirators sent off their letters and present to the Sultan, and awaited the result. They filled their assumed characters of chief mourners in a very creditable manner.

The great change at the palace for which Ali had so long sought had been inaugurated. And yet the conspirators were not entirely happy.

The succeeding night Thurbat was reclining on a luxurious divan in his private chamber, with a glass of wine in his hand. A table near him was loaded with every delicacy that an epicure could desire. Ali sat opposite him, in a similar attitude, and was regaling himself in a similar manner.

"Here's to our dynasty, my son," said the chamberlain. "May it endure for ever!"

At this juncture, when the two villains were flattering themselves that their way was clear, one of Ali's minions came to see him, with a visage that was expressive of the greatest alarm.

"I've seen him!" he said, in a meaning tone.

"Who?" asked both men, as they sprang to their feet.

"The young sponge-gatherer—the man who has given you so much trouble."

Ali started, with a cry of surprise and apprehension.

"Is it possible?" he ejaculated. "Where did you see him?"

"Here—in the streets of the city."

The announcement startled the two men entirely out of the complacent schemes and dreams they had been encouraging.

"In this city?" rejoined Ali. "Then Mohammed may be living also."

The father and son regarded each other a moment in silence, and the former then asked:

"Did you see where the young man was going?"

"No. He appeared to be in a hurry."

Ali asked additional questions, learning how Yusef had defeated the fellow's attempt to follow him, and then he dismissed his man, and gave orders for fifteen or twenty similar minions to commence a hunt for our hero, giving them what particulars he had noticed of Yusef's appearance.

"If he's here," said Ali, "we'll soon have him in safe keeping. And I shall not feel safe until that result is attained."

The next day they paid a visit to Isiolette. They had confined her in an unoccupied house which Ali had held with a view to such contingencies, and here they were endeavouring to exact from her a promise to be Thurbat's wife.

Their visit was not so satisfactory as they had expected, and they returned to the palace with a slight cloud on their spirits.

Really, with such an enemy without as our hero, and with such an unconquerable spirit as Isiolette's to subdue, they felt that they were not yet out of peril.

## CHAPTER XX.

For two weeks the life of Mohammed appeared to be equally balanced between life and death.

During that time Yusef carefully and tenderly nursed him, anticipating his every want, and acquiring a powerful influence over his disturbed mind, so that the viceroys could not bear to have him out of his sight.

Haschid too had been devoted to his friend and monarch, and watched beside him almost continually.

Yusef had procured an excellent physician, but had not confided to him the name and rank of his patient.

The Kaders had arrived in due time after Abdal's departure from the capital, and reported that Abdal and his mother intended to seek the viceroys as soon as the health of Morah would permit.

It was late in the evening when Yusef and Haschid with the physician were grouped around the bedside of the delirious monarch, awaiting the crisis in his fever.

He lay upon his couch, his face flushed with his malady, and his eyes strangely brilliant. He held Yusef's hand in a tight grasp.

The windows and doors were open, the straw window-shades were drawn up, and bouquets of eastern flowers were on the window sills. Outside the stars gleamed and all was beauty; in the sick chamber the lamp burned low and all was hushed, for they knew not but death was already there in waiting.

Mohammed tossed about, regarding each of them with an unknowing glance, but still clinging to Yusef's hand.

His wildness and delirium continued to increase. He called for his son, and denounced Thurbat, in terms which Haschid and Yusef understood only too well, but which were unintelligible to the physician.

"Oh! I pray that he will live!" said Haschid in a fervent whisper to Yusef. "If he dies we can do nothing. Our happiness and very lives are dependent upon his."

"Can't you sing something to him?" asked the physician, addressing Yusef. "If you could only sooth him to sleep he might recover."

Stifling his emotions, Yusef sang in a low but exquisitely modulated voice a soothing ballad.

At first it seemed to annoy the invalid, and he moved restlessly, but the physician motioned Yusef to continue, and he did.

And soon the attention of Mohammed was fixed upon the youth; his eyes sought Yusef's, and were fixed in an intense gaze into his. Yusef continued to sing.

Haschid knelt beside the bed in a whirl of conflicting emotions. At length the incoherent mutterings ceased, and the restlessness had subsided.

The viceroys did not remove his gaze from Yusef. The youth seemed to have charmed him.

The weary eyelids at last drooped, and Mohammed slept.

"If he awakens from this in his right mind," whispered the physician, softly, "he will live! I consider it an even chance, so prepare for the worst."

Haschid riveted a despairing gaze upon the sleeping viceroys. A horrible fear came upon him. He saw no heaving of the chest, no signs of respiration, and he feared that he was dead. He touched the wasted hand, but could detect no pulse.

One, two and three hours wore thus away in a painful, despairing vigil. And then the viceroys moved slightly.

The next minute he opened his eyes and looked about him, but there was no light of recognition in them. On seeing this, Haschid uttered a despairing cry and exclaimed:

"Oh, don't you know me, your old friend?"

The viceroys' wandering gaze fell upon Yusef's pale face and moist eyes. A smile flitted over his countenance.

"Yusef," he said in a tone of supreme content.

"He will live!" said the physician.

Haschid hid his face in the bedclothes and sobbed like a child. There was a sound of scrambling on the hall stairs, and the elder Kader made his way to a distant apartment to communicate the joyful news to his wife.

But on no heart did the assurance fall with such blissful effect as on Yusef's. He had learned to love Mohammed with a filial affection. Besides his joy at his restoration for his own sake, he saw the way clear to Isiolette's release and their eventful happiness.

"Haschid, is that you?" asked Mohammed.

The joyful merchant lifted his head and kissed the hand which the invalid feebly extended to him.

From that hour there was a steady and speedy convalescence in Mohammed's frame. Every day and hour seemed to give him increased strength. The old light came back to his eyes; the old healthy flush began to visit his cheeks.

In a week he was able to sit up in an arm-chair. The affection he had conceived for Yusef in his illness grew stronger every day, and the youth returned it. As soon as the viceroys was able to walk across the chamber and down the stairs he began to think of resuming his position.

He had been undeceived of the love existing between Yusef and Isiolette, and shared in the anxiety of the lover and father in regard to her fate.

If anything could have retarded the recovery of Mohammed it would have been the constant anxiety he felt in regard to Morah.

He inquired if she had come several times every day, and feared that she was dead.

The servants of Haschid were despatched to bring her to the capital, and still she did not come.

This uncertainty weighed terribly upon him, but he did not communicate the cause of his trouble to Yusef.

On the evening of the day on which the viceroys had declared his intention of speedily assuming his position at the head of the government, Yusef went out to procure provisions for the morrow.

He had hardly left the house and proceeded down the street, when a couple of men slipped out from behind a pillar of an adjacent mosque and followed him.

As Yusef passed on, several other men, all clad in the uniforms of the royal guards, appeared at regular

distances behind him, and whispering to one another hastened after him.

The period consumed by the viceroy's illness had been passed pleasantly by Ali and Thurbat. They had made various dispositions calculated to promote their safety and eventual success, filling the palace and public offices with their minions.

The present and communication they had sent to the Sultan had resulted agreeably to their most sanguine wishes, and they now had in hand the official appointment of Thurbat as the successor of Mohammed.

"And now, my dear son," said Ali, as the two sat in the prince's private chamber rejoicing over this document, "the last anxiety is ended. We are masters of the situation! To-morrow we will have a grand public convocation, and you will take your place as Viceroy of Egypt."

"And you shall take your place beside me as my prime minister," rejoined Thurbat. "You may take all the affairs of state on your own shoulders. All I want is an unlimited supply of money, and that girl's acceptance of my offer of marriage."

During the intervening weeks, the false prince had frequently visited Isolette in the dungeon where she had been confined, and had endeavoured to bribe and threaten her into marrying him, but to no avail.

The beautiful and high-spirited girl had resisted all his persuasions, declaring that she had rather die at once than endure a living death in the fate he offered her.

"We must take further counsel upon this matter," replied Ali. "We have gone too far to make a failure of it. Although we have changed her prison and placed her in safe custody, and under a false name, I tremble lest in some way her relationship to Haschid be discovered and she should obtain her freedom."

"Impossible!" cried Thurbat, whose imagination had been revelling in the pleasures he would have when he became viceroy—"our precautions were well taken, and there's no danger whatever, unless we fail to get rid of that sponge-gatherer."

Ali's brow darkened. He was about to speak when a knock at the door startled them.

The chamberlain went to the door himself, and ushered in one of his faithful tools—one of those who had recently attended him across the desert, and the same one who had recognized our hero and reported the circumstance to Ali.

"Well," said the chamberlain, his brow clearing—"have you found out where that fellow lives?"

"Yes, sir. According to your directions a score of us scattered throughout the city, and I have had the good fortune to find his nest."

"And where is it?"

"In the Turkish quarter. We supposed, of course, that he was in the Arab quarter, and the other men directed their attention to that part of the city. I came upon him by good luck, and followed him home."

"And why didn't you go into his house and seize him?" asked Ali, impatiently.

"Because, sir, the house is full of men, as near as I could judge. Probably a lot of his sponge-gathering friends."

"Very likely," returned Ali, with compressed lips, "and since such is the case, you'd better watch the house until he comes out, and then arrest him for treason. It would hardly do just yet to make a stir in his arrest, and as his friends would possibly fight for him, you must be as quiet as possible. It will be easy to arrest him in the street, since all our new soldiers are wandering about the city to repress any signs of discontent at the new order of things. See to it that you have men enough for the purpose, and then seize him and bring him to the prison, and let me know."

After a few further directions from Ali, the man went out and proceeded to do his master's bidding. He and his companions stationed themselves in the vicinity of Yusuf's residence, and waited.

These were the men who were dogging Yusuf, as recorded.

Unconscious of these movements, however, our hero proceeded quietly on his way to the marketplace, where a few stalls were yet open, as he knew. In passing a lonely spot, the villains came closer to him, and one of them caught his arm.

Since his recent adventures, Yusuf had not gone out once without being thoroughly armed, and he now seized his knife, and demanded what was wanted.

"We arrest you in the name of the viceroy," said the man. "You had better come quietly with us, or it will be the worse for you."

Yusuf glanced around him. He saw the other men closing around him, and despite their uniforms, re-

cognized some of them as the robbers he had travelled with on the desert.

He instantly placed himself on his guard.

"You are robbers and assassins!" he exclaimed, endeavouring to pass them. "I warn you to let me alone, or there will be blood spilt!"

One of the men laughed and again seized hold of Yusuf, who instantly attacked him with a knife. Some of the other men sprang upon Yusuf with scimitars, and others called up more guards. Recognizing his situation as desperate, our hero tried to cut his way through.

He drew out his pistol and shot one of the men dead, and stabbed another to the heart. He advanced in this manner, and his enemies retreated before his invincible attacks.

Some one bolder than the rest at length seized him from behind, and the next instant the whole number rushed upon him at once and disarmed him.

Surrounded by a large number of guards, who denounced him as a murderer and a traitor, our hero was taken to prison, while the chief agent in his capture hastened to his employer.

Ali's eyes sparkled with delight on receiving the information, and he at once hastened to the prison.

"So I meet you again, do I?" he exclaimed, as his eyes encountered Yusuf's. "Let me see what I can do for you!"

He ordered the captive to be taken to the strongest dungeon the prison afforded, and accompanied the gaoler to the place. Yusuf was chained to the wall and handcuffed.

"How do you like it, eh?" asked Ali with fiendish malignity, as he held the gaoler's lantern close to Yusuf's face. "I don't believe you will ever interfere with me again!"

What he saw in the face of Yusuf as he thus critically examined it was best known to himself. A strange pallor came over his face, however, and he again examined the youth's chains to make sure of their strength.

Not a word did Yusuf utter. His thoughts were not of his own misfortunes, but of Isolette's unknown fate—the sorrow of his friends at his absence.

He reflected that they were now looking for his return, and shuddered at the anxiety and alarm with which this waiting and watching would continue.

"To-morrow the new viceroy will be publicly acknowledged," continued Ali, "and in an hour thereafter you shall die! I'll have you shot for killing the guards! I'll also search the house where you have been staying, and see who are your companions."

He went out, and the door was locked and barred by the gaoler. His last remark had chilled the soul of Yusuf like the hand of death.

What if the viceroy should be discovered—and murdered in the convenient darkness in which he himself was lying chained and helpless with the prospect of a speedy death on the morrow!

(To be continued.)

## SQUIRE TURNER.

I SAT spinning at my little wheel, in the sun, for the autumn day was coldish, when I heard some one whistling, and looking up, there was young Squire Turner with his arms folded on the gate, looking over.

When he caught my eye he laughed and I blushed, and I arose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the squire, and the hand he had pulled the glove from shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds, and he had lace frills at his breasts and wrists, and was bony to look at, with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he:

"I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I; and I set a chair for him, for he was grandfather's landlord, and the Squire; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmother, who brought me up, always said, "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story, I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn which grew in the church lane. I never meant to deceive; but grannie was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was poor.

I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the Squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of his fine speeches; but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I think she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that when the half-year's rent should come due, not a penny to pay it with would be found.

All this time Evan and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa winter nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would happen to come in and sit in his lazy way watching me knit or spin.

Once or twice he was flushed with wine and overbold, for he tried to kiss me. But, Squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was, and spoke as though one like the Squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's.

He made me angry and I spoke up.

"For that matter, the Squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than you do just now."

"Maybe you like him better," said Evan.

"I don't say that," said I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me."

For he had been scolding me. There was no other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart-deep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week.

I wasn't troubled much, though. I knew he would come round again, and maybe ask my pardon. For before you are well you can bring your lover to his senses when you will.

So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in from a lonely ride, and, shutting to the door, stood between grandamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the Squire's," said he. "For the first time I had, to tell him that I could not pay his rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grandamma's hand covered them. Grandpapa drew me to him.

"Thou'rt young, lass," he said, "and they are right who call thee pretty. Say, couldst like the young Squire enough to wed him?"

"Eh?" cried grandamma. "Sure you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world, there is but one he loves as he should love a wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamt of golden rings and a bunch of white roses Christmas Eve," cried grannie. "I always knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out I knew.

"Will have him, and be a rich lady?" said grandpapa.

And when he had waited for an answer, I burst out with "no" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grandamma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpapa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the Squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the Squire, Heaven only knew what might happen.

"She'll never ruin her poor grandfather," sobbed grandamma.

Ah! it was hard to hear—bitter hard; but now there was no help for it.

I took the ring from my bosom, and laid it on my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my troth to him.

And grandamma called me a deceitful wench, and grandfather looked as though his heart would break.

Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring and prayed God that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck.

I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.



The days passed on, and he never came near me. "Oh, it was cruel in him," I thought, to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, when he must know I love him so.

And grandmamma would scarcely look at me, (I know why now,) and grandpapa sighed and groaned and talked of the poor-house. And I thought I should die of grief amongst them.

One day grandmamma said to me: "It seems that your sweetheart is not over fond of you, nor over anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?"

"Busy, doubtless," said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

"Perhaps you know all about it," said grandmamma. "You're going with him, maybe."

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs and chickens.

"I heard you rightly?" she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"They're going to America. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there, they say. That's what takes him. He sails in the Golden George."

"I told you so," said grandmother.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"They've sold the house and gone up to Liverpool to take the ship; and you may find the truth out for yourself if you choose to take the trouble," said Dame Coombs. "I'm no chatterbox about my neighbours." And she went away in wrath.

And still I would not believe it, until I had walked across the moor and had seen the shutters fast closed, and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place.

Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grandmamma's knee.

"It's true," said I.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined, and break his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a babe, a widow."

I looked at her as she sobbed, and I found strength to say: "Give me to whom you will, then, since my own love doesn't want me."

And then I crept up stairs, and sat down on my bedside, weak as though I had fainted. I'd have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlour as my accepted lover.

How pleased he was, and how the colour came back into grandfather's old face. And grannie grew so proud, and kind and all the house was aglow, and only I sad.

But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan, whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The Squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folk said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong.

Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull, and your cheek is pale, and your brow grand lover canna make ye smile; ye are no that ill, either."

"No—I'm well enough," said I.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Gin ye'd tell me your ail, I might tell a cure," she said. But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie.

So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grannie and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it was my shroud they were working at instead.

And one night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out amongst the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt down under the stars, and prayed to be taken from the world: "for how can I live without Evan?" said I.

And I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that at first I scarce thought earthly.

Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do you call for your true love, now?" she said. "Ye sent him fra you for sake of the young Squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me?"

But she caught my sleeve.

"Diana be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee, and answer what I speor. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye waste like the snaw-wreath in the sun

sin the Squire wooed ye. Was it your will the lad that loved the earth ye trod on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to the doctor's house past the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not but it turned him the tint o' death, and says he: 'There's na a drop o' true blui in a woman, gin she is false.' And he turned to the wa' and covered his eyes, an' your granie rode home. There, 'tis all I ken—wull it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I; "God bless you!"

And had I wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.

I stood before my grandmother trembling and white, and said I:

"Oh, don't tell me, grannie, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth-ring from my neck, and give it back to Evan as if from me? You've loved and honoured my life long. I'd rather die than think it."

She turned scarlet.

"True love?" said she. "You've but one true love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face."

And she looked down at that, and fell to weeping.

"My own old true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband I'd loved for fifty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy worth nothing stand in my way, and see him a beggar in his age? Oh! girl—girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but then when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak, and her own, and come with me, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the Hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the housekeeper to let me see the Squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him.

So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here," he began.

But I stopped him.

"Not your love, Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me; but even after all that has passed, I—"

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you, Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offence—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" and all I could do was to sob, and I think he thought me mad.

At last strength came to me.

I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been pledged to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how, when he honoured me by the offer of his hand, I forged my grandparents by owning to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then as I looked all the rich colour faded out of the Squire's face, and I saw the sight we seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah me! The news is bad; I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many a higher and a fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me home across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The good ship Golden George has not set sail yet."

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grannie that I would never wed him.

El! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men; who rode away with the break of the morning, and never stopped until he gained Liverpool and found out Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George, and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me. But our young Squire? God bless him!

And who was it that sent old grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gouty for young Doctor Locke that helped him into practice?

Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught

our children to pray for every night. For we were married, and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was aigh two, the thing I needed to make me quite happy happened, and from far away over the sea, where he had been three good twelvemonths, came our Squire, with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the Hall had a mistress at last—and a mistress who loved the Squire as I loved Evan.

El, but it's an old story—she that I remember a girl I saw in her coffin, withered and old; and then they opened the vault where the Squire had slept ten years to put her beside him; and I've nothing left of Evan, my life and my love, but his memory, and it seems as if every hope and dream of joy I ever had were put away under tombstones.

And even the Golden George, the great strongship that would have borne my dear from me has mouldered away at the bottom of the ocean somewhere.

And I think my wedding-ring is like to outlast us all, for I have it yet, and I shall be ninety to-morrow.

Ninety!—it's a good old age, and it can't be long now before I meet Evan, and the rest, in heaven.

M. K. D.

**HERMITAGE WINE.**—This is the name given to the various kinds of wine produced in France on the left bank of the Rhone, near Tain, in the department of Drôme. The granite mountain called l'Ermitage, or l'Hermilage, gives the name to the wine. The vineyard from which it is produced is scarcely three hundred acres in size, and is divided among many proprietors. Only a part near the centre of the mountain produces first-rate red and white wines. The red are considered the best, and some of them, the Meud and Greffieux, are thought to be equal to the best claret and Burgundy. The best red Hermitage wines are distinguished by a dark red colour, an exquisite flavour, and a taste of strawberries.

**MARSEILLES** owes its importance and prosperity in very large measure to the soap trade, which has originated great improvements in chemical productions and in the mechanical industry of oil mills. These three great trades almost entirely support the working population and the mercantile navy of this great city, and employ about the following quantities of raw materials:—Oil seeds, 120,000 tons; olive oil, or essences, 15,000 tons; raw sulphur, 25,000 tons; refined sulphur, 42,500 tons; nitrate, 2,900 tons; seassalt, 16,500 tons; and coal, 200,000 tons. There are in Marseilles sixty-two soap manufactories, perfectly organised and in full activity. In general, 150 kilogrammes of soap are estimated to every hectolitre of olive oil, or of oil seeds manufactured.

**TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.**—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds at d souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

**WHAT CASHMERE SHAWLS ARE MADE OF.**—The Cashmere shawl-wool consists of the fleece beneath the undercoat of the hair of the shawl goats. The shearing is performed at the commencement of the summer, which, in those Alpine regions, though short, is very hot. The hair of the goat is first cut short with a knife, the shearer beginning at the head and following the direction of the fleece towards the tail. The animal is then rubbed in the reverse direction with a sort of brush or comb, which detaches the fine wool from next the skin (the *asuli*) nearly free from hair. When the animals are shorn, they relieve themselves of these winter vests of delicate down by rolling on the ground or rubbing against the rocks. Seeing that the original possessors of the *asuli* are nearly as wild as the winds, material for thousands of shawls must annually blow about and be utterly wasted amongst the pinnacles and crags of those desolate regions. At present, a very great quantity of the genuine *asuli* is lost by being mixed with the coarser hair and common wool, and thus indiscriminately manufactured into *hushmeena*.

## WATAWA.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

DISAPPOINTED and anxious, but maintaining his energy and hope, Lincoln took his way back to the camp of his friends, whom he found terribly anxious and excited.

"No sign of Bessie," murmured Thomas, in a tone of deep anguish. "We have lost her."

He was quite in despair.

"But you saw her again, Mr. Lincoln?" queried Robert Hale, quickly, with the manner of a drowning man catching at a straw. "She is only captive; no other evil has yet befallen her."

"No," answered Lincoln, as he wiped his face, which his rapid journey through the woods had heated to perspiration. "The poor girl is still in the chief's lodge. I saw her distinctly. Eolah was watching her. The camp was full of excitement and motion. There was no chance to rescue her—at least none to get clear of the savages with her. I saw that we would have to wait until after the attack upon us, and I have returned in order to make that attack a dear one to the assailants!"

The scout spoke in a stern voice, and his stout frame shook with emotion.

"The hour is near?" said Robert.

"Close at hand," rejoined Lincoln, "and we must be ready. The red demons were busy with their preparations when I left them, and they will soon be upon us. I have thought of a little plan for their reception, and we must hasten to act upon it."

"What is it?" asked Thomas. "Shall we await the attack here?"

"Yes," responded Lincoln; "but we must prepare a surprise for the enemy. Let me tell you its nature."

He unfolded his plan in a few words, and hastened to set an example in its execution.

He first removed his coat, which he stuffed with leaves and twigs, and then he placed this figure in a recumbent posture near the fire, supplying it with a head, on which he placed his cap, and spreading his blanket at the opposite extremity, so that it appeared at a little distance to be a sleeping pioneer.

"There you see how it's done," was the scout's exclamation, when he had arranged his representative to his liking. "There's strong Abe himself—for all the red-skins can see to the contrary in this midnight darkness. I intend to let him lie here, in ignorance of what's going on, and allow the savages to surprise him. If you will all do likewise, we shall soon have a collection of bullet-proof representatives to receive the attack, while we place ourselves in ambush."

The little band hailed the project with much enthusiasm, and no time was lost in imitating the scout's example.

In the course of a few minutes the smouldering camp-fire was surrounded by nearly as many lay figures, all cleverly formed, as there were men in the party.

"We must place two of our representatives on guard," said Lincoln, with a twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes. "Cut a few twigs, Thomas, and we will secure our sentinels bolt upright, each in a natural position, and displaying an empty rifle."

These measures were soon completed, and a strange scene was then presented—an inanimate camp, with its guards, a score of prostrate figures, and all the appearances of a real encampment.

"Nothing could be better," observed Lincoln, after a close survey of the scene. "The red-skins will not detect the ruse, I hope, until it is too late for the discovery to save them. Let us now place ourselves in ambush just outside of our imaginary camp—yonder, under the ledge where they are not likely to stumble upon us. Go, all of you, and place yourselves in good positions while I replenish the fire."

The whole force retired, every member of it finding himself a good hiding place within easy rifle-shot of the motionless figures.

Lincoln gathered a liberal supply of brushwood, arranged the camp-fire to his liking, making it large enough to reveal the lay figures without showing them too distinctly, and then he rejoined his companions.

"It is near the time," he whispered to Thomas and Robert. "I am almost certain that the measure will succeed. Pass the word along for all to await my directions, and we will endeavour to give the red-skins a reception that will end their hostilities for ever."

A profound silence soon took possession of the scene, as the pioneers, each setting himself into his covert with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, awaited the coming of the expected assailants.

A quarter of an hour passed.

The solemn murmur of the wind in the tree-tops seemed to grow louder, but the hush of the great wil-

derness remained otherwise unbroken, there being no more signs of life on the part of the watchers than if they had been so many statues.

The darkness which had spread itself over the scene was as profound as the silence, especially under the rocks and trees where the pioneers were watching.

The camp-fire continued to form a bright spot in the centre of this gloom, but its rays only served, by contrast, to render the surrounding darkness all the more striking.

At length the hour appointed by the savages arrived—the dead of night, fully two o'clock, as Lincoln knew by the stars here and there visible in the heavens.

The silence of the expectant watchers appeared to be shared by nature itself—all was so still, so dumb, so ominous!

At last a sinister figure presented itself to the gaze of Lincoln, who had remained nearest to the fire—a figure that moved craftily and stealthily, making its way like a snake through the bushes, slow, watchful, menacing—the figure of Scalp-Robe.

He came to a halt near Lincoln.

The white chief even overheard him whispering a few observations to the savages, who were following immediately behind him.

They had come for their proposed work.

The savage leader advanced a few rods, step by step, in utter silence, and looked at the supposed encampment of his enemies.

He looked long and earnestly, keeping himself well under cover; and as he looked, his features became fairly demonized with the hope of a swift and sweeping revenge.

The camp-fire continued to reveal the figures prostrate on the ground, but only indistinctly, and the two figures representing sentinels were barely visible in the edge of the illuminated space, so that the scout's secret was well preserved, even against the searching glances bearing upon it.

The chief marked all the features of the scene well, and then turned back, retracing his steps in silence, and gave a few directions to his companions.

They at once became as eager as so many blood-hounds scenting their prey, and displayed a jubilation that was truly infernal.

They felt that they were on the eve of a decisive triumph.

Extending themselves on the line of a semicircle, they slowly approached the camp-fire, closing in upon their supposed enemies with the utmost precaution, and grasping their weapons with all the firmness of hate and revenge.

Fortunately, they had deployed themselves immediately in front of the concealed pioneers, so that their numbers and their very forms became outlined to the view as they drew near the fire.

They finally halted.

They were between the pioneers and the fire, and their heads were distinctly visible, as they peered toward the lay figures.

Watawa whispered his directions.

His followers all selected one of the motionless figures for a mark. And, at a given signal, poured a volley of bullets into their supposed victims.

The volley was followed by a chorus of yells that seemed to shake the surrounding hills, and the whole band of assailants, brandishing their tomahawks, sprang towards the illuminated circle to complete their intended slaughter.

It was not till they were fairly within the limits of the silent encampment that they detected the ruse which had been practised upon them.

And it was at that moment, when they were huddled in a small space, and distinctly outlined to the view of their enemies, that a single word of command—an order to fire—burst from the throat of Lincoln.

Another deafening report shook the forest, and ere its echoes had died away the scout shouted:

"Forward, all! Close in upon them! Let us follow up our advantage!"

The pioneers leaped from their coverts, with hearty and triumphant cheers. At last six or eight of the savages had fallen dead under that opening volley, and the rest of them were temporarily paralyzed. Recovering their self-possession, however, they turned upon their assailants, with answering shouts of rage and defiance.

A fierce hand-to-hand struggle was at once inaugurated, but with terrible odds and advantages against the surprised Indians.

The scout had selected Scalp-Robe for his shot, and had had the pleasure of seeing his foe leap several feet into the air, as if mortally wounded, and then fall at full length among the bushes, where, struggling to rise, he received a blow from the butt end of the rifle of one of the foremost pioneers that left him apparently lifeless.

The combat was as brief as terrible.

Half a score of the routed savages were promptly slain, and the balance of their force, lately so formidable, was dissipated like chaff before a violent tempest.

A few hid in crevices among the rocks and bushes, and a few others, who were seen to be mortally wounded, were left unmolested; but scarcely an Indian escaped, save a small number who had at once taken to flight after their surprise, and made no effort to combat the victors.

The triumph of the pioneers was complete, and of all the murderous savages, so lately the terror of the wilderness, there remained only a fugitive and spiritless remnant.

"We have done better than I expected," declared Lincoln, when not a single red-skin remained near him. "It only remains to follow up our victory. Let eight of you hurry with me to the Eagle's Nest, and we will soon release Bessie, while the rest of you look after our wounded."

He plunged into the woods with a few directions to those who were to remain behind, and was closely followed by Thomas and Robert, and by the required number of their friends.

He had done his best on all the occasions forced upon him to break the power of the savages, and it was with immense satisfaction that he now realized that his long troublesome foes were either exterminated or powerless.

It only remained, as he had said, to rescue Bessie before the surviving Indians could harm her, by way of revenge, and to this task he bent all his efforts, flying at his greatest speed through the forest.

(To be continued.)

## EVA ASHLEY.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

## BESSIE IN LONDON.

BESSIE set out on her journey like one in a dream. She had a defined purpose before her, but she did not, as yet, see very clearly how it was to be attained. On the way she would decide on the course she would pursue when she reached London.

Her summer tour had given her self-possession and a knowledge of what was necessary to be done; and although her mind was still in a confused whirl from the startling and humiliating revelation which had been made to her on the previous night, she understood her present position, and had the nerve to bear up under the difficulties before her.

"Have you a check for your trunk, miss?"

For an instant she hesitated, but her native truthfulness prevailed, and she said:

"It was left behind. I have nothing with me but this carpet bag, and that I can take care of myself."

The man gave her a keen glance, and passed on without saying anything more.

This conversation had been furtively listened to by a shrewd-looking individual, with grey whiskers and a heavy-looking eye, who sat on the same seat with Bessie, and he now turned and deliberately surveyed her.

He wore a rusty black suit and overcoat to match, a white kerchief, and a napless hat.

After a pause, the stranger said in a solemn voice:

"Young woman, it becomes my duty to offer you some advice. You seem a goodly brand to pluck from the burning, and I must speak a word in season even to the solitary wayfarer cast upon my path."

At this address Bessie stared at him and asked:

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"Of course I did. I see no other young woman anywhere near me, and when I find a—"

He hesitated, and although her heart was beating painfully, Bessie's native spirit came to her assistance, and she quickly said:

"I will not trouble you to find a comparison for me, sir, and as to your advice, I have no use for it, and you will oblige me by refraining to give it."

"Caught a snapping turtle, in place of a turtle-dove, eh, old fellow?" asked a youngster, sitting on the seat in front of them. "I like your spirit, miss, and if you will accept me as an escort, I will protect you from annoyance, and see you safe."

The speaker was about sixteen, and the frank face, clear eyes and smiling lips turned towards her, favourably impressed the young traveller.

"Thank you, sir," she demurely replied, "but I believe I shall do very well."

"Young lady, had you no friend, no brother, to come with you on such a long journey? You are much too young and too fair to be permitted to travel alone."

His interest in her seemed so genuine that Bessie more gently replied to him:



"I was suddenly called away on business of importance, which my mother, who is a widow, could not herself attend to."

Deeply seated as the pain at her heart was—gnawing as was the sense of degradation in her mother's crime—Bessie maintained the outward show of cheerfulness; for she was not one to lay bare her wounded heart to the gaze of every passer-by.

With the courage of the Spartan boy, she could clutch to her heart the creature that was tearing it, sooner than betray her sufferings to those on whose sympathy she had no claim; so she smiled and talked with her intelligent companion.

On—on they whirled through the remainder of the day—through twilight, through darkness shrieked the engine, scattering a train of fire in its wake; but fatigued as she was, Bessie could not sleep.

The uncertainty of all that lay before her—the novelty of her own position, and the heavy pain at her young heart—effectually destroyed her rest, and she reached London without having slumbered for a single moment.

When the train entered the station, the young man who had previously addressed her roused himself and said:

"Here we are, safe and sound. When I get to the end of a railroad journey, I always feel thankful."

"Hem!" said the voice of the Mentor, who had made his way to their side. "I am glad to find that you have some sense of what is due to Providence, young man. I had not given you so much credit for piety. Pray, if I may ask, whither are you going to take this young girl?"

"Wherever she wants to go, sir, so you had better move on, and leave the way clear for us to get out."

"You are impertinent, youngster; but that is the way of the young generation in this country. I feel a deep interest in this young pilgrim, and it is my wish to protect her to the extent of my humble ability from the snares of this wicked city. I have a sister who would take her in, if she has no near friends to whom she is going."

"Oh, I dare say," was the sarcastic response. "She'd be sure to be finely taken in if she went to Mrs. Radway's to board. I presume she has friends, and I can take her to them without any assistance from you."

Although this colloquy was intended as an aside, Bessie heard every word they uttered, and she felt thankful even to the repulsive-looking stranger for the interest he manifested in her.

Now that she was in this great city alone—thrown absolutely on her own resources—she trembled at her unprotected position, and after a slight pause she faltered:

"I—I have no friends to whom I can go. I came to London on special business that did not admit of delay; and I thought of going to Morley's Hotel, for I have stopped there twice while travelling with friends. But if this gentleman's sister keeps a boarding-house, as he seems to be a minister, I—I believe it will be best for me to go to her house—that is, if she will consent to receive an utter stranger for a few days."

"Oh, she will do that on my recommendation, miss. My name is also Radway, and the lady I refer to is my brother's widow. I am the Reverend Jeremiah Radway, and if I can, be instrumental in saving a young creature like you from the dangers of a great city like this, I shall feel as if I am performing my duty."

Bessie gave her proud head a toss and quickly replied:

"The danger to me is entirely imaginary on your side, sir, but I shall be glad to be saved from the annoyance of going alone to a large hotel. As this young gentleman seems to know something of you and your sister, I believe I will go to her house for the few days I shall remain here."

The face of Radway shone even more than before, and he said:

"It is settled then that you go with me. You will find it much more agreeable to stay in a private boarding-house. I will get a carriage, and you and your young friend here can go with me to my sister's."

Much as she had shrunk from this coarse, shabby-looking man at first, Bessie now comprehended that in his uncouth way he meant to befriend her, and she turned with a smile to her young protector and said:

"I will trouble you no more, since Mr. Radway has kindly undertaken to see me safe under a respectable shelter. But before we part tell me the name of the young friend to whom I have been so much indebted on this journey."

"My name is George Heath. But I am not going to give you up till I see you safe with Mrs. Rad. She lives only a few squares from my uncle's, so I shall not go out of my way at all. Since you know my name, will you think it impertinent if I ask you yours?"

At this question a painful pang darted through

Bessie's heart, but she bravely repressed it and replied:

"Of course you are entitled to know it. My name is Bessie Wilde."

"Wilde—Wilde," repeated Mr. Radway, thoughtfully—"I knew a young sailor of that name once; he was a true-hearted man, and I believe a good Christian. And now I think of it, you look very much like him too; you might be his daughter, only he never had but one, and she died in her infancy."

Bessie's self-command almost failed her at this evident allusion to her father, and she was now as anxious to go with Mr. Radway as she had before been to avoid his officious attentions.

She was impulsively about to inquire into the history of the person he referred to, when she remembered how important it was to conceal from the outside world the part her mother had played. So she only said:

"It is not an uncommon name, I believe, sir, but some other time I shall be glad to hear all you can tell me of this namesake of mine."

Mr. Radway soon engaged a carriage which set them down at the door of a handsome house in — Street. In days gone by this had been the aristocratic portion of the city, but the stately dwellings, once the abodes of the wealthy, had been converted into boarding-houses, and in one of them Mrs. Radway had set up her household gods.

At her door Bessie parted from young Heath, who promised to call on her the next day, and if she desired it, he would show her some of the lions of the city.

"Thank you," she replied, "but I have already seen them, though I shall be glad to see you again, and hope you will be sure to call."

"I should hardly like to miss doing so," he laughingly replied, and so they parted.

Mr. Radway conducted her into the house, and left her in a grim faded looking room, while he went in search of the mistress of the establishment.

Some time elapsed before a thin, sallow-faced woman appeared, who surveyed poor Bessie with a pair of keen black eyes, and her thin lips unclosed to say:

"My brother is a simple-hearted man, miss, and he often brings strange customers to me when he comes off a journey. It seems to me that you are very young to be running about the world by yourself, and I wonder your friends don't take better care of you."

By this time Bessie was wearied out, and her high spirit succumbed before these hard words. Tears sprang to her eyes as she said:

"I was compelled by very painful circumstances to undertake this journey alone, madam, but you will have no trouble with me. I only ask shelter here for a few days, and I am quite able to pay for all I may have. In less than a week I hope to be safe again in my own home in Ashurst."

"Well, if you're able to pay your way, it makes a difference, of course; but you have no trunk, my brother tells me, and such people are always looked sharply after by boarding-house keepers."

In reply to this, Bessie took out her portemonnaie, and inquired the price of board with a comfortable room. Mrs. Radway more respectfully said:

"I always charge ten shillings a day to them that's not regular boarders, but since you have money, you need not be in a hurry about paying."

To this Bessie replied by giving her a five pound note, as she said:

"I may remain with you a week, and if I should leave before the end of that time, I shall not call on you to refund."

"Very well, miss. I see that you are a lady, and understand how to get along, even if you are young. Your room shall be ready directly, for you must be tired."

She left the room, and after a weary half hour returned for her new lodger, who gladly followed her up two flights of stairs to a small room in the wing of the building. Everything in it looked worn and hardly used, but it was scrupulously clean, and a bright fire burned in the grate.

In no mood to be critical, Bessie gladly threw off her wrappings, and declaring that she needed nothing but sleep, requested that she might not be disturbed till the next morning.

As soon as Mrs. Radway left her alone, she bolted her door, prepared for bed, and was soon wrapped in the sound sleep which follows long-continued excitement and fatigue.

When Mrs. Radway rejoined her brother in the dining-room below, where he was taking some reflection, she replied to his inquiring look by sharply saying:

"It's all right so far as the money is concerned, for she's paid me a week in advance, but I do wish, Miah, that you wouldn't be always bringing doubtful sort of people to me to take in. My regular boarders have

complained more than once, and with good cause, of the strange people you have brought among them."

"Umph! an ungodly set they are, to blame me for doing what is my duty. They can't complain of this young girl, at all events, for the class she evidently belongs to is far superior to that of any of your boarders. I had a reason for not losing sight of her, connected with my journey, but I can't explain it now. I'll tell you all about it when Captain Martin comes back, and I'm looking for his ship every hour."

"You're very mysterious, but it's no use trying to comprehend such a man as you," said Mrs. Radway, with contemptuous resignation, which her brother-in-law thought it best to ignore, as the cold lunch she had set before him was very abundant and palatable; but only restrained her curiosity to have it gratified at a better opportunity, and she was resolved to have the whole story out of him before she slept, which she accordingly did.

When Bessie was awakened on the following morning by the sharp ring of a bell at her door, she left dreamland, where she had been wandering with Delancey, sat up in bed, looked around her dingy room, and, for a few moments, was unable to remember how she came to be in such a place. Then the rush of recollection came back, and she moaned:

"I am in this great Babel, without a friend to help me, bound on a quest the result of which will, in all probability, bring disgrace upon my own mother; it may also cause unhappiness among those who have reared the true Miss Ashley as their own daughter. But I must on—on; I dare not pause till I have done justice to that defrauded girl."

She arose, made a careful toilette, and descended to find that breakfast was over, and the other boarders gone.

Mrs. Radway seemed to have thawed towards her a little, and she said, with a smile as faded as her furniture:

"You are late, Miss Wilde, but your recent fatigue is sufficient excuse for you. I have kept some coffee hot till you came down, and you will find the baker's rolls delicious."

Bessie assured her that she required nothing more than a cup of coffee and some bread and butter, and the lady smilingly went on:

"My brother was rather disappointed at not seeing you before he went out, but he saw in the morning paper that the ship of an old friend had arrived in port, and he has gone to see the captain. He bade me tell you that he would be sure to see you at dinner."

Internally thankful for anything that removed Mr. Radway from spying on her movements, Bessie ate her breakfast, and then inquired if a London directory was in the house.

After some search one was produced, and she eagerly looked for the name and address of George Allen.

Many Allens were found, but not one bearing the Christian name she sought. There was a George T. Allen, and this gentleman she concluded must be the person she required.

Bessie remarked that Mrs. Radway followed her movements inquisitively, and scanned her features with an expression she could not understand, and she determined to ask no further assistance from her. She returned to her own room, put on her furs and bonnet, and after taking the precaution to note down the number of the house, she sallied forth, got into the first omnibus that passed, and went on until she saw a bookshop.

Bessie stopped here, and purchasing a map of London, she sat down and studied the topography of the city till she thought she understood it.

One of the shopmen, at her request, then stopped an omnibus, and with a beating heart she was driven towards the part she was so anxiously seeking. She alighted near the street, and went on her way on foot.

She found the number she sought; with much trepidation ascended the marble steps, and rung at the door. It was immediately opened by a servant in livery, and as she was handing him her card to take to his master, a voice from the back part of the hall cried out:

"Bless my soul, Miss Wilde, is that you? If I had only known that you were coming here to see my uncle, I could have brought you at once, in place of letting old Rad bear you off in triumph to that old boarding-house of his sister's."

While uttering this voluble address, young Heath came forward, and Bessie grew scarlet, and then pale, as she recognized him. She faintly said:

"I—I have some business with a Mr. Allen, but I am not quite sure that your uncle is the gentleman I am in search of. When I see him, I shall soon be able to ascertain."

"My uncle will be most happy to serve you in any way, I am sure. Walk into this room, and sit down, while I go and tell him that Venus has come down to this lower world to make him a visit."



## [MR. RADWAY INTRODUCES BESSIE TO HIS SISTER.]

He ushered her into a spacious drawing-room, richly and tastefully furnished, and left her alone a few moments.

He presently came back with a cheerful air, and said:

"You are to come at once into my uncle's sanctum, Miss Wilde. He is an invalid, and rarely leaves one room. Here we are."

He threw back a folding-door, the upper part of which was of ground glass, and ushered the trembling girl into the presence of a white-haired man of delicate appearance and benevolent expression.

He laid aside the morning paper, and regarded her with a look of interest, as his nephew said:

"This, sir, is Miss Wilde—the young lady I told you about last night. She tells me that she thinks she has some business with you, but she is not quite sure whether you are the gentleman or not."

"Pray be seated, Miss Wilde," said the bland voice of Mr. Allen; "and if I can be of any service to you, pray command me."

Heath left the room, and closed the door behind him. Bessie recovered from her momentary perturbation, and without betraying her agitation, said:

"I have come to you, sir, to inquire if you ever knew a person calling herself Margaret Wilde, from whom a young child was taken, and adopted by a Mr. George Allen, many years ago."

Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Allen replied:

"I have certainly never known Mrs. Wilde, nor, to my knowledge, ever heard of her before."

She grew very pale, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, I hoped you might prove to be the person I seek, though he is known to me only as Mr. George Allen, and you have a middle letter in your name. I must find the one I came hither to seek, and if you can help me I shall ever thank you. The gentleman I refer to lived eighteen years ago; he was childless, and an infant was given to his wife under peculiar and most painful circumstances. The family of that child are now most anxious to reclaim her; by a singular chance the clue to her whereabouts came into my possession, and circumstances I cannot explain compel me to follow it up."

Mr. Allen listened with evident interest, and after a pause he said:

"It is a singular story, and you are a young detective to set out on such an errand. But I think your visit to me will not be altogether useless. At the time you mention, a distant cousin of mine lived, and his name was simply George Allen. I have a

faint recollection that his first wife adopted a little girl, but I am under the impression that she died when she was quite young—in fact, only a short time after the death of her protectress. My cousin George married again, and has quite a household of children of his own: he is now living in the country, but it will be easy to communicate with him by letter."

Bessie listened with breathless interest, and she eagerly said:

"Oh! I thank you so much, sir—so much for this information. Will you be so kind as to give me Mr. Allen's address?"

"Certainly—but I am sure you will only hear the confirmation of what I have told you. Now that I recall the circumstances, I distinctly remember that my cousin's adopted daughter died in France while he was travelling with his first wife for the benefit of her health."

"Give me the address, if you please, even if I should have no occasion to use it."

Mr. Allen drew a sheet of paper towards him, and with a pencil wrote—"George Allen, Beaconfield."

"This is all I can do for you, Miss Wilde, but my nephew, George Heath, is an active, bright young fellow, and he will take pleasure in finding out for you something about the child you refer to. In fact, he may be able to tell you a great deal about her, for he visited Beaconfield not long ago."

He rang the bell, and sent a message to his nephew desiring his presence, but when Heath came he could throw little light on the subject.

He only knew that no other person was in the house with Mr. Allen's own children, and they all claimed his present wife as their mother.

Bessie took her leave of the elder gentleman after gracefully thanking him, and went forth with the younger one by her side.

It was agreed between them that he should write immediately to his kinsman, making the inquiry Bessie wished to have answered, and he left her at Mrs. Radway's door with the assurance that he would bring the reply of his kinsman to her as soon as it reached him.

Compelled to be contented with this, Bessie went in to find that dinner was over, but her landlady was considerate enough to send up to her a cup of tea and some cold viands, which she was very glad to get, for exercise in the frosty air had given her a good appetite, in spite of the turmoil going on for ever in her mind.

What the end was to be—what the consequences

to herself and her mother, which were to flow from any discovery she might make, she dared not pause to inquire.

A plain duty lay before her, and she felt that she must perform it, even at the risk of everything she valued in life.

A severe headache confined her to her room in the evening, and Mrs. Radway came up with her tea herself, seemingly not in the best of humours on account of the trouble she was giving her. She sharply said:

"You seem to be a most irregular person, Miss Wilde, for you haven't been at a single meal to-day. Since you are sick this evening, I must excuse you, I suppose, but I hope you will be more punctual in the future. My brother was anxious to see you to-night, for he has somehow got a crotchet in his brain that you're related to a young man we knew many years ago. Dear knows, I always heard that Frank Wilde's child died when she was a baby, but Miah all at once insists that you are his daughter."

The suddenness of this attack unnerved Bessie, and she became deadly pale as she asked:

"Why should Mr. Radway think such a thing as that? He spoke to me of Mr. Wilde before, but he did not hint that he believed I could be related to him in any way."

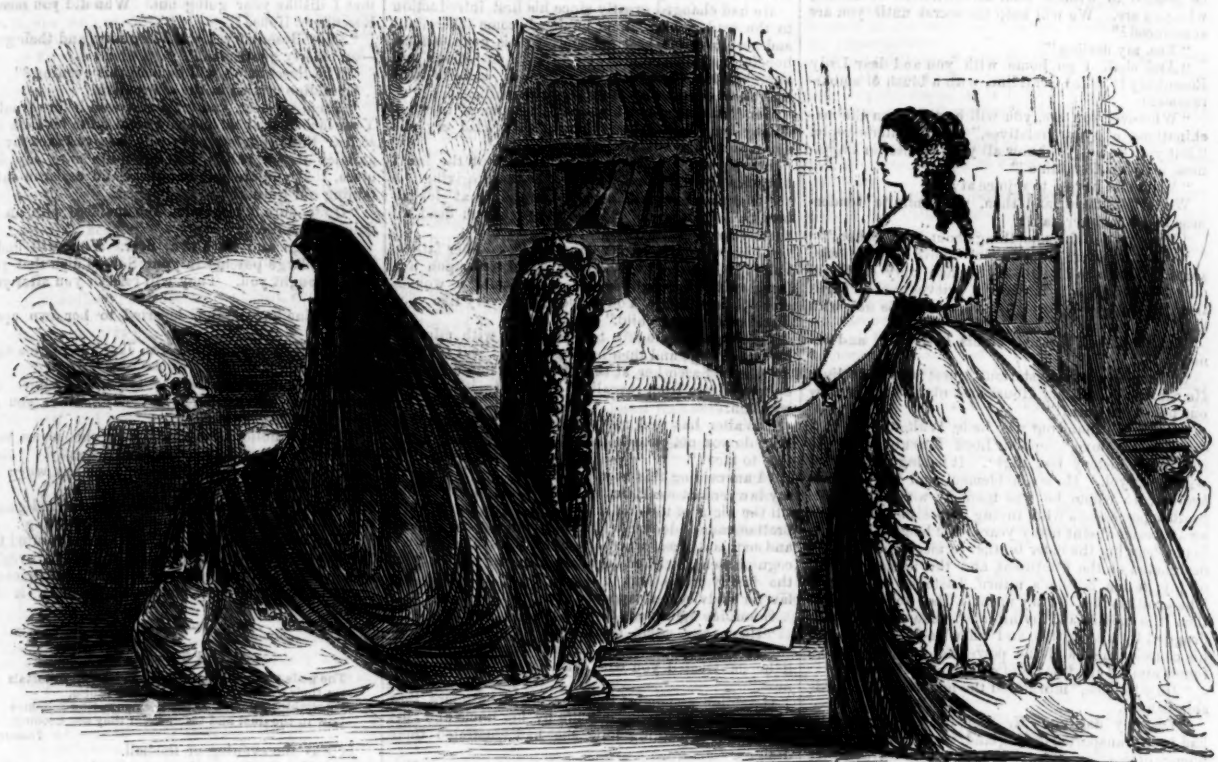
"Oh, he's got a new light on the subject, it seems, Captain Martin, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Wilde, has just come in from sea with a most curious story, which he means to prove by following up a fraud to which he has found a clue. There is a gentleman with him named Hunter, and they both declare that although poor Wilde was made to believe that his daughter died in her infancy, she is still living. Captain Martin says that he saw a miniature of her painted by a young friend of his last summer, and he knew her by her wonderful likeness to her father. He is on his way now, to expose the woman who gave away a great heiress as her own child, and kept her daughter in her place. Have you ever heard of such a thing before, Miss Wilde? Miah will have it that you are the child that was brought up to think yourself rich, when you were nobody but poor Frank Wilde's little one."

While Mrs. Radway thus spoke, Bessie felt her senses gradually receding from her, and at the close of her pitiless harangue she faintly gasped:

"They cannot be so cruel as to expose her," and fainted dead away, thus revealing to the hard woman before her that she had not only heard the story before, but was vitally interested in it.

(To be continued.)





## THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

By W. E. CHADWICK.

### CHAPTER LV

Were my whole life to come one heap of troubles,  
The pleasure of this moment would suffice,  
And sweeten all my griefs with its remembrance.

It was the morning of the day appointed for the countess's ball.

The earl and countess had gone out in the family carriage, intent on a few last preparations for the ball, the countess desiring to give some few final directions in person.

The Lady Geraldine was alone in the morning-room. She stood by one of the long French windows opening into the little garden, where the gardener and his assistants were at work, carefully culling faded leaves and blossoms. She was apparently watching their busy movements, but her thoughts were evidently far away, for at times she sighed heavily, and a look of pain rested upon her lovely face.

She was quite pale, not with the pallor of bodily illness, but a want of colour consequent upon mental suffering coupled with a lack of physical exercise. This paleness had produced upon her relatives the impression that the poison they so assiduously prepared for her was producing its legitimate effect, and they were loud in their lamentations over her supposed decline.

Their mode of giving the deadly drug had varied somewhat, but was generally administered in fruit or wine, the Italian scarcely daring to repeat her experiment with the bouquet, lest its deadly odour should arouse the suspicions of the maiden.

It is needless to say that the Lady Geraldine never once took the death-dealing potions prepared for her, but it often taxed her ingenuity to the utmost to evade them, the countess sometimes insisting with pretended playfulness, upon seeing her eat them, "as she knew they would do her good."

On going out that morning, the Italian had told her that she would bring her some delicious fruits on her return, and the maiden knew that another trial was before her—a trial that might prove severer than the others, the countess having made some remark, in a disappointed tone, about her movements betraying more strength than she supposed her to possess.

### [THE BELLE RETURNS GOOD FOR EVIL.]

"Oh, that it were evening!" sighed the maiden. "This burden is too heavy to carry longer—this terrible burden of the knowledge of my uncle's guilty intentions! I shall go away with Lady Rosenbury to-night, and tell her the whole truth. She will protect me!"

She thought of her lover, wishing that she might place herself under his protection, and, while still thinking tenderly of him, the door opened, and the servant announced:

"Lord Rosenbury!"

"I am not at home to Lord Rosenbury!" commanded the Lady Geraldine.

"Not at home to me?" exclaimed Walter, entering the apartment.

"To you! oh yes!" answered the maiden, radiant with surprise and pleasure, extending her hand.

The servant, who knew Raymond, and imagined that there must be some mistake about Walter's title, looked satisfied and withdrew, and the Lady Geraldine said:

"How good of you to brave my uncle and come to see me, Walter. I have so much to say to you. Did you meet Lord Rosenbury in the hall?"

"My darling," replied Walter, with a smile, as he took her in his arms, pressing her to his heart, "you who so nobly loved me and accepted me, promising to be my wife, when you deemed me the lowly-born Walter Lorraine, rejoice with me in my newly-found happiness! My name is not Lorraine. I am the only son of Lord and Lady Rosenbury, and Raymond was but a usurper."

The maiden looked at her lover with apprehension that his senses were wandering.

His clear, calm, gaze reassured her, however, and she murmured:

"You are Lord Rosenbury! You are the son of dear Lady Rosenbury! I cannot understand it, Walter. Who, then, is Raymond? How came you to be called Lorraine?"

In reply, Walter related the discovery of the confession in Mrs. Lorraine's Bible; of the after confession of Lorraine, &c., and Geraldine rejoiced in his happiness and that of Lady Rosenbury.

"But you are looking pale, my own darling," said Walter, at length. "Are you quite well?"

"Not quite well in mind, perhaps," responded the maiden, sadly. "Oh, Walter, I have been so shocked, so horrified! My uncle and aunt are trying to poison me!"

"To poison you?" cried Walter, horrified and astonished.

"Yes, Walter. I heard them plotting to kill me

that they might inherit my fortune. They put the poison in fruits or wine, and once into a bouquet!"

"But, my love, you have not taken this stuff!" interrupted Walter, in wild alarm. "I know the earl to be capable of anything, but surely you have not taken the poisons?"

"I didn't know it at first, Walter. The countess came to my room one day with a dish of fruits, in a very friendly manner, urging me to eat some of them. I did so, and felt weak and languid!"

"Oh, heaven!" groaned the lover, holding her closer to his breast.

"Then in the evening, I complained of feeling ill, and the countess gathered a bouquet for me, but the moment I inhaled its odour I felt faint, and all my nerves were unstrung!"

"You must have a physician immediately," interposed Walter, in a tone of the wildest apprehension.

"No, dear Walter," said Geraldine, gently restraining him as he was about to arise. "The effects of the drugs passed away during the next day, and I have been careful to take none since. I went upstairs, but, feeling restless, returned to the library. I felt faint, and lay down in the room off the library, and while there I overheard the earl and countess talking about me. They said they feared they had given me too much poison, and must be more careful in future. They stated their object to be the acquisition of my fortune!"

"Demons!" breathed Walter.

"I escaped to my room unseen, resolved to foil their schemes. So, although they have offered me the poisons since, I have evaded taking them, throwing away the wine and fruit!"

"My brave darling! But why did you not leave the house and fly to my mother? Why did you not write to me?"

"I have not been allowed to go out alone since, my uncle fearing, I think, that I might elope to Scotland with you and thus defeat his plans. Oh, he may have had other reasons. I did not write to you, nor make an attempt at escape, intending to appeal this evening to Lady Rosenbury's protection, and return home with her."

A strangely joyful smile lighted up Walter's countenance, as he asked:

"To-night, my own darling, shall bring you deliverance from all your trials. You must appear at the ball, and keep up your title of the Belle of the Season."

"I will," answered the maiden, with a smile. "I am so happy in the discovery of your birth and position. You will come to the ball, dear Walter, and

surprise the earl and countess, will you not? I shall be pleased to witness their astonishment at finding who you are. We will keep the secret until you are announced?"

"Yes, my darling!"

"And shall I go home with you and dear Lady Rosebury?" asked Geraldine, with a blush of embarrassment.

"Wherever you are, you will be safe from the machinations of your relatives," was Walter's reply. "But you do not yet know all your causes for happiness, my own Geraldine!"

"What else have I to rejoice at?"

Walter hesitated, and then, with infinite tenderness in his manner, said:

"My love, tell me something about your father!"

"Why, Walter, do you not know that he died abroad years ago? Oh, if he had only lived till now! Poor papa! It always grieves me to think that he died in a foreign land, and I was not with him!"

Walter stroked the hair of his betrothed, and remarked:

"I have seen my mysterious guest again, darling. He came to Rosebury House last night, and is now our honoured guest!"

"Have you found out who he is, Walter?"

"Yes, my love," replied Lord Rosebury. "He told us his history last night. It is singular, and I will tell it to you. He is a nobleman, and had but one brother, to whom he was tenderly attached. This brother possessed a wild, roving disposition, and went away, being about many years. At length, he wrote home, begging the elder brother to meet him at a city designated on the Continent, and the nobleman, full of joy at his brother's return, hastened to Vienna. The brothers met. They spent a day together, and then the nobleman, loving and unsuspecting, was drugged by his relative, and when he fully recovered his consciousness and the power to move about, he found himself the inmate of a madhouse!"

"How terrible," murmured the maiden, as his lordship paused.

"Yes, my darling. He soon discovered that he had been transported to England, while under the influence of continued drugging, and also learned that his brother had given out that he had died on the Continent, and they had not met at Vienna. Afterwards he learned from his keepers, that the world thought him dead, that his brother had succeeded to his rank and wealth, and he was buried alive. After years of anguish he escaped, and I met him at Rock Land. Then he was retaken, and again escaped. I found him on the sea-shore, and brought him home with me. He was very ill. I told you of all I knew about him, and, as a Mr. Bowen, you innocently sent to nurse him his gaoler and persecutor, Dr. Mure!"

"My uncle recommended Mr. Bowen, Walter," said Geraldine.

"I have known that fact since last evening, my darling—or inferred it! But you do not look so conscious as I expected. Does not your heart tell you who this fugitive is?"

The maiden became deathly pale, under the suggestion given by these words, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Walter, can you mean—?"

"I mean, dear Geraldine, that he is your father! Your own father, come home to love you and bless our union!"

Geraldine could scarcely comprehend at first the joyful intelligence. She had been so long accustomed to regard her father as sleeping in a foreign grave, that it seemed difficult to realize that he lived—lived to bless her with his love!

But as the full realization at length burst upon her mind, she gave way to joyful tears.

"Oh, take me to him, Walter!" she exclaimed. "I must see him immediately."

"Put on your bonnet then, and come with me. Our carriage is in waiting!"

The maiden hastened to her rooms, soon returning in her street attire, and Walter escorted her to his waiting carriage.

In a few moments they were at Rosebury House.

Geraldine trembled with excitement as the carriage stopped, and Walter supported her into the mansion to the boudoir, where Lady Rosebury alone awaited them.

"Are you sure that you are prepared to see your father, my dear?" asked her ladyship, embracing her, and removing her bonnet.

"Oh, yes, dear Lady Rosebury! And I want to tell you that I am so glad about Walter—"

"Walter shall tell me all you have said," said Lady Rosebury, as the maiden paused.

Kissing Geraldine fondly, her ladyship gave her hand to her son, and they left the apartment.

They had scarcely departed, when the door again opened, and the fugitive entered the room.

He paused near the spot, contemplating the lovely maiden with the profoundest emotion.

He had changed greatly since his first introduction to the reader, his manner having become self-reliant and resolute; his bearing, stately; his countenance, hopeful and joyous. He had lost his suspicious and apprehensive look, and appeared to have a will capable of conquering all evils in his path.

Geraldine regarded him a single moment in wondering recognition, and then with a glad cry she sprang into his outstretched arms.

For several minutes neither spoke, but the heart of each offered a voiceless prayer of thanksgiving.

"Oh, papa, papa!" sobbed Geraldine, at length breaking the silence. "I have thought you dead all these years! I have mourned for you so!"

"I know you have, my daughter!" said her father, holding her from him, that he might look upon her face. "My little girl has blossomed into a woman since I saw her. You have grown very like your angel mother, my child."

He folded her again to his breast with mingled love and pride, and then leading her to a seat told her how he had seen her at the opera, and found it difficult to refrain from revealing himself to her on that occasion.

Walter has told me your story, dear papa, but why do you not come home to-day and meet my uncle face to face?"

"I am coming this evening, my child. I went to my lawyer last week, but he advised me to keep silent till the night of the ball, and then go as a guest. My brother cannot deny my identity to all my old friends and acquaintances, who have but to look at me to recognize me. I wished to avoid bringing notoriety on the family name, but I deem it best to follow my lawyer's advice, and appear at the ball."

Geraldine approved this idea, and the earl said:

"Has your uncle been kind to you, my child, since my disappearance? I can forgive him much if he has treated you with fatherly care and tenderness."

Geraldine responded by narrating the attempt that was being made upon her life by her uncle and his wife, and explaining how she had frustrated their designs.

"Can this be possible?" ejaculated the earl. "Egbert is indeed a monster of wickedness! Justice shall come upon him at one fell swoop to-night."

Subduing his excitement, the earl caressed his daughter, inquiring who was the swarthy lady he had seen in her company at the opera, why the earl had married her, and if Mrs. Tomlins still retained her position in the family.

To all these and many more questions Geraldine replied.

"You love Lord Rosebury, do you not, my dear?" he asked, caressing her still more tenderly.

The answer was almost inaudible.

"I don't see how you could help loving him if you wished, my dear," said the earl. "I love him as though he were my own son. I owe him my life and safety, and in return for all his goodness to me shall bestow upon him my most precious treasure, my daughter. Were he simply Walter Loraine, the painter, I should consider him no feignible match for my darling, for his heart and soul outweigh a hundred empty titles. And yet I am not sorry that he is a Rosebury. The Roseburys were always a noble race, and I shall be proud of an alliance with them!"

Geraldine expressed her delight at this testimonial to her lover and his mother, and told her father what a true friend Lady Rosebury had ever been to her.

She was still dilating upon this subject, which was inexhaustible, when her ladyship and Walter returned, and the earl expressed to them his gratitude.

"Walter has just been telling me of the awful danger Geraldine has just escaped," said her ladyship, anxiously. "She had better not return home until we go."

The maiden looked inquiringly at her father, who replied:

"If she has no fears for herself, I think she had better return. I do not care to prepare Egbert for my coming, as he might take steps to abduct me again!"

"I have no fears about going," said Geraldine. "I know from what I overheard that they wish me to appear to-night at the ball. I don't like to leave you, but I think if we wish to keep our secret intact that I ought to return immediately!"

It was a trial to part so soon from her father and lover, but, hoping for a joyous meeting in the evening, the maiden at length bade them adieu, and returned home.

On entering Montford House she was met by her relatives, who seemed anxious and displeased, and the countess exclaimed:

"Ah! I see by the carriage that you have been to

Lady Rosebury's! You should not be so imprudent, my dear Geraldine. Your health is so very delicate that I dislike your going out. Who did you meet at Rosebury House?"

"Lady Rosebury, Lord Rosebury, and their guest—an elderly gentleman."

"The Roseburys will be here this evening?" Geraldine replied in the affirmative.

"Then, my dear, you must rest well before evening. Your face is flushed, and you seem quite feverish! I so fear that your strength will be overtaxed by the gaieties of the ball! You are quite sure, my dear niece, that you are able to appear and assist in entertaining our guests?"

"Quite sure!" responded the maiden, with an involuntary smile.

"Then go and lie down, dear. You will find a couple of large peaches in your *Sèvres* dish that your uncle brought you. They will refresh you after your drive!"

Geraldine bowed, and departed to her own apartments.

The earl then addressed Mrs. Tomlins, with a sigh, saying:

"I think my poor niece is in a decline. She seems to grow weaker every day. Have you not noticed it?"

"I have noticed, my lord, that she seems to be troubled," answered Mrs. Tomlins, honestly. "But I think she looked unusually well and happy when she came in just now!"

The earl's brow darkened, and he exchanged glances with his wife, who drew him aside, whispering:

"She will eat the fruit, Egbert. Rest assured that she will be dull and spiritless enough this evening. Her spirits and colour were simply a momentary reaction, and she will fall quickly after it has passed!"

#### CHAPTER LVII.

The gods take pleasure oft, when haughty mortals  
On their own pride erect a mighty fabric,  
By slightest means, to lay their lowering schemes  
Low in the dust and teach them they are nothing.

Thomson.

It was the evening of the ball.

The Montford mansion presented a magnificent appearance, the large apartments, thrown into one, being brilliantly lighted, and ornamented with a profusion of fragrant flowers. The beautiful conservatory, with its flowers and fountain and clustering lights, had never appeared to better advantage, and seemed a fairyland of light and perfume.

The noble guests were already thronging the vast apartments, the corridors, &c., and the earl and countess were doing the honours with peculiar ease and grace, assisted by the Lady Geraldine Summers.

The earl seemed unusually gay, as if he had dug off the last vestige of fear or apprehension, as if illness were unknown to him, and he had a perpetual lease of life.

The countess was attired in a dress of a scarlet material, which contrasted well with the black of her eyes and hair, and the family diamonds flashed from her arms, neck, and bosom.

The Lady Geraldine was robed in white lace of priceless value, and wore no ornaments except flowers. The lustre of her eyes outshone the countess's diamonds, and her every movement expressed happiness and joyful expectation.

The countess was surprised at the animation and health of the Lady Geraldine, and the earl was quite alarmed, seeing how completely the maiden's appearance would contradict any assertions he might make in regard to her illness. He found time to whisper a few words to this effect to his wife, who seized the first opportunity of communicating with the Lady Geraldine.

"How brilliant you are this evening, my dear niece," she said, with pretended fondness. "By the way, did you eat the fruit I left in your room?"

"I did not," said the maiden quietly.

"And why not, my dear?"

"Because I did not think them good for me."

The Italian bestowed a searching glance upon the Lady Geraldine, paled under her answering look, and seemed to experience a sudden and wild alarm.

"Not good?" she faltered. "Explain!"

"The explanation is simple. I do not eat fruit—or have not very lately—except at table!"

The countess endeavoured to smile, comprehending fully what she had begun to suspect from the maiden's appearance, that none of her poisons had been taken by her intended victim.

She wished to question her further, to learn what she knew or suspected in regard to the drugs, &c., but the Lady Geraldine had turned away, and was engaged with some of her guests.

She, therefore, turned to the earl.

"Egbert," she whispered, at the first lull in the distinguished arrivals, "I am sure Geraldine suspects



our designs. She has not eaten the fruit I gave her, nor any fruit from my hands!"

"Oh, she can't suspect, Justina. We have been too clever to give ground for suspicion. You can give her wine or flowers, instead of fruit. Don't be alarmed." Further conversation was prevented between the guilty couple by new arrivals, and each shook off their apprehensions and entered into the general gaiety.

The drawing-rooms were nearly filled with "fair women and brave men," when Lady Rosenbury and Lord Rosenbury were announced.

Although the earl had resigned all intention of bestowing the hand of his niece upon Raymond, he still wished to keep up his friendly relations with the latter, for reasons which have been stated.

With a smile, therefore, he prepared to greet the false heir.

Lady Rosenbury, magnificently attired, entered the room, leaning proudly upon Walter's arm.

Her entrance was greeted with a hum of busy inquiry, and wonder at the title applied to Walter, but many of the guests had already obtained an inkling of the truth through the attorney, and through ladies who had called at Rosenbury House that day.

The earl and countess had not heard even the faintest rumour of the truth, and the former drew himself up haughtily at the approach of his lordship, not deigning to touch his hand.

"Mr. Lorraine presumes on the friendship of the Rosenburys and Montfords," he said, in a low tone, meant only for Walter's ear. "My guests are all noble."

He paused, a flash in Lady Rosenbury's eyes showing that she had heard him.

With a proud dignity she introduced Walter as her son and Lord Rosenbury, and briefly explained why he had so long been known under another name.

The earl and countess forced themselves to offer their congratulations, and Lady Rosenbury and her son then joined the throng of guests, her ladyship introducing her son to all her friends.

Not many minutes elapsed before Walter's history became the theme of every tongue. His mother and himself were overwhelmed with congratulations; old friends of the family declared they had always suspected the truth from Walter's resemblance to the late Lord Rosenbury; others—many of whom had once smiled upon Raymond—asserted that they had always believed Raymond a very unworthy representative of the family. Bright eyes grew brighter at Walter's approach, his romantic history having captivated every youthful imagination, and he found himself the lion of the evening.

He bore his honours with the grace that might have been expected of him, and Lady Clair lamented to Lady Rosenbury that she had not a daughter, for Walter was her ideal of a son-in-law.

Geraldine was delighted at the reception of her lover, and was unusually brilliant, attracting about her an admiring court, into which Lord Rosenbury eventually found his way, devoting himself to her in a manner that excited the anger of her relatives.

The festivity was at its height, every face was wreathed in smiles, every heart throbbled joyously, when a sudden hush of expectation fell upon the assembly, and every eye was turned towards the door.

The host and hostess looked with the rest, scarcely knowing why they looked, but all were not so ignorant as they.

A whisper started by Lady Rosenbury had been circulated among the older people that a distinguished but unexpected guest was about to arrive, and some imaginative person had surmised that royalty itself was about to honour the earl's hospitality.

In the midst of the hush came the loud announcement:

"The Earl of Montford!"

And then the fugitive—fugitive no longer—but stately, dignified, and joyous, entered the grand room, leaning upon the arm of Lord Clair, and followed by a train of noblemen, who had known him formerly.

He paused near the head of the suite of rooms, contemplating the assemblage. The full light of one of the gaseliers fell upon him, and he presented a noble and commanding appearance.

His guilty brother looked at him, with a fascinated and horrified gaze, unable to move or withdraw his glances.

The countess could only stare at him in astonishment.

Before a moment had elapsed, a general recognition of the earl took place, and his old friends thronged around him, wondering and startled at the mystery of his return.

Lord Rosenbury conducted his mother and the Lady Geraldine to the side of the earl, and a perfect ovation from all the assembled guests was rendered the returned lord.

In the midst of the joyous scene, a sudden cry rent the air. It was followed by a woman's shriek, and the

throng that had enclosed the guilty brother of the earl gave way, and Egbert fell to the floor.

When they lifted him, he was dead!

His hand was found pressed against his heart, showing that the violent shock the head received had accelerated his malady, killing him instantly.

The servants who had gathered in the corridor, full of speculations in regard to the earl's return, bore the senseless form of the guilty brother into the dark and silent library, where he had passed so many hours of the most terrible remorse and fears of the catastrophe that had finally come upon him.

The Italian—countess no longer—found her way to the body of her husband, and filled the air with her lamentations, less on account of his death than because her newly-acquired wealth and honours must be torn from her. Stripping the family diamonds from her person—the sight of them being hateful to her now that they were no longer hers—she wept and screamed alternately, until numbness by exhaustion.

Meanwhile, the returned earl received his old friends, telling them as little of his story as possible, now that the guilty Egbert was dead, and endeavouring, though vainly, to throw a veil of charity over his wickedness.

In his own soul the earl knew that nothing could palliate the guilt of his late brother, who, not content with depriving him of freedom, had attempted to poison the innocent Geraldine.

The ball, therefore, became a grand reception, dancing being deemed inappropriate when the scene transpiring in the library was considered.

When at length it ended, and carriage after carriage departed with the guests, and the earl, Geraldine, and the Rosenburys, were left alone, Geraldine said:

"Papa, do you wish to look at my uncle?"

"No, my daughter," replied the earl solemnly. "He is dead, and I have forgiven him all his wickedness, as I pray God may forgive him—but I never wish to look upon him again. I have dismissed for ever all painful memories, and live to rejoice in your happiness—yours and Walter's!"

The family servants were summoned to the hall, and the earl addressed them, stating simply that he had been supposed dead, but the truth had reached the servants, and it was vain to disguise it.

When the Rosenburys had gone home, and the earl had retired to his bed, the Lady Geraldine, her heart full of generous pity, stole down to the library, at the door of which in a mournful attitude was seated Julian, her late uncle's page.

"Why do you stay here, my poor boy?" said the maiden touched at his fidelity. "Your master will never summon you again. He is dead."

"I know it," replied the lad. "But he was good to me, and I cannot leave him in there without some one to keep guard for him. He was always afraid some dreadful person would come, and that was what made him so ill!"

Geraldine understood that her late uncle had always feared her father's return, and that his illnesses were when her father had escaped from his prison and was free.

"I don't know where I shall go now, my lady," said the page, tearfully. "I have got no one to care for me now!"

"You shall live with me, Julian," responded the Lady Geraldine. "Your fidelity to your late master will be an assurance of your future faithfulness!"

The page kissed the hem of the maiden's robe in earnest gratitude, and she then entered the library.

The body of the late master of the house lay upon a long table, and beside it sat the Italian, her head covered.

Forgetting how Justina had injured her, Geraldine approached her and addressed her with sympathy and kindness, but the Italian turned upon her fiercely, exclaiming:

"You needn't offer me your sympathy. I won't have it. I wish I had succeeded in killing you! Oh, if Egbert had only told me his secret! He might have been living and happy now! You will marry the new Lord Rosenbury, be honoured and joyful. Go away! I want no such contrast to my misery!"

With tears, the Lady Geraldine left the room, retreating to her own chamber. And there she forgot Justina and her late husband, in happy dreams of a future with Walter, Lady Rosenbury, and father.

The death of Egbert did not cloud the joy of the earl or Geraldine. His funeral was very quiet, and no one indulged in the vain show of mourning for him, unless it were his wife. The earl would not seclude himself, nor permit his daughter to don the habiliments of a grief that was unfelt, and the death of Egbert cast no shadow upon their home, no cloud upon their joy.

The day after the funeral, Justina departed for Milan, her former home, full of bitterness at the prospect of again confining herself within the bounds of her very narrow income, which seemed narrower than ever by contrast with her late expenditures.

On looking over the business affairs of his brother, the earl speedily saw that a skilful hand could free the family estates from all embarrassment, and he set himself to the task with energy, succeeding beyond his expectations.

Montford House, before the close of the season, was again thrown open for a grand festivity—no other than a bridal breakfast to Lord and Lady Rosenbury, the bride being, of course, the lovely belle, the Lady Geraldine Summers.

As the bride proceeded to don her travelling bonnet, after her change of attire, she said, with smiles and tears:

"Dear Walter, I relinquished this morning my title of the Belle of the Season, while I shall not neglect society. The sphere that I shall delight henceforth most to adorn shall be our happy, loving home!"

"My sweet wife!" exclaimed Walter, with passionate tenderness, folding her to his heart. "Your title henceforth shall be the Angel of Home! Sweeter than all the scenes of your brilliant triumphs shall be our own fireside, and there you will always find one devoted lover who lives but in your smiles!"

The happiness of the youthful Lord and Lady Rosenbury was shared by the Earl of Montford and Walter's mother, both of whom declared their dreams realized in the union of the lovers.

Lady Rosenbury—the dowager, as she humorously called herself, carrying out Walter's benevolent idea, gave to Colte Lorraine a sufficient sum of money to transport him to New Zealand, and there begin life anew as a farmer. The only condition upon which her generosity was based was that he should give up his dissolute habits and endeavour to render himself worthy of the mercy extended to him. Lorraine promised with genuine earnestness, and tears of gratitude and repentance, to become temperate and industrious, and accordingly departed for New Zealand.

The fate of his son was in keeping with his life.

He lingered about town—finding himself shunned by all his former acquaintances, abhorred by all who came in contact with him, refused admittance to his club—until the marriage of the Lady Geraldine Summers to Walter, Lord Rosenbury.

The day after the lengthy announcements of this happy event, the morning journals contained a brief account to the effect that a young man, rather shabbily attired, and who had evidently seen better days, had engaged an apartment at a West-end Hotel, the previous evening, and locking himself in, had deliberately shot himself through the head. When assistance arrived, life was found to be extinct. From the evidence given of his singular and incoherent manner in engaging the room, the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of suicide when in a fit of insanity. Papers were found on his person proving him to be Raymond Lorraine, and, by Lord Rosenbury's orders, he received a respectable burial.

Dr. Mure and his brother fled to the Continent, on learning the turn affairs had taken, and as their permanent absence from England was secured, the Earl of Montford took no steps to pursue them, knowing that, sooner or later, a just retribution would overtake them.

Parkin continued, of course, in the service of Lord Rosenbury, who valued his services and faithfulness too highly to part with him, and the valet considers himself personally aggrandized by the elevation of his master.

The other characters of our tale all met with their due reward.

Without an enemy, therefore, possessing rank and wealth, dowered with beauty and goodness, surrounded by admiring friends, loving each other almost to adoration, who can fail to predict for Walter, Lord Rosenbury, and his lovely and youthful bride, a joyous and cloudless future—such as they so richly deserved.

#### THE END.

THE Postmaster-General of India is now arranging for a weekly mail with England.

In England and Wales 27 letters were delivered to every person upon an average in the year 1864; in London, 51; in Scotland, 20; in Ireland, 9; in the United Kingdom, as a whole, 23—the total number exceeding 679,000,000.

CURIOUS GROWTH OF AN OAK.—At the village of Soothill, about seven miles from Leeds, there now stands an old oak, which is quite a curiosity in the surrounding district, on account of the fantastic manner in which two of the boughs have grown together; thus, the lower bough is perforated by the upper, which projects through it at least a foot, and as they both have their point of bifurcation at the same place, and the topmost branch is in the form of a bow, the result of this conformation is the figure of a harp, with only one string, which is called by the country people "David's Harp."

"PHARAOH'S SERPENTS."—Three young work-women, in good health, entered into the service of a Paris manufacturer, who employed them in filling boxes with those dangerous toys known as Pharaoh's serpents; after continuing their work for some days only they were seized with an alarming illness, and were obliged to be removed to the Lariboisière hospital. Thanks to the energetic treatment their lives, it is true, have been saved, but their health is for ever gone. A more lamentable instance could scarcely be found of the carelessness of the public with regard to poisonous preparations.

## WHO LOST, AND WHO WON.

### CHAPTER I.

THERE are so many strange and new-fangled notions abroad now-a-days, concerning women—their "spheres," "capacities," and "missions"—that it would seem as if the old traditions sanctioned by the piety and common sense of all time,—which unite in ascribing to her "the safe, snug corner of the household fire, behind the heads of the children,"—must be some way grievously at fault.

The unfortunate fact, however, is that the new prophets, however great their zeal and tact in tearing down, do not evince a great deal of ingenuity in building up.

Perhaps they will by and by find out the simple fact, which all practically scientific men learned long ago, that whatever is to be done towards reforming Nature, must be done, not by changing established laws, but by modifying the conditions of their actions.

Before trying to enlarge the sphere of woman's influence, let us endeavour to fit her to exert more intelligently the influence she already possesses.

The story I have to tell about these observations happened in our village during these last three or four years, and, I take it, might have happened in almost any other village, where the lights of advancing civilization shine.

In an obscure street stands a small brown house, owned by one Amos Payne, a well-to-do labouring man, and a widower.

His only child, Lois, a helpless cripple, keeps his house. And there is in the family, besides, a young man, whom Mr. Payne adopted years since, when it appeared that he would never have a son of his own, named Gregory Eden.

These two, with one other, form the principal characters of my story.

Lois was a slight, delicate creature, with reddish brown hair, and opaline tints in her complexion, and the irregular features which go with a sanguine temperament.

She had a few friends outside her family, a few books, a pet robin that built year after year in the cherry-tree over against the door, and a tiny garden where there were always a dozen plants in blossom, and through which a brook, that seemed to Lois to have the voice and movements of a living creature, babbled sweet music every day of the summer.

All these Lois loved with a quiet, tenacious affection that few would have dreamed of, looking into her homely, characterless face.

I say characterless, but that is not the word.

The handwriting was there; but there seemed such a hopeless obscurity about the text, that one might well doubt if anything less than a great affliction would ever clear up its meaning.

Lois was in her teens now—hard upon her twenties, in fact; and Gregory Eden was several years her senior. In some localities they would still have been almost children. In that atmosphere of keen mental incubative, Gregory, at least, was precociously mature. He had managed to get a few quarters at the academy, after the village school had done with him; then he had taught school for as many more quarters, and now he had chosen the law for his profession, and commenced the preliminary studies.

But on this quiet autumn day when my story opens, Gregory and Lois had somehow got back to their childhood. They were loitering, with pleasant chat, through the garden, cutting down dead stalks here, covering there a root with leaves to protect it against the frost, and stooping down by the brookside to admire together, with the eagerness and simplicity of children, a row of stately cardinal flowers, which Gregory, early in the spring, had brought from an adjoining allotment, and transplanted here.

"Do you know," said Lois, laughing, "I've got to thinking lately that our garden is just the prettiest one in our village. I don't know one I'd change it for. In the first place, there's the brook, which, of course is what no one else has; and then, because our space is rather limited—not scanty, you know, only limited—we are compelled to leave out all but just the flowers that we really admire; and because it's

of no use to try for what Squire Kinmont's gardener calls 'unity and the proprieties,' we have everything just where we want it, and can get at it most easily; and, altogether, I think it's the very best garden."

Gregory laughed.

"I'm sure it's the best philosophy to think so," he said. "Don't you ever feel envious and ambitious, Lois?—over wish you had been born to something better than just living here in this old wood-coloured house with the old-fashioned furniture that, by the side of the elegant parlours of wealthy people, seems like no furniture at all, and doing drudgery for just your father and me?"

All this was not said in any impatient way, but with a lingering smile of sweetness, as if he knew that she did not get envious, and tenderly appreciated and hugged to his heart the fact.

"Oh!" she said, with a sunny, inconsequent air, "I dream dreams sometimes; but I hope I don't often envy people. I don't think I care much to be rich; and as for the work, I have only enough for exercise; and nothing is drudgery which one does for those one loves."

"So you dream dreams, do you? Pray tell us what they are?"

"Oh! foolish, silly dreams, that could never be told, more than soap-bubbles can be handled."

"But I want to know what they are, and I am certain you can tell me, just as you can tell me that soap-bubbles are round and shining, and of many beautiful colours."

"And empty and frail, and never to be for an instant depended upon. Just so are my dreams; and when one breaks I straightway blow another. And they are all like, and yet unlike, each other, and so can never be described. But you have dreams too Gregory—what are they?"

"Oh, nothing near so substantial as soap-bubbles?"

"Yes; but women, being gifted with imagination, dream as they breathe, because so they live; while men, being practical, dream as a sculptor makes a model in clay, that it may be wrought into marble afterwards. If I could know what you dream I might guess what you will be in life."

"And can't you guess without that?"

"Oh, yes! or rather, I am sure you will be something that I shall be very proud of; but then I might be proud of many things, you know."

"Lois, what would you like best to have me?"

She dropped her head and did not answer.

They were sitting down now upon the stump of an old chestnut tree, which had been cut away in the spring; and as he spoke, there was a nameless caress and endearment in his manner that brought the blush to her cheek.

"Can't you tell me, Lois? I should so much like to know," he said.

"No," she said, "I don't think I can. I am only sure—"

"Sure of what, Lois?"

"That whatever you are—whatever that is noble and excellent and good, and that is what I feel certain you will be—I shall always feel that no one else knows so well as I how noble and excellent and good you are."

He smiled and kissed her.

"That is because we have lived together so long," said he. "Well, thank you for your good auguries. A man's way through the world is a rough and lofty one; but if anything can give him courage to walk in it, it is to know that one or two or three good women have faith in him. You will be one of those, will you not, Lois?"

"Always," she replied.

He took out his old-fashioned silver watch, and told her it was time that he should go into the town, now.

So, hand in hand, they walked down to the gate, chatting of the flowers, and whether there would be frost soon; and there they parted, Gregory taking the road which led into the town, and Lois going back to her embroidery.

### CHAPTER II.

CLARA KINMONT, who was a star of no ordinary lustre in our social world, had just returned from the seaside.

All summer long the shifting hues of azure and emerald and violet, the ghostly flitting sails, the iridescent splendours of the sky, or its turbulent unrest, had made to her eyes a panorama across which the fantastic procession of Fashion walked as in a dream.

The voice of the surf, too, uttering to the shore its ceaseless prophetic monotone, had awakened in her soul a vague yet passionate refrain, which had drowned even the accents of her flatterers.

Looking abroad to-day over the October landscape, steeped in all glowing colours, and lying as in a bath of crystal clear, in the still, golden air, again her soul

was startled by a cloudy vision of another and sublimer world, and from some lone and secret fastness where she sat supreme, scorning the vagary which we call life, there floated up a voiceless but eager utterance, "I aspire."

With youth, health, beauty, a soul that will so protest against life is a nuisance—so, at least, Clara had said to herself in the dawn of her girlhood.

Now, with the years only confirming the paradox, she had tacitly accepted it, judged all things in the light of it, and daily perplexed herself with the discord which caused her life to vibrate ever out of tune.

On this clear, pulseless day, bound up in October's matchless blue and gold, she walked the terrace at Kinmont Park, lashed by a spirit akin, she thought, to the old Enmenides, with their garments of dark crimson, their wreaths of twisted serpents, their glances of sunlight rage.

"Is it a sin," she said, "to be young and rich and fair, that I am thus persecuted by the Furies? If only now, some gentle spirit of the air might teach me the true secret of life! It lies not in having, I know; and doing, except in certain traditional humdrum ways, is forbidden to us women. Let me only find out now the meaning of this gnawing hunger and unrest, and surely I am brave enough and strong enough to conquer peace for my soul."

Up and down the terrace walk she paced, these thoughts, and other rasher and more rebellious ones giving fire to her eye and energy to her action.

The stately mansion, at a near window of which sat Mrs. Kinmont, stitching a piece of embroidery as white and characterless as herself; the noble park, flushed with autumn splendours, the still village spread out in the valley below, and the river, a silver ribbon, threading the sere meadows,—lay about her as in a dream.

The calm landscape accorded but ill with the turbulence of her mood; and restless with the desire of change, she called to the man who was tending the shrubbery:

"Robert, bring me Centaur, please; and tell papa, when he returns, that I'll be back for dinner."

Seeking her own room, she habited herself for a ride. There was little of coquetry about Miss Kinmont; no lingering before the glass, no adjusting of ringlets, or toying with veils.

Just a straight, square settling of herself into her dress; a swift precise motion of adjusting it, that yet left everything just as it should be; a quick drawing on of her gloves—and she was ready, looking neat and trim, indeed, but not in the least degree elegant.

Centaur was a small, strong pony, jet black in colour, with a thick waving mane. He had a vicious eye, but he knew his mistress.

Somehow their restless, unquenched spirits harmonized, and he bore his not too light burden cheerfully. Clara sat well her saddle as she cantered down the avenue.

Mrs. Kinmont, looking at her with eyes of motherly pride, felt a faint colour in her cheek. "What a pretty sight!" she thought. "If she were only like other girls—" A little half-suppressed sigh concluded the utterance.

Clara set out upon her ride with little purpose beyond the desire for a good canter to work off this morbid mood. Not that she was aware that it was morbid, except as we all know what is natural and normal to us by its fitting us so easily. Avoiding the dusty roads, she struck into the luminous shadows of a lane, through whose over-arching foliage the sunshine filtered in a golden greenness delicious to the eye.

Sauntering slowly through the affluent air, which seemed dropping its riches all about her in a profusion which she liked, she met the schoolmaster on his way to the town.

Nothing could be more marked than the contrast between these two. Miss Kinmont was firmly built, of good red blood, and tough, elastic fibre.

There was sentiment and enthusiasm, and a delicate regard for beauty, and order, and the proprieties that were purely feminine; but there was also a positive, commanding energy, and a grasp of mind, which was nearly allied to masculine traits of that kind.

Indeed, she often felt that it was the soul of a man within her, struggling ever against its womanly habiliments, that caused all her troubles.

Mr. Eden, on the contrary, was a slight, nervously-built man, with a pale face, and clear blue eyes, that sometimes burned with the strange fires of enthusiasm.

I do not think much of blood, except in regard to its functions in the vital economy; but I fear that Mr. Eden's, besides being decidedly plebeian, was a trifle thin and blue, indicating a poverty of vital force unfortunate for one possessed of so much mental excitability.

Still, he had a man's work before him in the world, and was likely enough to get through with it with credit.



He was studying law in Squire Kiamont's office, and in that way had been brought frequently into Clara's notice.

With the vast impulses and sympathies of a youthful devotee of genius, she had decided that he was talented; that he was, therefore, a fit and proper subject for the patronage which she wielded so easily and to such purpose; and in this way she had come mentally to adopt him, to look upon him as, in some measure, her own, and to decree for him signal distinctions.

Once for all, I deny the imputation that she ever had a thought of loving him. When she loved, it would be a different sort of man from this.

To-day they passed each other with a smile and a bow—a simple enough salutation; but it made that lane for ever after historic ground to Gregory Eden.

In three minutes more Clara came out upon the little cottage which he had left.

It was a mere chance that had brought her here; but now that she looked at the house, hidden like a bird's-nest among its vines, and all about its grey and homely walls a spirit of grace and beauty breathing, as rare as it was delicate and quaint, she bethought herself of a whisper she had heard in the village concerning the one female occupant of the place.

With that thought she gave a more scrutinizing glance about her.

She noted well that there were neither tiger lilies, nor plox, nor marigolds in the garden—only a few thrifty-looking house-plants clustered about the doorstep.

And she saw, along the little thread of babbling silver that trickled at the foot of the garden slope, the row of stately cardinal-flowers.

A cool hill-range in the background cast the cottage partly in the shadow; but a slant golden beam rested on the peaked gable, and threw its shower of radiance over the still figure of Lois, sitting in the doorway.

Clara had dropped her riding whip. Something more than the want of one, however, induced her to stop at the gate and beg of Lois a switch from the luxuriant lilies.

As the latter rose to oblige the young heiress, Clara surveyed her critically. It was not, as we have said, a beautiful, still less a strong, face; but oddly enough, looking at it, Clara recalled a line of Coventry Patmore; her lip had curled a little as she read it.

"A tranquil face that bears the light  
Of duties beautifully done."

Her dress, poor and plain as it was, fitted her neatly; and as she stood poised on one foot, reaching up to cut the twig, her figure just simply showed what it might have been but for that cruel accident.

Clara was not usually social with people of this class; but to-day she had a special reason for deviating from her ordinary rules. Receiving the switch, she paused to remark:

"A very cozy little nook you have here. Are you fond of flowers? I see you cultivate a few."

"Yes; they are a great pleasure to me."

"Your fuchsias are really very fine. I think you have a variety there which I have never seen before. Whose conceit is that of setting out the cardinal-flowers by the brook? They do not grow naturally, I think."

"Oh, no; Cousin Gregory brought them up from the river."

"Cousin Gregory!" repeated Miss Kinmont, with cool tones and upraised brow.

A crimson flush overspread Lois's face, which made patent to Clara the thing which the lame girl would have striven unto death to conceal from her.

"Mr. Gregory Eden," she said, in a low, uncertain tone. "He is a relative, you know, and I call him cousin."

"Oh!" said Clara, simply, but in a way that stirred the indignant blood in Lois's veins, and made her feel that, however much Miss Kinmont might be a friend to Gregory, she certainly was no friend to her.

I think the scrupulous justice of God's distribution of gifts to men is in no way more plainly indicated than in the weapons of offence and defence which he has granted to those shy, retiring, and commonly called weak people.

The less such natures can do for themselves, the more they can usually persevere in making others do for them.

The cat, whose want of strength has passed into a proverb, wins all by artifice; and there are soft, yielding, passive natures, which after all have a more or less innocent way of gaining by stratagem that which force could never secure them.

Lois had never philosophised about this matter; yet she nevertheless felt, in the trustfulness of a pure heart, that she was not so much the inferior of Miss Kinmont as the latter chose to consider.

Yet when Clara touched Centaur lightly, and rather haughtily bowed her adieu, Lois went back into the house with dim eyes, provoked with herself for their dimness.

She knew that Gregory Eden was more than all the world besides to her; and in her own heart she felt noways self-condemned for the weakness.

Her mother had died at her birth, and brothers and sisters she had none. Gregory had been her cherished playfellow from her earliest years; she had seen sooner than anyone else the spirit that was in him. She too felt that he in some sort belonged to her. Yet she had never really counted upon marrying him. She felt too keenly the disparity that existed between them. She would never mar his life and fortunes by her misfortune.

She could even sometimes admit to herself that he might marry another, but she said to herself with unusual emphasis to-day:

"It must not be to Clara Kinmont."

"Is it jealousy?" asked her somewhat critical conscience.

"I believe not," was her meek thought. "Miss Kinmont could never make him happy. As for me, I shall never marry."

And with that thought the tears gathered afresh in Lois's eyes.

"I believe," she said to herself, "that he might love me, if I were to strive, as happier women think it no sin to do, to win his love. She does not know how much more level to many of his moods I am than she can ever be. When the world goes well with him, or when he dreams it ever will, Miss Kinmont may keep him company; but let sickness befall him, let poverty gird him, would he go to Miss Kinmont then? I think not. But then, I love him too well to wish him to marry me."

And Lois, I am free to say, felt it a little hard that with all the rest she had renounced in life, this too must be laid upon the altar—this power of winning the love of any man.

"I shall never marry," she mused, and fell to twining the soft floss with which she had been working about her finger as if it had been the golden curl of a baby's hair, wondering all the while why, when God had placed such strong maternal instinct in a woman's bosom, he should make the development of it depend upon the chances of a man's fancy.

Something ached in Lois's heart; and, for relief, she drew her halting limb about the house, striving to interest herself in the preparations for her father's supper.

Many a woman before her has so striven and so failed to bury in the poor, thin soil of household duties her heart's dead.

There come winds that will blow away the sand; there come storms that will wash the golden tresses into view.

### CHAPTER III.

OVER and over again Clara revolved her theories of social renovation. That the world was all wrong she plainly saw, or thought she did; and felt, besides, an imposition of conscience concerning her own influence in it.

Here, for instance, was Mr. Eden, a man of more than ordinary ability, capable of rising far above his present sphere of usefulness, if only he did not burden himself with a clog in the shape of this little red-haired, characterless Lois Payne.

If she were only a girl of any force it would be different; but she was so utterly weak, of such a loose, flaccid fibre, that she could be only a hindrance and a nuisance to him.

Of course it would not be from love that he would marry her; but merely from propinquity and the sly arts which she would no doubt practice upon him if Clara had ever entertained any designs upon a man, they would have been open, above-board.

Anything underhanded or coquettish about such matters was what she most of all despised.

She quite argued herself into believing that this match would make Mr. Eden unhappy for life. It ought not to be.

If she could prevent it, it should not be.

I think that the destiny that presides over human affairs must sometimes smile at the rash interference of human hands with her designs.

As if she, calm-eyed, serene, seeing the end from the beginning, could ever be appeased or circumvented.

The gold of October had faded into autumn sadness.

The fierce flames had died out along the hill sides, and now the scarlet oaks, their solemn, monotonous splendours brought out into full relief by the immortal greenness of the pines, proclaimed the grandeur of that calm with which Nature sank into the arms of Death.

The moonlight fell soft and silvery through the elm-boughs that shed their varying tracery of light and shadow over the terrace at Kinmont Park. On the turf, green yet, but flecked with parti-coloured leaves, walked Clara and Mr. Eden, discussing, with the warmth and freedom characteristic of youthful hearts, the most exalted themes.

As usual, too, with such minds, they were finding fault—with religion, or, rather, with the cruel travesty of its exhibition in their little village church; wondering why Truth can never walk the world without its shadow of Intolerance; why Purity must ever fill the mouths of its disciples with revilings of the less pure.

Noble things were said by both; for what can be more wordily brave and chivalrous and magnanimous than youthful inexperience?

It is the old hearts that know how hard it is to shape high resolves into perfect deeds. Yet let the dreamers dream, since, though many seeds perish, there still goes one to every tree of perfect fruit, ripening on the boughs.

At last these two young people spoke of the choir and the singing.

"Ah, music!" sighed Miss Kinmont. "That is another wonder. It is the echo of angel speech no doubt, but how it jangles on the lips of mortals. Has there ever been a time in your remembrance when there hasn't been a squabble in that choir?"

Mr. Eden smiled.

"Scarcely," he said. "Only yesterday I heard Lois vowing she would never sing in it again, its screeching discords did so jar upon her nerves."

"I don't wonder. By the way, can you tell me why that little insignificant soul is blessed with such a voice? When I hear those pure contralto strains bubbling out from her parted lips, like a thread of mountain silver discoursing sweet music to the pebbles over which it flows, or like a bird-song, too sad, too grand too pure for the little throat from which it emanates, it sets me dreaming of how some hint of heaven is imprisoned in every commonest bit of clay. But people with such voices are about always commonplace, if not weak and shrewish."

"Lois is a pure soul," said Mr. Eden, gently.

Miss Kinmont thrilled with impatience at the intonation.

"Very likely," she returned drily, and changed the subject.

He left Miss Kinmont at the door, and went home revolving troubled thoughts—not of himself, but Lois.

Since that evening in the garden, when she had spoken of his dreams and of her confidence in him, he had had a vague perception of how it was with her.

He felt how helplessly she clung to him—how entirely he was her all in life. He knew, too, how faithful, how loving, how tender a wife she would make.

In his heart of hearts I think he preferred her before all other women.

But when he talked with Miss Kinmont, it was not his heart-qualities that were most active. His intellect was quickened, his ambition fired, and these counsellors sneered at the idea of a man who had his own way to make in the world burdening himself with such a wife as Lois.

To-night, he said to himself, if he accepted Miss Kinmont's patronage, it would be final shipwreck to those dreams of Lois's.

Men have usually this immense advantage over women, that their wide range of experience, their more intimate acquaintance with facts, and the practical working of things, give them deeper insight; so that, almost inevitably, an unpracticed girl like Lois unconsciously commits her secrets to their keeping, and becomes better known to them than to herself.

In this way Gregory Eden was quite able to count over every pang which Lois would suffer, and to weigh them, one by one, against Miss Kinmont's smiles. Those smiles of ungodly sentiment! He would find out one day of how little true worth they were.

That night Miss Kinmont sought her father's study. She found him busy amongst piles of newspapers and business documents. He looked up from their perusal with a cheerful smile, refreshed by the presence of his child.

"What is it, my daughter?" he said.

Clara waited for a moment, laying her hand upon his square, practical-looking brow.

The man's keen, questioning intellect and comprehensive grasp of mind were reproduced in his child, with an added delicacy of thought, and reach of imagination and intuition, purely feminine.

In their relations she always understood her father, while he had a reverent admiration for his child.

"Well, daughter," he repeated, as she took no notice of his first question, but stood threading his locks of iron-grey through her white fingers.

"Papa, I want a captain's commission for Mr.

Eden. You must get it for me, papa, indeed you must."

The squire, at last, grew a little solicitous.

"This is no love affair, I trust, my daughter?"

She did not blush, but looked him steadily in the face.

"No, papa," she answered.

"Very well; I trust you, Clara, I trust you. Come to me a week hence."

She thanked him and turned to leave. As if with a second thought, he recalled her.

"Clara, I don't often question you, but I have a curiosity to know your whole motive in this matter."

"Papa, if he stays here, he will surely marry that little Miss Payne, and she is not worthy of him."

"And what does that matter to you?"

"Simply that I credit him with talent and the power to rise. And I am sick of seeing men of capacity mated with weak women."

Mr. Kinmont was silent; thinking, perhaps, of his own pale, gentle wife, in whose nature there was, nevertheless, a strand of quiet, tenacious affection, which had twisted itself about his heart, and held him bound only the more inextricably, because of her feebleness and dependence, to truth and honour and fidelity.

"Clara," he said, "nature makes no blunders. Men who have it in them will rise, whatever their wives may be; and for the rest," with a moisture in his eye and a tremor in his voice, "your mother, child, has been more to me than the world ever imagined, and she is not brilliant, you know."

Clara was impressed, but not convinced. She spoke more gently than before.

"Am I not to have the commission, papa?"

"Yes."

Clara had gained her point, but I think from that time she was troubled with misgivings.

Mr. Eden accepted the commission.

It was Lois who said to him at parting:

"I am glad you are going, Gregory. And," the womanly weakness coming atop at last, "you will not forget Lois?"

Her gentle trustfulness rebuked him sorely, and the assurance he gave her would have conflicted with Miss Kinmont's notions. It came from a deep place in his heart, nevertheless.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was a pale watery spring day. The clouds were leaden, the snow lay melting in the hollows, the uplands were soaked with moisture.

Clara Kinmont sat at the window of her room, throwing down crumbs to her pet peacocks, who trailed their splendours of violet and green and gold over the wet gravel walks below.

From her eminence she overlooked the village, and as the last crumbs were dispersed, and the magnificent fowls stalked off to scavenge out their impatience at the sullen weather, she heard the whistle of the coming train, and looking far down the valley, watched the rising cloud of vapour as it drew near the town.

To-day Captain Eden was coming home with a shattered arm and a cough that had shortened the measure of his days to but a hair's breadth.

Clara saw the train stop, and with the aid of her opera-glass made out the thin figure in uniform alighting, and watched it as it crept slowly along the highway towards the cottage of Mr. Payne.

He had looked for her welcoming smile, she knew, and had missed it. Ah, well! life itself is but a disappointment.

But Clara was not altogether philosophical about the matter. Fate had baffled her plans. It was a new and heavy charge to the old score, and she turned away from the window angry and sore at heart.

Smiles and tears divided their empire over Lois's face as she saw him coming; ecstasies of both succeeded each other in her welcome.

"Dear Gregory," she said, "how glad I am that you could come home!"

Clara Kinmont called that evening. Her stately presence filled the little cottage as with a glory. Lois received her with a grace of her own; watching all the while from apparently serene heights, yet with sweet palpitations, the intercourse between the two.

"This is not what I had dreamed for you, Captain Eden," said Clara.

"No, the heroism of renunciation is not that which most deeply moves the admiration of women. But it is what our country requires of many who serve her, and it is not the service most easily remembered."

"I can understand that, perfectly."

"But, Miss Kinmont," he continued, hardly noticing her interruption, "I want to tell you that whereas I went out with soil-stains on my garments, I have

come home pure. My Little Lois was right when, at our parting, she bade me not to win laurels, but to be true to my country, as to mother and sister and home; and so, though it would be a little thing to give life in the place of all the hopes that made life dear, I thank my God that I can do even this cheerfully, since it is for my country."

His blue eyes were lit with inward fires, and he twisted Lois's slender fingers nervously in his own. Miss Kinmont was self-convicted, and some vain thought drifted through her brain of what he meant when he wrote:

"To thine own self be true,

And it must follow as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

C. A. C.

## A DAUGHTER TO MARRY.

By the Author of "Butler Burke at Eton," &c.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

It is by the majesty and the form of justice that I do conjure and implore your lordships to give your minds to this great business, that I exhort you to look, not so much to words, which may be denied and quibbled away, but to the plain facts—to weigh and consider the testimony in your own minds. We know the result must be inevitable. Let the truth appear, and our cause is gained.—*Sheridan against Warren Hastings.*

No one has ever fallen in love with the Old Bailey. Architecturally considered, the courts are a collection of monstrosities.

Justice is not elevated in the mind of the intelligent foreigner anxious to write a book and publish his notes about "perfidious Albion."

Yet many a momentous trial has taken place there, and the lives and liberties of scores of Her Majesty's subjects are disposed of annually by twelve jurymen sworn in and constituting a panel, to decide upon the evidence laid before them.

It was on a very hot day that Francis Barclay was brought up to the Old Bailey from the prison next door, in which he had languished for some time.

Those people who elbowed and crushed their way into the court to hear the great bank robbery case, as it came to be called, were of the bravest of the brave, for the court in which Francis Barclay was to be tried was the closest and the most stifling of all the series of sheds in the building.

But they came in great numbers, and many went away disappointed.

Barclay was glad that the time had arrived at which his counsel could state the case to the public and do all in his power to procure the acquittal and liberation of his client from an irksome captivity.

And it was irksome.

If he had been guilty of the crime laid to his charge he could have cheerfully resigned himself to his fate, but he was not guilty.

It was hard to lose his character—his place in society—the confidence of his employers, and all who knew him—the loved companionship of his dear wife and his little children.

The tears forced themselves into his eyes as he thought of the melancholy prospect before him. The links in the chain of circumstantial evidence were undoubtedly well forged, and had been twisted so tightly around him that he feared there was little or no chance of his escaping.

He had asked one or two officials in the prison of Newgate, where he had been confined, what the consequences of a conviction would be, and they had variously estimated the amount of punishment which he would receive at from fourteen to twenty years' penal servitude.

Horrible thought! agonizing reflection! To herd with felons—to mingle, if not to associate, with the vilest of the vile for twenty years—to be out of the world—to be shut up in a noisome cell or doomed to incessant drudgery!

He felt maddened at the idea.

The counsel who had been retained to defend Francis Barclay was a man well known, and one worthily esteemed as an able and a clever man.

He had been many years at the criminal bar, so that he had worked laboriously to acquire the position he held.

Sergeant Lancaster had been retained by the order of Zadok Hoskisson, who took the greatest interest in Barclay, and appeared to be desirous of doing all that lay in his power to procure his liberation and acquittal.

It was indeed fortunate that this friend in need came forward, for Barclay was utterly unable to raise the one hundred pounds which was absolutely necessary for the purposes of the defence.

Zadok gave Barclay's solicitor a *carte blanche* upon his purse, and desired that the unfortunate prisoner might be defended as well as money would enable him to be.

This order was not neglected.

At eleven o'clock the two judges before whom the case was appointed to be tried took their seats upon the bench, and the prisoner was led into court by two officers and placed in the dock. He placed his hands upon the rail, and looked unflinchingly at the vast concourse of people who thronged the crowded court.

It was noticed that he was very pale, and seemed to have fretted very much during his incarceration, but it was also remarked that his eye did not quail nor the muscles of his face quiver as twice two hundred eyes were fixed upon him simultaneously.

A murmur of admiring commiseration ran through the court, which the ushers did not attempt to suppress.

It evidenced the feeling of the crowd, which its component members hardly knew why, were in favour of the prisoner.

Except in cases of murder, the feelings of the spectators generally do sympathize with the accused. It is an expression of morbid sentimentality, mawkish and unhealthy; but so it is, and as a sign of the times we must take it.

The usual business was gone through by the clerk of the arraigns, and Francis Barclay was called upon to plead to the indictment.

In a clear voice he declared that he was not guilty.

"So help him, God!"

Oh, how hot it was in that densely-packed crowd! Every one felt almost stifled, and would have given worlds, had not curiosity restrained them, to be elsewhere.

Perhaps visions of penny ices, when the court adjourned, consoled the poorer portion of the audience, who are known to be addicted to those cheap and cooling mixtures.

The counsel for the prosecution rose and made a very temperate speech, but which had the effect of setting all the facts against the prisoner in damning array.

Witnesses were called, and the business of condemning an innocent man fully gone into.

At half-past one the court rose for the purpose of obtaining a little refreshment, and every one who had the slightest knowledge of, or experience in criminal cases came to the conclusion that nothing could save the prisoner from conviction.

The odds were a hundred to one against him.

At twenty minutes to three Mr. Serjeant Lancaster rose for the defence. He made a long speech, and dwelt with great minuteness upon every little scrap of evidence which told in favour of his client.

Mr. Serjeant Lancaster was something more than eloquent. He understood his art to perfection, and he knew that nothing ought to be allowed to supercede nature.

He endeavoured to touch the hearts of his audience by his emotional delivery.

He was fully conscious that one flash of passion upon the cheek, one beam of feeling from the eye, one thrilling note of sensibility from the tongue, one stroke of hearty emphasis from the arm, were worth a thousand studied sentences, pointed phrases, or skillfully-rounded commonplaces.

But he hid to fight against facts.

To do this is of all things the most arduous. No jurymen can obliterate from his mind that it has been clearly proved that the prisoner was in such and such a place at such and such a time. Facts are stubborn things, and the counsel who can reason a jurymen out of clearly substantiated facts must be a clever man indeed.

Mr. Serjeant Lancaster's speech was not without merit, for the jury did not at its conclusion return a verdict at once—they retired to their private room to deliberate.

At this moment Mrs. Sandford Saville entered the court. She had heavily bribed an officer, and was accommodated with a seat.

Her eye wandered restlessly about in order to perceive if her husband was anywhere concealed within its precincts.

She could nowhere discover him.

Before she was aware of the fact Zadok Hoskisson had glided up to her side.

His face wore a sad and anxious expression.

"You here?" she exclaimed.

"I am here because duty calls me," he replied, in a stern voice. "I am convinced of the young man's innocence, but I fear he will be convicted. If I were only a little more behind the scenes I believe I could lay my finger upon the true culprit."

"As you are so anxious to save the young man," she said, "I wonder you do not volunteer a confession and put yourself in his place!"

"Such a remark ill becomes you," cried Zadok Hoskisson, with flashing eyes. "Do you forget who and what you are? Are you oblivious of the fact that I could in a single moment—"

"Don't, don't, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed Mrs.



Saville, in an agony of terror. "Not now! Let us talk when we are alone and no one can hear us. I do not deserve this treatment at your hands. I have yielded willingly to your only openly expressed wish since your arrival in this country."

"Well, well, I will wait; but mark my words—the denunciation must come. This prosecution, I feel assured, is your work."

"Mine! You are very much mistaken. I give you my word—"

"Your word! Pish! it is not worth the utterance!" said Zadok Hoskisson, contemptuously.

"Hush! hush! The jury are coming back!" exclaimed Mrs. Saville.

Almost identical with their entrance was that of the new Lord Linstock.

He bowed to Mrs. Saville, and endeavoured to make his way to her, but he found such a proceeding utterly impossible.

He was wedged in the crowd near the door, and there he was obliged to stay.

The jury walked quickly, as if they had come to a conclusion without much difficulty, and were glad that a disagreeable business was over, and that they would soon have an opportunity of returning to their homes and their usual avocations.

The clerk put the question to them—that stereotyped question:

"How find you, gentlemen?" &c.

It was half-past five. The heat had increased, and was insufferable. Both judges and counsel looked as if they would have found much relief in taking off their wigs and dashing them down upon the ground at their feet.

The foreman of the jury leant over the box and cleared his throat with a preliminary "Hem!"

He opened his mouth and was about to speak when a noise was heard at the entrance to the court.

A struggle was taking place.

Two men, as it appeared, were fighting the ushers, and sought admittance by the exercise of all their strength.

In vain silence was demanded. These two desperate men would not be silenced.

They fought and battled like Saladin and his Saracens.

In vain the judge interfered—in vain counsel rose and demanded silence.

One of the men was old. His grey hair was perceptible, and so were the wrinkles upon his brow. He was frantic, desperate, and determined. No power on earth could silence him as he cried out:

"My son, my son! let me get to my son! I bring fresh evidence! He is not guilty! Let me pass, I say! Away there! Make way there, good people! Let me pass! I am the father of the accused. Let me go to my son!"

When this voice fell upon Francis Barclay's ears he was truly astonished.

He had come to the conclusion that the circumstantial evidence against him was so complete that there was no chance whatever of his escaping.

But he was mistaken.

He had thought so before the trial commenced, and he had requested his wife to stay away from the court because he wished her to be spared the harrowing scene of a conviction of himself by those who were appointed to try him.

When the people heard that the violent old man who was pushing them about was the father of the accused, they made way for him with a willingness that was almost reverential.

Everyone was on the very tiptoe of expectation. Judge, jury, counsel, and those in the body of the court, wondered what new phase the trial was about to assume.

Valentine Bridgeman, now Lord Linstock, was rather glad that he had taken the trouble to come down to the court. He rather liked excitement and anything of a sensational nature.

Mrs. Sandford Saville was strangely concerned. She dreaded the worst, her quick intuition advised her at once that Mr. Saville had broken away from the guardianship which Michael had telegraphed that he had established over him.

With some difficulty she contrived to raise a little ivory opera glass to her eyes. Through this she looked at the seething, heaving crowd at the entrance to the court, and with the utmost pain and consternation recognized her husband, who was slowly following old Mr. Barclay through a narrow lane which the spectators in the body of the court had, with the greatest difficulty made to allow them to progress.

In a half-fainting condition she sank back in her seat, and was supported by Zadok Hoskisson, who smiled grimly.

He had watched her craning her neck and looking eagerly over the people's heads.

He had watched her narrowly as her cheek blanched and her countenance fell when she recognized her husband.

He gloated over her distress.

The first act of Mr. Barclay in the little drama in which he had just before its conclusion assumed a prominent part was to go up to the dock, stretch out his head, and shake the tips of his son's fingers, saying:

"Keep up your courage, my boy. It will be all made clear presently. I have the real perpetrator of the robbery with me."

Francis Barclay's eyes glistened with joy; his emotion for the time being deprived him of the power of speech.

Mr. Sandford Saville stepped forward, as prominently as he could, and exclaimed in a low but distinct voice:

"I wish, with the permission of the court, to say a few words—in point of fact, to make a statement incriminating myself."

The judge ordered that he should be placed in the witness-box. The verdict had not yet been given, and such a course was permissible.

Amidst the most unparalleled commotion Mr. Saville was conducted by an officer of the court to the witness-box, but that did not satisfy him.

"I am not a witness," he said, "and I demand to be placed in the felon's dock, by the side of Francis Barclay."

It was ruled, after some discussion, that his request could not be complied with until some evidence was submitted to the court which would justify his being placed in such a position.

Consequently the bank manager was constrained to give his evidence in the witness-box.

"As what I am about to say," he exclaimed, "rather concerns the court than the gentlemen of the jury, I shall address myself to your lordships. I am the manager of the Royal Bubble Bank, in which Francis Barclay was a clerk, and I beg to state that I, unaided, committed the robbery of which the aforementioned Francis Barclay stands accused. I therefore demand that he be released from custody, and that I may be placed before you on my own confession."

A deafening cheer arose when the import of this speech was fully understood by the crowd. People shook hands with one another amidst the wildest demonstrations of delight.

Many questions were put to Mr. Sandford Saville, but he did not waver for a moment in his statement.

The judges grew furious at the openly displayed contempt of court, and at least half-a-dozen persons were committed to prison for a week, as a punishment for their disrespect.

This severity had the desired effect. When the crowd saw the offenders marched out in the custody of the police, and understood that they were to expiate their offence by passing seven days in a gaol, they moderated their delight, and became as taciturn as Robinson Crusoe on his desert island.

After a long deliberation it was agreed that Francis Barclay should be liberated if one security could be found to put in a bail of a thousand pounds.

His father sighed when he heard this, because he saw that it was out of his power to comply with the requisition, and he was afraid that his son would have to go to prison.

He could not murmur at the decree, because Mr. Sandford Saville's statement was so singular, and coming as it did at the last moment was so romantic, that the judges were justified in requiring him to come up for judgment if called upon, and in demanding bail for his appearance.

While Francis Barclay's friends were in a state of doubt, conjecture, and alarm, Zadok Hoskisson stepped up to the clerk of the court, and tendered his bail in a thousand pounds.

He was questioned as to his means and to his residence. The only reply to these questions he condescended to make was to produce a pocket-book and take therefrom notes to that amount, which he consented to deposit in the custody of the court.

This was accepted, and Francis Barclay was provisionally liberated.

Mr. Sandford Saville was fully committed to take his trial for the offence of which he had confessed himself the perpetrator, and the court adjourned after a very exciting sitting.

All the evening papers issued a second edition containing the remarkable confession of Mr. Sandford Saville, who had hitherto held a high position in the City, and to all appearances deserved the encomiums which had been heaped upon him by all those who knew him.

Lord Linstock was shocked beyond measure at the disgraceful revelation, and thanked his good fortune for not having contracted an alliance with Felicia Saville, which act would have made him the son-in-law of a felon, which is not an enviable position for any one to hold, let alone a peer of the realm.

He pressed up to Mrs. Saville in order to speak to her and give loud vent to his indignation, which as

the court was breaking up rapidly he did not find as difficult to accomplish.

When he reached her he saw her head fall back, her eyes close, and her mouth open.

She had fainted!

Zadok Hoskisson also came to her assistance, and the two men vied with one another in their attentions to restore the lady to consciousness.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

*Thér.*—I came to chide you, but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame. When we have offended heaven it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

George Barnwell.

Mrs. SAVILLE was so dangerously unwell that it was found necessary to take her to the nearest hotel and send for medical advice.

She passed from one fainting fit into another, and appeared to be altogether in a most evil case. To have removed her to her own house would have been hazardous, and Zadok Hoskisson took upon himself the responsibility of having her shifted to the nearest hostelry, where a doctor could attend her without delay.

She was ushered into a shabby room, laid by the hands of strangers upon an old-fashioned bedstead, which lacked the glory, the gilding, and the workmanship of her West End establishment. The furniture was ancient, and everything wore an air of a century ago, if not more.

Valentine could not help speaking; he looked upon Hoskisson as a friend of the Savilles, and he said bitterly:

"I have been sadly deceived in this family. I take the liberty of speaking to you, because I presume you are a friend of this lady, and I wish to talk to some one."

"That you should have been deceived does not in the least surprise me," said Hoskisson. "Retire with me into a corner of the room while the doctor prescribes for his patient. I will enlighten you about the antecedents of Mrs. Saville."

Valentine followed him as he requested, and when they were out of hearing of the doctor and the nurse, Zadok Hoskisson exclaimed:

"Listen to me, young man, and you will congratulate yourself a thousand times more when I have finished than you do at present. Anne Claverstoke, now Mrs. Saville, the woman lying on yonder bed, was originally a maid-servant in England. She committed a crime, for which she was transported. I, at that time, was a gaoler in a prison in Australia, to which she was sent."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Valentine.

"She was very pretty," resumed Zadok, without heeding the interruption, "and I fell in love with my captive, with whom my duty necessitated frequent interviews. She so far played upon my feelings that I aided her to escape, and we fled together to the bush, where we lived as man and wife for some time."

He paused, and uttered a sigh, as if the reminiscence affected, if it did not overcome, him.

"So tame an existence, however, did not suit her. One night she took advantage of my being wrapped in a deep sleep, and stabbed me with a hunting-knife, the point of which was fortunately blunt. The wound was not mortal, and I recovered by the power of chances. I found that she had fled, whither I knew not, but I determined to follow her to the end of the world before I would give up the chase. I did follow her, and found her in Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, where she had married a man highly respected. His name was Saville, the man whom her evil influence has just consigned to a prison."

"Is it possible?"

"It is true. I forced my way into their house. I denounced Anne Claverstoke to her husband and her family, and vowed revenge. Her daughter was the most affected at the revelation. She was a girl of about twelve years of age, for you must bear in mind that it had taken me some time to discover the woman who had deceived and wronged me."

"Do you allude to Felicia?"

"That, I believe, is her name. She is and always was a good girl, taking more after her father than her mother. They escaped me again and came to England. A second time I had to hunt them down, which I only succeeded in doing a short time back, but now I am fully revenged. When I see the critical state in which she is—when I reflect upon the overwhelming ruin which has overtaken them—when I think that the family is annihilated—I can rest and say, 'Zadok Hoskisson, thy labour has not been in vain!'"

Valentine was astounded at the revelation which his new acquaintance had made; he had never an-

anticipated anything so dreadful. He thought that it served him right for being on such an intimate footing with people of whom he knew nothing, and whose only recommendation was that the head of the family was in a position of trust in the city, and was reputed to be rich.

The doctor beckoned to Zadok, and when he approached, said:

"My patient is a little better now. The hysterical feeling has passed away, and she is sensible. Do not excite her, but if you have anything particular to say to her, you have my permission to do so."

Zadok replied that he did not wish to say anything just then.

Valentine, however, could not restrain himself. No sooner had he heard the words of the medical man than he went gently to the side of the bed upon which Mrs. Saville was lying, and exclaimed:

"I do not wish to agitate you, Mrs. Saville; I only want to return the money you were kind enough to lend me this afternoon. Will you take it, or shall I pay it into your bankers in your name?"

"Do you turn away from me because my husband has gone mad?" replied Mrs. Saville.

"Not for that reason. Though you must allow me to say that I see no cause to doubt his sanity."

"Why then?" she demanded, changing her former faint tone for one of asperity. "I tell you my husband is out of his mind. The jury would have found Francis Barclay guilty had he not interfered. I must take the opinion of a medical man as to his sanity. It is monstrous that I should be made to suffer in this dreadful way for no fault of my own. Why do you desert me?"

"Let me refer you to this gentleman," answered Lord Linstock, pointing to Zadok Hoskisson.

"You!" cried Mrs. Saville, as Hoskisson stepped forward, emerging from the gloom which had enveloped him. "You! Viper—wretch—snake in the grass! You! low-bred wretch that you are! Why do you come here? Oh, that I had some weapon with which I could annihilate you! You have been the cause of my life!"

"Rather blame the evil passions which you have ever cherished," replied Zadok, severely. "Rather censure the bad courses you have pursued; they are more in fault than me. I have enlightened this gentleman as to your true character, and he is now grateful to a protecting Providence that he was not ensnared by your designs."

Valentine placed the pocket-book containing the money he had received from Mrs. Saville as a loan, and which he had not yet touched, upon the bed. Her hand closed round it, but as she grasped it an expression of intense rage convulsed her features, and she became again insensible.

When the doctor perceived this he regretted that he had given anyone permission to speak to his patient.

"I must request you to be kind enough to withdraw, gentlemen," he exclaimed. "You have exceeded the limits I gave you, and your further stay in this room may be attended with perilous consequences."

"Is her life in danger?" queried Zadok Hoskisson. "I cannot say so with any certainty at present, but I fear that if she is greatly excited she may have brain fever, and that would very likely prove fatal."

Valentine had made restitution; his honour had constrained him to do so. He wanted the money badly enough, but his gentlemanly instinct and honest feeling would not permit him to keep it after what he had heard. He called both the doctor and Zadok to witness that he had returned ten thousand pounds to Mrs. Saville, and by their request the police were communicated with, the money counted, and placed in their possession for the time being.

Having removed this load from his mind, Valentine took his leave, wondering much as to the mutability of human affairs, and thinking that he had had a lucky escape.

Although he was poor and in embarrassed circumstances, he had his fair share of pride, and to have linked his ancient name and lineage with the daughter of a self-convicted felon would have been most excruciating to him.

He went home to his lady mother, who was very sorry to see the fair edifice she had erected knocked down into the dust and become as nothing; yet she was glad that her son had been preserved from the—to her—awful danger of a *médisance*.

"Do not grieve about it, Valentine," exclaimed Lady Linstock, "I shall not be a dowager so soon as I expected, that's all. Look upon the affair as a castle in the air. By waiting a little while you will obtain many a better girl than the one you have lost."

Though Lady Linstock was so cold-hearted in the matter of marriage, and thought it a contract which might be fittingly gone through on both sides without a scintillation of love, she was strictly honourable,

and quite approved of the course her son had adopted in returning the money which he had so lately borrowed from Mrs. Saville, of whom she could not resist the temptation of saying:

"I must say I never liked that woman. There was always something repellent about her which drove away one's confidence. It is a satisfaction to me to find that my estimate of her character was not a wrong one."

Zadok Hoskisson felt some sort of pity for Mrs. Saville when he found that she was dangerously ill, and he stayed with her and the nurse during the best part of the night.

She was very ill, but the brain fever which the doctor dreaded had not yet made its appearance, though there were ample grounds for his assertion that it might do so at any moment.

Towards morning she became conscious again, and her wild restless gaze at once settled upon Zadok.

Her former life seemed to rush like a flood over her memory. She exclaimed, in a faint voice:

"Old friend, come hither, I wish to speak to you. It is long since we first met; perhaps we are now together for the last time."

"The last?" repeated Zadok.

"Yes, it seems to me so. I have nothing now left to live for; my ambitious schemes are all defeated. I have made a hard fight with fortune."

"You have fought fortune with the wrong weapons."

"Never mind. I do not want you to heap reproaches upon me; I can do that myself. I am beaten. I acknowledge it. Treat me then with generosity. My name is blighted, my family scattered, my husband in gaol; to enumerate the sad catalogue drives me mad, but here—"

He took a chair by the bedside, and listened attentively.

"Tell my daughter to go," she began, but breaking off abruptly, hesitated.

"What would you say?"

"No, no; why should I? I am not dying. Time enough to do that when they tell me there is no hope. Never mind, old friend. I thought I would give you a message for my daughter, but it will keep till another time."

"You may trust me."

"Perhaps."

"Please yourself."

"I fully intend to do so. Come, let us talk about ourselves, our children can live afterwards, and other people will think of them. I have not treated you well. Do you forgive me now you see my once proud spirit broken? Do you give me your pardon now that you are an eyewitness to the wretched and miserable state to which I am reduced?"

He made no reply.

"You cannot bear animosity now. Look at me. I am beaten at all points, in spite of all my cleverness. Nothing remains to me but to die, and death is welcome as soon as it likes to come."

"I forgive you. Here's my hand upon it," replied Zadok. "I cannot wish you worse or lower than you are."

Two hands, one cold and clammy, the other hot and parched and feverish, met and clasped one another.

Thus was the compact of reconciliation, or the award of mercy, call it what you will, sealed by these people, both of whom had their faults—one of whom had sinned deeply.

(To be continued.)

THE death is announced of Samuel Day, a name which has been for more than thirty years familiar to all who have taken an interest in sporting matters. After a long career, he rode his last race at Doncaster, on Mr. Gully's Mathematician, for the Glasgow Stakes, and retired on a liberal pension from his employer. Lately he became a private trainer, and was very successful in his new avocation.

THE CZAR AND THE APPLE GIRL.—In the neighbourhood of the Tuileries there used to be a small fair, where apples, toys, cakes, &c., were sold. When the Emperor Alexander was in Paris, he one day strolled through it, and, remarking a very pretty fascinating girl staring intently at him from one of the stalls, he asked her the reason. "I am looking at you, sir," she replied, "because you are the very counterpart of the Emperor of Russia; but you cannot be that great personage, or you would not lower yourself by talking to a poor apple girl." The autocrat replied, "Whether I am the Emperor or not, rest assured, my dear, that were I to stay much longer in your company I should lose my heart; but, however," continued he, presenting her with a louis d'or, "can you tell me the address of the Emperor of Russia, for I am anxious to find it out?" She gave up her stall to one of her friends, and volunteered to accompany the great man to find himself. On their arrival at the

hotel he begged she would walk in. "No, sir, I have shown you where the Emperor lives, which I think is all that you require; so good morning, sir." "No, no, that is not all, my little angel; you must now tell me where you live. Well, sir, I am to be found at my stall." The result of this was that the girl found her way to St. Petersburg, where she lived for some time under the Emperor's protection. She afterwards married a great nobleman, and became the mother of the man who played the most prominent part in the Crimean war.—*Gronow's Last Recollections.*

#### VOCAL SOUNDS.

ALL vocal sounds may be divided into two kinds—namely, speaking sounds and musical sounds.

Musical sounds are such as continue, a given time, on one precise point of the musical scale, and leap, as it were, from one note to another; while speaking sounds, instead of dwelling on the note they begin with, slide either upwards or downwards to the neighbouring notes, without any perceptible rest on any, so that speaking and musical sounds are essentially distinct; the former being constantly in motion from the moment they commence, the latter being at rest for some given time in one precise note.

The continual motion of speaking sounds makes it almost as impossible for the ear to mark their several differences, as it would be for the eye to define an object that is swiftly gliding before it, and continually vanishing away.

The difficulty of arresting speaking sounds for examination, has made almost all authors suppose it impossible to give any such distinct account of them as to be of use in speaking and reading, and indeed the vast variety of tones which a good reader or speaker throws into delivery, and of which it is impossible to convey any idea but by imitation, has led us easily to suppose that nothing at all of this variety can be defined and reduced to rule.

But when we consider that, whether words are pronounced swiftly or slowly, forcibly or feebly, in a high or low, in a loud or soft tone, with the tone of passion, or without it, they must necessarily be pronounced, either sliding upwards or downwards, or else go into a monotone or sing; when we consider this, I say, we shall find, that the primary division of speaking sounds is in the upward or downward slide of the voice, and that whatever other diversity of time, tone, or force, is added to speaking, it must necessarily be conveyed by these two slides.

These two slides, or inflections of the voice, therefore, are the axes, as it were, on which the force, variety, and harmony of speaking turn. They may be considered the great outlines of pronunciation; and if these outlines can be tolerably conveyed to a reader, they must be of nearly the same use to him as the rough draught of a picture is to a pupil in painting. J. A.

SOME Jasper quarries of great value have recently been discovered in the department of Upper Savoy, France, and the builders of the new Opera House at Paris contemplate having twelve columns of that structure and forty medallions made of that beautiful material.

NINE months ago Pithole city, in Pennsylvania, consisted of two houses. A daily paper issuing 3,000 copies, twelve thriving hotels, over 50,000 letters received a month, indicate what the place now is. Three weeks ago it was discovered that the oil at various places was oozing from the surface of the ground, wells of water seemed suddenly to be changed to petroleum fountains, and men, women, and children rushed with every available vessel to scoop up the fluid from holes only a few feet deep.

DEATH OF A HORSE FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—A horse belonging to a gentleman of Moortown, near Ringwood, was bitten by a dog about three months ago. The dog was killed at the time by a kick from the horse, and no further notice was taken of it. The animal was seized with symptoms of madness, continually biting and tearing the leg that had been bitten by the dog. The animal became so violent in a few hours that it had to be pegged down in a field, where it shortly afterwards died.

A WELSH PAPER TELLS A STORY OF AN OLD WOMAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.—Her name is Harriet Haines, and she has for seven or eight years lived mostly on the top of the mountains in Carmarthenshire, assuming the character of a "wild woman." Little is known of her beyond that she is an Irishwoman, that she lives during the summer months on the top of the mountains, and at night comes down to the lowlands to steal fruits and vegetables from the orchards, and to milk cows in the fields, thereby chiefly securing her sustenance. In cold weather she has been in the habit of going into remote houses on the mountains, pretending to be out of her mind, and if



there happened to be a weak or an aged person in charge of the house, she would impudently demand the best food in the house, being careful, however, to make her exit before the rest of the family came home. Recently she went to Tynewydd, Dolwyddelan, to warm herself, it being a cold, wet morning, and on leaving the house she got hold of a child, between two and three years old, who was playing by the door, and took it with her towards the mountains. Fortunately the mother immediately missed the child, went out to look for it, and overtook the woman about 200 yards from the house. After a hard struggle she succeeded in getting the child from her. Information was given to the police, who apprehended the woman on the same day at Brynpeithynau, near Capel-Currag, and conveyed her to the lock-up at Llanrwst, where she was safely lodged. She has since been committed to take her trial for child stealing.

## ALMOST A SIN.

## CHAPTER I.

"MAKE yourself as lovely as possible, Allie, in the least imaginable space of time," said my husband, coming into my room with enthusiasm, one warm June evening. "I've brought a gentleman home with me, you will be so delighted to see!"

He was all aglow with good spirits, and gave me a sudden embrace and kiss, which set all my weary, unstrung nerves a-tingle.

"George!" I exclaimed, petulantly; "is that any reason for murdering me alive?"

"Oh! I heartily beg your pardon. But then he is such a royally good fellow—so clever, so entertaining, so—in fact, just exactly the thing you like—that I'm naturally anxious that you should meet him."

"But you forget that I'm yet quite in the dark concerning the identity of your friend."

"Of course, I meant it for a surprise. But then I never do these things neatly, and may as well tell you at once. It is Reginald Greene, your mother's cousin. I met him just by accident at the club the other day; made friends with him upon plea of your relationship, and invited him up to The Oaks to spend a few days."

I think I may have brightened up a trifle at this announcement, for George certainly looked pleased, and began to finger the ornaments I had laid out to wear, in a way that I confess did make me nervous.

"Don't wear those mosaics, Allie," he said, good-naturedly. "They make you look like a dowager. Put on some pretty blue things, and—your pearls."

"Nonsense," I laughed back to him. "Go keep your guest company, and leave me to dress as I please. I'll be down in time for dinner."

George just gave his hair a brush, exchanged his coat, and was off.

I thought I was rid of him for half an hour, at least; but presently he came back with a long wreath of fine white blossoms, which he had gathered from the arbour.

"Allie," he said, "won't you twist that in your hair, some simple way? I do think it would be pretty."

I took it from his hand, and bade him wait for me in the parlour.

It was an hour yet till dinner, and as I dallied over my toilet I had some strange thoughts. In fact, I had been lately in a peculiar mood.

It had seemed to me that the realities of life were breaking into the cloudland of youthful fancy, as Alpine peaks, bare and grand, pierce their gorgeous seas of misty colour which swathe and overtop them in the glowing light of sunrise; and existence, from being purely objective, was but just beginning to turn towards me its subjective side.

I had been fashionably educated, and after that had been subjected to the moulding-over and smoothing-off process which is continually going on in society.

There was a good deal of nature in me, and I was not so easily toned down to the regulation standard of etiquette and insensibility as many; yet, on the whole, I had been able to maintain my footing, and my hereditary position.

Of course the great end of my existence was to be married; and this I successfully accomplished after the lapse of the incredibly short space of one year. I had not been a drug in the market, and that was cause for congratulation.

Neither had I the galling consciousness of having sold myself for money or position. My husband was in every way a suitable match—the proper age, of a fortune and station corresponding to my own, of excellent capacities and morals.

Moreover, his manners were pleasing; and fancy with characteristic benignity, built up for me the usual air-castles of unexceptionable rose and superbly glittering porphyry.

So far all was well, and I had entered the new life

without a doubt or a misgiving. Only two years had passed, and yet this June eve found me in a most peculiar and turbulent mood. The world was going wrong with me; my fancy had cheated me; my accounts with nearly all the subsidiaries of my life were strangely overbalanced.

This state of things had been coming on gradually.

At first I had called it simply *ennui*. As it increased upon me, I grew alarmed, charged myself with unreasonableness, and strove to compel myself to be happy.

Of course this resource utterly failed me; and then I began seriously to seek the specific cause of this alarming defection of my nature.

Neither fortune, health, nor friends could be charged with it. All these were as truly subservient to me as ever. My husband was still kind, thoughtful, observant of my wishes. A little engrossed with the cares of business, certainly—a little too gay in the redundancy of his health and spirits, perhaps, not to jar sometimes on these morbidly sensitive moods, which were fast becoming habitual with me. But I had still sense enough to perceive that this was at least as much my fault as his.

Sometimes I thought a strange mental malady had seized upon me, and was consuming my life; but I knew of no symptoms which medicine could be expected to lay hold upon or alleviate; neither did change of air or scene afford me any relief.

I had an instinctive conviction that my trouble was entirely within myself and my circumstances; but exactly what it was, or how it was to be reached, escaped my penetration.

That day I had been reading Owen Meredith's poems—the worst think I could do, under the circumstances.

The little blue and gold volume was still in my hand, and the rich, sensuous rhythm of the poetry still beating through my brain, when my husband arrived from town, with the announcement that Reginald Greene was in the house.

I knew him well by reputation; though, from his having been much abroad, we had not met for many years.

I had a childish recollection of a tall, handsome youth who had once come to our house, and had taken me upon his knee and told me the most enchanting fairy stories.

Beyond that, I only knew that he had the reputation of being a thorough man of the world—reined, cultivated, of varied experiences in the best circles of society, and spite of all the machinations which had for years beset him, a confirmed bachelor.

It would be a gratification to meet him; and half-unconsciously I grew as determined as George had been anxious, to make my first appearance before this critical and fastidious man a success. George's taste had, in fact, indicated the proper thing in dress.

An organdie muslin, with a simple blue figure, and the pretty wreath of his selection in my hair, would exactly bring out every good feature—my abundant hair of pale gold, my regular, delicate features, and fair spiritual face.

So attired I went down to the parlour. George was all eagerness to present me, but Mr. Greene, lolling in the most capacious and comfortable chair in the room, seemed to regard the incident as of the very slightest importance. He rose languidly, took my hand for an instant, made the usual commonplace compliment which our relationship called for, sank back into his arm chair, and with a word of explanation to me, continued his former conversation, which had been something about stocks, I believe.

I was glad of this, if also a little piqued, for it gave me an excellent opportunity of studying him.

Apparently, he did not think me worth studying.

Dinner was presently announced, and we entered the dining-room.

The conversation changed, and presently I found myself engaged in a sprightly duet of table-talk with Mr. Greene.

Not that he exerted himself in the least to be fascinating. I remember thinking him, on the whole, rather lacking in animation; but to my inexperience of just this kind of men, there was something piquant in his very coolness and languid grace.

And then he was so very intelligent, with, besides, such a way of making you feel that all your little natural deficiencies of manner, or intention, or acquisition, were atoned for by his superior knowledge.

The highest possible refinement of social tact is, perhaps, that which puts everyone so much at their ease as to bring out the very best and most shining qualities of all present.

The tact my cousin Reginald possessed, and it was no doubt by this means that he had gained his immense social reputation.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that both George and myself were fascinated by him.

I think that my husband, in the pride of his generous

heart, was a little piqued at Reginald's cool indifference to what he naturally enough considered the quite irresistible charms of his wife.

Perhaps I, too, might have been a little chagrined had I not, with the instincts of the female mind, perceived that any man might have been safely challenged to discover that beneath that air of easy unconcern there was an alert observance and recognition of things, which, if he did not flatter my vanity, satisfied my pride.

"Cousin Reginald is not so much of a lady's man as I fancied," said my husband, innocently, in the privacy of our own room.

I only smiled for reply, but my heart whispered, "Put yourself always in the best light before him, and be content to wait for recognition."

At that time it is very certain that I only shared my husband's innocent ambition to please a man who was hard to be pleased, and that simply for the sake of the social distinction.

## CHAPTER II.

It was my husband who insisted that Reginald should make our pretty country house his home during the summer.

The invitation was accepted in the most matter-of-course way.

At that very time I began faintly to perceive that a great deal of that easy assumption which imparted to Reginald his distinguished air, was neither more nor less than thinly-disguised selfishness.

As I studied his tastes and peculiarities for the sake of adapting myself to them in my part of hostess, I was, at first, a little surprised at the easy way he had of usurping upon the privileges of every one else in the house.

But George only laughed, and said it was the habit of all confirmed bachelors, and especially of all travelled men, and I presently ceased altogether to regard it.

This little peculiarity of his manners had the advantage to him of compelling one's constant interest and attention, and so affording free play to his many and varied fascinations. I can see him now, his slender, graceful limbs stretched in the most indolent repose upon the lounge in my husband's smoking-room, which he had unceremoniously taken possession of as a study, with the result that my parlour curtains had more than once been contaminated with cigar smoke—the graceful wreaths from his chibouque enveloping his classical head, till one might almost have imagined him a recumbent Jove, with the mists of Olympus gathered about his temples—a fancy which his olive complexion and deep-set, full black eyes quite confirmed. If he were lonely, he made no scruple of sending for me to relieve his tedium; and I, to whom tobacco-smoke had hitherto been a terror, somehow learned to breathe it for his sake.

Sometimes I read to him, for he praised my voice; oftener, listened to his odd German legends, or sensuous revelations of Oriental life, or to queer, quaint bits of his own experiences, told in a racy, inimitable way, as if he were taking you unconsciously into his deepest confidence, and letting you see, by the merest accident, what a daring, unique, yet without more unkindly man he was.

So, day after day, I seemed to get new light about myself.

So, then, there was something which poets, novelists, men of the world, called love, which was quite outside of my experience.

To these people and others, men and women whom the world, at least, did not condemn, it was the great desideratum of life.

It was something passionate, intense, energetic, capable of leading to deeds of daring, of valour, of entire devotion.

I had read of this passion before, of course, but never before had it been so vividly presented to me as by these light, rapid, graceful touches of Reginald, in conversation.

This new and tempting field of speculation, once open to me, I rushed into it with eager zest.

Was this quiet, commonplace feeling which I entertained for my husband, one and the same with the all-absorbing passion of which I caught glimpses in Reginald's revelations?

It did not seem like it, but more like a sentiment, the growth of habit, convenience, circumstances.

It was, then, quite plain what had so affected my spirits and my happiness.

I had never loved!

Of course I did not arrive at this conclusion in a week, or, perhaps, a month. But all through that summer—my husband being in town, mostly, coming out twice or thrice a week, and Reginald at The Oaks, going down to the city occasionally—the feeling was growing upon me.

For a long time I do not think my husband in the least suspected it.

He was pleased that Reginald and I liked each other; the approbation of a man like Reginald was a compliment to his own taste; because this, he was so thoroughly generous and good, that he rejoiced that my solitude at The Oaks was cheered by so pleasant a companion.

The relationship existing between us two helped to blind him, and, altogether, he was serenely unconscious of danger.

On a single occasion, it may be, he had some slight misgiving.

We had dined at six o'clock, and after dinner, the sunlight still lingering on the garden, we strolled out under the acemores, and, reaching some rustic seats, sat down waiting for the twilight.

Some chance allusion brought up a story which Reginald had been translating aloud to me during the day.

It was an out of the way thing, pretty in its way, and turning upon the truth of a high-born lover to a lowly-bred maiden, through a thousand and one difficulties.

"All the Zaidesees are lowly-born," laughed Reginald, at length. "That is, I believe, the reason I never married."

"Fie, Reginald," I said. "I deny the imputation *in toto*. Fidelity is not unknown or even unusual in aristocratic circles."

"Oh! you know I am not talking about the virtue as developed by the fear of Mrs. Grundy. I speak of that which is ingrained in the very soul, and I must say that this kind of constancy is much more frequently found among the maidens of low degree, who, however great coquettes a thousand of them may be, do now and then develop the exceptional one, who, when she gives her love, gives herself—all she has, or is, or can be, for this world, or the next, if you please. To be loved in that way, by a cultivated woman, it were worth while to be married."

"Well," I said, "granting, if you please, that complete and unselfish devotion is not characteristic in our best society, I still maintain that there are plenty of women, who, once sure of being loved in this exclusive way, are capable of entire and uncompromising fidelity in return."

"The trouble is," said Reginald, "they know so much of the world. They have outgrown the stage wherein the unquestioning faith of Zaidese is possible."

"No," I said, "it is not women who have outgrown it. It is men that are no longer pure or strong enough to call out such a love. Compare your men of business or of fashion, of to-day, with the knights of old, without fear and without reproach, and you see where the fault lies."

"And yet," looking at George, "some of those same men of business that I wot of are the veriest slaves in the world to the fancies and ambitions of their wives."

The eager, tender look that came into my husband's eyes at that moment, as he turned them lovingly upon me, ought to have checked me. But I was afar.

The shadow which Reginald's magic had conjured up around me still engrossed me. I answered with a sneer, yet with words of holy meaning upon my lips:

"Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? It is very well to be clothed in purple and fine linen, but one whom I can love with the whole power of my soul, must be something more than even a grand chamberlain, the paragon of a fine wardrobe."

There was a quick but significant flicker in Reginald's eye.

There are some men, who, if they have not sold themselves to the evil one, as the old fable would have it, yet take satanic pleasure in making their black master at home in scenes which they frequent.

Reginald went off to watch the moonlight in the dell, he said, while George and I sauntered into the house.

There were few words spoken between us.

He asked me, I think, for a song, and I refused him; and then we both read for awhile.

But at last, the troubled look not yet faded out of his brown eyes, he came over to where I sat, and drawing my head to his shoulder, and looking down into my face, he said:

"Allie, did you ever repent marrying me?"

I was touched with regret—what heart could be otherwise?—and answered him, truly:

"No, George."

"I am glad," he said; and his brown eyes smiled again.

A strange quiet seemed to possess me, and I lay there upon his shoulder, blessing him. I doubted not with perfect peace, yet thinking wild thoughts which he would not have cared to fathom.

Long after he was asleep, I heard Reginald coming up from the dell, singing, in his clear tenor, a Moorish love-ditty, that set all my pulses throbbing. I kept a weary vigil that night.

### CHAPTER III.

Soon after this, my husband was obliged to leave home for some months, and at the same time Maud Athey came to visit me.

Up to this time I had never, even in thought, been guilty of sin against my marriage vows.

That it might be possible for me, in the abstract, to experience a love such as I had never yet known, I had conceived; but I knew no human being whom I could invest in fancy with the power to call forth such a love.

Neither can I to this day impute to my cousin Reginald any criminal intention towards me.

He had a natural fondness for female society.

He was a free-thinker in most matters, and with the nervous restlessness of most, so-called, liberal minds, he could not patiently abide that others of a narrower range of thought and feeling should be held in the restraints of ignorance.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise," was a maxim to whose wisdom he did not fully accede.

But the advent of Maud Athey changed many things in our family circle.

Maud was younger than I, but of an intellectual calibre, and trainings far beyond my own.

She was a little above the medium height, or seemed so from her slight proportions; of a delicate complexion, deep blue eyes, hair dark as night, and features not regular, but of a unique beauty that caught the eye of the most casual beholder.

But the charm of her appearance was something quite apart from the rare spell of her mental fascinations.

It seemed almost impossible to tell in what her power consisted.

There have been women more beautiful, more gifted, more learned, of greater social talent, who after all, have not so drawn and retained the respectful admiration of all sorts and conditions of men as did Maud.

I think, after all, her power lay in the simple fact that she so perfectly respected herself—held herself so high above all cant, all hypocrisy, all tampering with things of doubtful import, that no one dared bring an impure or tainted thought into her presence.

It was evening when Maud arrived. Reginald, who hated scenes, had taken himself off up the river in his boat. On some pretence or other, he stayed out all night, so that his first meeting with Maud occurred on the following morning when he came into my little breakfast parlour, an hour or so before lunch.

Maud was looking very sweetly. If she had known him for years she would not have dressed more to his taste. I had thought so when I first saw her, with—shall I confess it?—a twinge of dissatisfaction. I was more than ever certain of it as his quick eye took in the details of her costume.

She rose to meet him and frankly extended her hand, and then with an infinitely refined tact, which was a grace and a sweetness of itself, so seated herself as to bring all present into the most easy and pleasant conversational relations.

Reginald, who had remarked so often the want of feeling in the politeness of girls, noted this and was pleased.

No one looking at him for the next half hour, as he sat playing with a trifle from the centre table, while we sewed, and chatted, and laughed together, would have fancied that he had more than an ordinary interest in the scene. Yet, by the light of after events, I am certain that from that first moment of introduction the arrow entered into his soul.

There is, I am certain of it, a spiritual sense of perception which in power and range far transcends the bodily vision. From that first moment, too, I felt, without in the least knowing the reason, that I had a rival in Reginald's esteem.

Men of all ages have agreed that the passion of jealousy in the female mind is something unique; which may account for what followed. From the day Maud Athey entered our house, I began, dimly and darkly at first, to fancy that I might have loved Reginald Greene.

And during all that woful summer, the guiltiest and unhappiest of my life, I cherished that nearly fatal delusion.

For a week or two, while Reginald, with his usual deliberation, was observing Maud, the relations between him and myself were quite unchanged. During that time an incident occurred which would have been impossible later, but which I can never forget, and which both for the impression which it made upon myself, and for the bearing it had upon subsequent events, deserves to be recorded here.

It was a bright day in the early autumn. Maud had a severe headache, and had all the morning kept her room.

After lunch Reginald and I happened to be in the library.

He seated himself at the piano, which stood in one of the alcoves, and commenced running his hands over the keys.

I have never seen another man who possessed the power over music which Reginald did.

I have seen greater performers, more richly-gifted musicians, but never one who possessed the art of adapting any light impromptu performance so delicately and irresistibly to the spirit of the hour as he.

Snatches from operas, from oratorios, from Oriental songs, strains of half-forgotten ballads that never fail to unseal the fountains of tears, and impromptu chords that made you start with surprise as they laid their shadowy touch delicately but distinctly upon your heart's profoundest secret—all were combined with the rarest and most accurate taste.

I stood in the bay-window looking out upon the lawn; the music-selves all the time working mischief with my heart-strings.

Presently the music ceased, and Reginald, approaching me, and drawing my arm through his, said to me:

"Let us walk in the oak grove."

I made him no answer, but yielded to his direction. The quiet sunshine, the fluttering of sere leaves, the low chirrups and chattering of birds and squirrels, the distant ripple of water through the dell, struck the key-note of the scene.

Our talk, which had at first been the usual chat, fell into pauses; a strange unhalloved influence seemed to be creeping over me, as if all the restless longing, all the unquiet aspirations of my life, were pressing into this one hour, and forcing their eager cries into my soul.

"Come down into the dell," said Reginald, at length, "and let me tell you fortune after the Persian fashion."

It seemed just then to be the only thing in all the world which I desired, so putting my hand in his we began the steep descent.

At the bottom of the dell, a rushing, turbulent little brook made its way over the stones towards the river, which a sharp deflection in the course of the ravine hid from our sight.

A moss-grown granite boulder offered me a convenient seat, while Reginald, gathering a handful of leaves, approached the stream.

The first, a russet one, typified my life. I bent eagerly over the brookside to watch it, as he committed it to the current.

For an instant it floated smoothly; then falling into a tiny rift, it bobbed about in the transverse current, but finally clearing every rock and breaker, every whirling eddy and silent pool, it passed around the point, and was lost to view.

"You will live to a ripe old age," said Reginald gravely; "yet the omens are not all favourable. I see illness, an accident, a change of some kind not far in advance of you."

He took a yellow leaf, and with some cabalistic phrase dropped it upon the waters.

"Now," he said, "you will see the effects of my magic."

I watched eagerly, fully possessed with the fascinations of this palpable superstition. For a time the little bark floated triumphantly; little white bubbles into which the waters broke as it dashed over the stones approached it, and seemed to play about it with the most airy grace and dalliance. Presently, however, a dark speck, floating out from a sullen eddy under the gnarled projecting roots of an ancient oak, collided with the bark of all my future, and the frail thing was deluged with water.

"A crisis approaches," said Reginald gaily, "beware lest when fortune frowns you find yourself bereft of friends as well as gold. It is the usual way of the world, you know."

But I could not laugh with him. There seemed some strange influence at work with my heart-strings. I seemed somehow to know that these were true indications of the future—

"Delicate omens traced in air,  
Unto the ever true witness bear."

And are we not all at some moments in our lives seers?

Silent? he selected from the handful he held a leaf of deep crimson hue. It was the colour of love.

For a moment my better angel bade me hesitate. I knew, as every woman knows, when this toying with unseen influences becomes criminal.

Looking back upon the experience of that summer, I wish to record my firm conviction, that the old theologians are all in the wrong when they assert that it is easy to sin, that the heart of man inclines naturally to wickedness. I think God has set great barriers in every human heart against the commission of evil deeds.

That, blinded by untoward circumstances and conditions, we are often propelled in the wrong direction



but that if we ever do overleap the bridges and break through the bonds which confine us to the right, it is at what fearful cost of pierced and bleeding limbs, and torn and bruised flesh, only those know who have tried the experiment.

To go back to that streamside, and my cousin Reginald holding the crimson leaf in his hand, and looking up with a penetrating glance into my face.

I felt as if all my future destiny hung upon my answer. As oftenest happens, I was not called upon to choose. Before I could find voice to protest, he had read the irresolution in my face, and had dropped the leaf upon the water.

At that moment the roar of the brook was like the voice of thunder in my ears; my brain swam; my vision was obscured. I could see nothing plainly. Reginald went through with some oracular performances, I scarcely knew what; but, presently looking up with his most brilliant smile, said:

"Confess yourself satisfied, cousin, with my magic, and forego the pleasure of anticipating the future."

"No," I said, eagerly, "tell me what you see. I will know."

"Strange," he paused to moralize, "this yearning of the human soul to prescience. It is like the sea which for ages has yearned toward the shore, yet for ever breaks its mightiest billow upon the margin."

"Don't keep me in suspense," I said. "What did you see, Reginald?"

"The end was brilliant; don't ask for anything more. Mrs. Landor, shall I conduct you home?"

I was silent; he was joyous.

A light, playful humour possessed him.

Rare aphorisms, wit, repartee, bubbled from his lips in dazzling flow, in which I could not easily join. The mystery of Reginald's answer piqued me.

It perhaps served the very purpose which he intended.

In fastening my thoughts constantly to that one point, I began sincerely to believe that fate had some strange, perhaps some terrible destiny in store for me.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MAUD ATHEY was a fine equestrian; not a daring rider, no Diana, but just the same sweet, graceful, womanly creature in the saddle that she was elsewhere.

To an equestrian accident I owed the knowledge which Reginald Greene was far too much the man of the world to allow me to guess under ordinary circumstances.

One bright afternoon Reginald and Maud went out for a canter.

It was a circumstance of which I took little note, for at that time I hardly believed Reginald could be seriously attracted by a person so much younger than himself.

That very day, in a moment alone in the parlour, Reginald had made some mention to me of leaving.

"Why go now?" I said, in quick apprehension.

"You were to stay till George came home."

He turned upon me that strange, unfathomable smile of his, and answered:

"Because you are too fair, And able to strangle my soul in the mesh of your gold-coloured hair."

I had blushed at this, and answered, as did Lord Walter's wife, that that was no reason; and then he had looked down into my eyes with that soft, penetrating glance, that might hold, resolved, either a caress or a sarcasm; and before he could speak, Maud Athey had come in. All through the waning afternoon, I sat pondering over the significance of that glance.

Raising by my vain, fierce questioning, a tumult in my soul, through which the voice of conscience, speaking in trumpet tones, made harsh dissonance.

Just in the rosy dusk, a horse came galloping up the avenue. It bore a double burden; and before I had finished my wonderment, Reginald had dismounted, and was carefully bearing the insensible form of Maud into the library.

I went quickly downstairs, alive with questions and exclamations.

Reginald was deadly pale,—deadly in earnest, too. All the airy graces of his manner had vanished. Only a most absorbing tenderness and remorse possessed him.

"I have killed her!" he said. "I think she will never breathe again."

His self-possession was not lost. He laid her upon the sofa, held brandy from his little pocket-flask to her lips, brushed away the beautiful hair, and bathed her temples; he took all the time in his eyes which means love—which can mean nothing but love.

"Oh, Maud! oh, Maud!" he cried at length, in a tone so low it would scarcely have stirred the lightest sleeper; yet so intense, I wondered, if there was a

soul in her body, why it did not respond. "Maud, my angel, have I sent you back to heaven?"

I slipped out then. He never knew I heard him. I slipped out because I saw the colour coming back to her cheek, and a tremor of life running through her dainty lips.

I despatched a servant for a physician, and then returned. She had opened her eyes, and Reginald sat by her, tenderly supporting her; but no longer the impassioned lover, simply the gallant devoted gentleman.

I never fairly knew how it happened. I did not then care. What I did know was that Maud Athey had won the only heart that, just then, I thought I cared for.

You know what a jealous woman is. I need not tell you all that happened during the next week. I know now that my conduct was inexplicable to Maud, and that she shortened her visit, believing me possessed of some frightful nervous malady.

As for Reginald, he erred more deeply. He thought me actually in love with him.

That calamity had not yet, thank God, befallen me, though many women under similar circumstances, I have no doubt, have taken the thing for granted, and so gone to their doom.

Perhaps, after all, it was only a kind Providence which saved me.

On the evening before the day on which Maud was to leave us, I walked out by myself into the grounds.

The sun still shone warmly, and I entered a bower of honeysuckle, and sat there in such a maze of agonized and distracted feeling as it makes me shudder now to look back upon.

The air was very still and close, and as the sun sank behind the hills, and the birds ceased their chattering, the dusk came on so hushed and transparent that the lightest sound vibrated through it like the tones of a bell. Suddenly I knew that Maud and Reginald were walking up and down the garden path in front of my retreat. As they passed me I heard Maud say, distinctly:

"It is not possible, Mr. Greene. Our characters are not only diverse now—they never could be made to harmonize. We view life from entirely different standpoints; our views differ; our hopes differ; no vows, or rites, or endeavours, could ever make us one."

Then I knew, of course, that he had offered himself to her, and that she had refused him.

They kept on down to the end of the garden walk, he pleading, as he would not have pleaded for his life, in tones low, eager, passionate. As they passed me again, I heard her say:

"You live for pleasure; your aims are selfish; your past life, according to your own showing, is not one that I can look upon and feel that it has sprung from a heart that I can honour, or respect, or love, as the sharer of my life, however I might feel towards it in less intimate relations. Forgive my directness. You have forced me to say this."

At last they passed out of sight into the twilight, leaving me dissolved in a passion of tears.

At that moment I hated Maud Athey, because I knew that every word she had said was true, and because, had I kept my soul in the perfect purity and uprightness of hers, this man would have been as powerless over me as over her.

I saw then, through bitter tears, that temptation creates no evil thing within us, it but develops that which otherwise had laid hidden in the heart. "Keep thine heart pure, for out of it are the issues of life."

I wept away that bitter mood, and then and there, over false hopes broken and wrong desires rebuked, I made a vow of purity, and loyalty, and truth.

The dawn of a better day broke over my heart, and I went into the house a stronger and better woman.

Maud was in her room; but from the library I heard the troubled, awful sound of Reginald's playing.

He was in a reckless mood, and the sounds he evoked from the instrument were such as we might fancy to ascend from the pit of the lost.

My blood curdled as I heard them.

It was near midnight, and I was still sitting by my window, when, with only the preliminary of a knock, Reginald stood at the door of my room.

The moonlight shone full in his face; he was pale as a spectre. But the intense light of his eyes, the scornful curve of his lip, gave token of a dangerous mood. I cannot recall the words that he said. I only know that for one moment I was frightened; that the next I had gathered all my forces to repel him.

"Reginald," I said, "you have dealt long in philosophy. If you have met any crisis wherein it fails you I cannot help you. I don't know any way of securing happiness in this world. But I do know that nothing can make me so entirely and desperately unhappy as

to lose hold, for an instant, of the firm foundations of truth and honour."

He was silent for a moment, looking at me. When he spoke, his voice was husky.

"Your tone has changed, cousin. You have been frightened, I think."

"I have been frightened," I said, "with a view of the possibilities of my own heart. Hereafter, I know that I cannot keep myself, and I humbly pray God to keep me."

He was sitting opposite me, like an evil spirit who would not be exorcised. Suddenly his manner grew gentler.

"Alice," he said, "can you teach me your faith?"

"Alas!" I replied, "I have no faith. If I had been fit to teach, I had not gone so far astray myself."

He walked the room.

"I do not know how it is," he said, "what we constantly miss, in life, the greatest good. We have some crumbs, perhaps, of comfort; we gain some one or two of the meagre, paltrier ends of life, but the great and crowning desire of our hearts, that we perpetually fail of. Either the world is ruled by an evil deity, or—there must be a hereafter."

Reginald left me at length, but it was near morning before I slept.

Maud went away the next day, but Reginald remained a week. I saw little of him, however. He seemed sadder, with only a trace of the old reckless gaiety left.

I wondered then if this disappointment would have any permanent effect upon life.

Since then I have heard that the world called him changed; that he was less materialistic in his views, less superficial in his life.

I suppose, after all, that our hearts need much the same culture that the rude earth does—much breaking up of hard soil, much mellowing of sun and rain, much fertilizing from the decay and ruin of other lives.

After Reginald left I had a few days of quiet thought all by myself—time for all my nerves to become calm, all my resolves to become hardened. At last one gloomy autumn evening my husband came home.

Poor George!

I knew when he came into the room with that heavy cloud upon his face, that look of tender, pitiful mourning in his eyes, that he had some sadness at his heart.

"What is it?" I asked him, putting back the hair from his brow, after he had given me his first kiss.

"Oh, Alice, my poor child!" he cried, bitterly, "how can I tell you?"

With tenderly, wifely caresses and much pleading I got the truth from him at last.

"We are ruined," he said. "This pleasant home and all the comforts of life are gone from us."

I looked into his brave, generous face. I knew how truly his grief was all for me, and not one whit for himself.

I thought how he had toiled for me—ay, and would toil, I knew, as long as life should be spared him; and it seemed to me then that no knight of old was worthier the appellation, "Without fear and without reproach," than just this honest, earnest, stainless man.

"Well," I said, with a smile which was meant to comfort him, "we have yet a fortune left."

"How so?" he asked, dubiously.

"In ourselves—in each other."

He looked at me a moment speechlessly.

"Ah! Alice, you don't realize what you say."

"Very likely not, my husband. We have hitherto lived so much in our external circumstances, have given so much thought to the dressing and furnishing of our lives, that we have had the less to bestow upon each other. I prophesy that we shall find riches in ourselves that we never dreamed of, now that we have time to look for them."

Do not call me a heroine because I could say this. Six months earlier, perhaps, I should not have seen these things; but the experience of the past summer had taught me a few things thoroughly.

At one step, so to speak, I had removed my life from the plane of merely material and sensuous things to one a grade higher.

The love I had once thought less than my deserts was now priceless to me.

My husband attributed the change in me to the change in our circumstances, and I would not add to his solicitude by undecieving him then.

We left our elegant home, and lived in lodgings. We worked diligently, both of us, and I soon found that a life seasoned by labour is in no danger of getting stagnant, as mine had hitherto done.

Afterwards, as my husband regained his position in life, I met many brilliant and accomplished men; but I knew too well the treasure I possessed in my own true love ever to lay my heart open to the blandishments of one of them again.

C. F. C.

**Mr. J. S. MILL AND HIS HAT.**—Mr. Mill has hitherto been indefatigable in his attendance. Like the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Disraeli, he sits without his hat. He even sets the example of leaving it at the door—a proceeding which may be sensible, but is certainly singular, unparliamentary, and, so far as we remember, unprecedented. The "hat" is a Parliamentary institution, and is supposed to assist in promoting freedom of debate. Has it been left to the distinguished political economist to give the House of Commons a lesson in good manners? And will our legislators at some distant day, out of compliment to Mr. Mill, sit uncovered, and, like him, no more think of taking their beavers into the house with them than their great coats and umbrellas.

### THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

UNTIL the year 1814 there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers, and which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade.

When the companies assembled for parade and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer—it was that of La Tour d'Auvergne.

When it was called, the oldest sergeant present stepped a pace forward, and raising his hand to his cap, said proudly, "Died on the field of honour."

For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirits of the soldiers of France.

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honour thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered it in 1767, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the Siege of Port Mahon. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but finally the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of eight thousand men while retaining only the rank of captain.

But it is of one particular exploit of his that I wish to write, more than his career in general.

When he was over forty years of age, he went on a visit to a friend, not far from a section of country that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there, he was busy in acquainting himself with the features of the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him some day, and while here the brave grenadier was astonished to learn that the war had been rapidly shifted to this quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, and the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then on foot. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, and which they would have to pass in their march. It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to any that he determined at once to act upon it.

He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower, and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger.

He hastened on, and arriving there found the tower in perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who had heard of the approach of the Austrians and had been seized with a panic thereat, and had fled, leaving their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage as he discovered this. Searching in the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, but then with a grim smile he began to fasten the main door and pile against it such articles as he could find.

When he had done this he loaded all the guns he could find, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, near the loop-holes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance.

Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favour in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and is doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now

one man was about to attempt to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he had expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe that they had abandoned the expedition.

About midnight, however, his practised ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick short commands of the officers, and from the sounds he supposed that the troops were retiring from the pass. Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling assured that the garrison had been informed of his movements and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait until daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons.

"Say to your commander," he said in reply to the messenger, "that this garrison will defend this post to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass and opened on the tower. But to affect this the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and within easy musket range of it. They had scarcely got the gun in position, when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect that the piece was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning, so half an hour after the gun was withdrawn the Austrian colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For a while this perplexed him, but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loop-holes close together in the tower so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison.

This time the answer was favourable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning if allowed to march out with their arms and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation the terms were accepted.

Meantime, La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with an armament of thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with surprising rapidity, but with surprising accuracy, for it was well known in the army that he never threw away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to give the French army time to complete its manoeuvre. After that he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy.

When the demand for a surrender came to him after the last assault, he consented to it upon the conditions I have named.

The next day at sunrise the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a space between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops.

He walked with difficulty under his heavy load, but there was a proud and satisfied look on his face.

To the surprise of the Austrians, no one followed him from the tower.

In astonishment the Austrian colonel rode up to him, and asked in French why the garrison did not come out.

"I am the garrison, colonel," said the soldier, proudly.

"What?" exclaimed the colonel; "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have had that honour, colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honour of France was at stake."

The colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then raising his cap, he said warmly:

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them all, with the grenadier, into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair.

When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne, but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying that he preferred to remain where he was.

This brave soldier met his death in an action at Aberhausen, in Bavaria, in June, 1800, and the simple but expressive scene at roll-call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the emperor himself. J. D.

### THE GIRL FOR A WIFE.

THE tastes of men differ so much with regard to personal beauty, that in considering what manner of girl will make the best wife, we shall give no remarks upon her figure or appearance, but come at once to those more enduring qualities of heart and mind which are ever green when the head is frosted with time and the body bent under the weight of years.

The duties and obligations of a woman's life are peculiar, and belong only to her condition; and notwithstanding the high authority in favour of it, we doubt the propriety of giving her mind the same kind of training which is given to the other sex to fulfil widely different duties. It appears to us as absurd as giving a youth a medical education who is designed to practise law.

Admitting that the female mind has a masculine strength and power, is as capable of profound and lofty thought, is endowed with the same aspirations and ambitions, the nursery is no place in which to fix the fulcrum by which she hopes to move the intellectual world; but in the nursery, after all, repose her highest duties and holiest obligations.

If practical experience and close observation did not teach us otherwise, the possession of varied accomplishments and profound knowledge might indicate the more faithful discharge of the duties of her life; but we can safely point to the history of learned and scientific women in vindication of our position.

Female philosophers have no time to be good wives and mothers, and a man, when he marries, wants a woman, not an encyclopædia, by his side.

But we have been considering what the girl for a wife should not be rather than what she ought to be.

The girl best fitted to make the fireside happy is she whose mind is well stored with practical and useful knowledge, is accomplished without affectation, retiring and modest without prudery, frank, free and gay without frivolity, and thinks her husband the greatest man the world ever saw or is ever likely to see. Faith in the latter involves a thousand endearing qualities in a wife, which we have not time to enumerate.

In a country like this, where there is no established order of aristocracy, where fortunes change hands so frequently, there are but few families, the female head of which is not required to attend to the economy of the household: to be a good house-keeper, is, therefore, to be reckoned a principal accomplishment in the girl for a wife. If fortune happily secures her from the necessity of partaking of the labours of a housewife, the knowledge of direction will be invaluable.

**MARRIAGE OF A NUN IN ITALY.**—The Italian papers mention that a marriage in accordance with the new civil law, and without the intervention of the Church, has just been celebrated at Seclì, in Sicily, between a barrister, Guglielmus Caruso, and a nun of the order of St. Theresa, named Maria Pisani, known as Sister Maria Annunziata. The parents of the bride not only gave their consent, but a dowry also. All the principal families of the neighbourhood, together with the local authorities, were present at the ceremony.

**COAL IN RUSSIA.**—The fact will be heard with surprise by the large number who have hitherto considered that the expansion of the Russian empire was necessarily limited by the lack of coal, that the coal resources of Russia are now shown to be considerably greater than even those of the United States. In the Ural district coal has been found in numerous places, both on the west and east side of the mountain chain, its value being greatly enhanced by the fact that the iron is found in its immediate neighbourhood. There is an immense basin in the district, of which Moscow is the centre, covering an area of 120,000 square miles—nearly as large as the entire bituminous coal area of the United States. And there is the coal region of the Don, covering 18,000 square miles, and



being, therefore considerably larger than the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, as large as the whole of the bituminous coal area of British America, and more than half as large again as all the coal fields in the United Kingdom. Besides the three coal regions above described (whose aggregate area equals all the coal fields of the United States, British North America, and Great Britain combined), coal has been discovered in the Caucasus, Crimea, Simbirsk, Ekaterinotski, and the steppes of the Kherson, in the government of Kief, and in Poland. These facts alone may materially interfere with the calculations which have been hazarded as to the probable duration of our coal fields, and should at least allay some of the anxiety as to the future coal supply for the world.

## SCIENCE.

VALENTINE found that the whole quantity lost by exhalation from the cutaneous and respiratory surfaces of a healthy man, who consumed daily 40,000 grains of food and drink, to be 19,000 grains of 3½ lb.

### A NEW TORPEDO.

A TORPEDO of a more powerful and destructive kind than any hitherto invented, has just been tried in the dockyard of Castignean, Toulon, with complete success. The Vauban ship of war, attacked by a boat 20 ft. long, supplied with a spur armed with a fulminating torpedo, was lifted 3 ft. out of the water and instantly sunk, in consequence of an enormous hole in her keel caused by the torpedo. The success was the more remarkable, as the charge of powder was only 6 lb., but it is of a new invention, and more powerful than any yet tried.

The spur, which contains the explosive matter, is solidly fixed to the keel of a boat employed to approach the vessel to be sunk, and is longer than the boat by from 12 ft. to 15 ft.

Another spur, but shorter, and supplied with an elastic buffer is nailed to the stem of the boat parallel to the spur under water. When the first spur was driven into the plank of the frigate, the upper one struck the ship, but the elastic buffer disengaged the lower spur and caused it to recoil. At that moment the electric spark ignited the fulminating powder, the frigate and her four boats were lifted more than 3 ft. out of the water, and again fell into the sea, giving passage through the keel to an immense column of water.

This destructive effect was produced by 6 lb. weight of fulminating powder fabricated by a Paris chemist. Naval officers who witnessed the experiment, and who had served in the Baltic and in the Black Sea during the Crimean war, are said to have stated that none of the instruments of destruction then used produced such effects, or so completely destroyed a ship against which they were directed.

PRESERVATION OF FRISCOES BY MEANS OF PARAFFIN.—Vollé coats the picture with a saturated solution of paraffin in benzole, and when the solvent has evaporated, washes the surfaces with a very soft brush. Paraffin has the advantage over other greasy matters of not becoming coloured by time. A similar solution, we may add, has been used for the preservation of photographs.

THE WEATHER OF FEBRUARY 1866.—It appears, from a series of interesting meteorological observations made during the past month, that it has been characterized by a lower mean temperature, a lower barometer, a greater rain-fall, a greater mean force of wind, and more remarkable electric or magnetic disturbance than has been the case for the past ten years. The aurora was seen on twenty nights, and on several of these the display was magnificent, and sometimes accompanied by lightning.

THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.—About 160 miles of this cable have now been made, and when all the machinery is at work, it is said, the manufacture will proceed at the rate of 100 miles a week. The structure is said to be identical with the last, only the rope will bear a strain of from 15 cwt. to a ton more than that of last year, so that it must be heavier, although there is no dark composition soaked into the Manila hemp which forms the covering of the outer wires. The outward appearance is far different, being of light colour instead of dark. The Great Eastern will endeavour first to lay this new cable, and afterwards to raise the old and complete it also.

PAPER SOCKS.—The nature of this invention consists in producing a new article of manufacture, viz: socks made of paper, or paper and muslin combined. It is well known that paper is one of the best materials for keeping in or causing the body to retain its natural heat; in other words it prevents cold air from reaching such parts of the body as may be enveloped in it. The inventor designs his paper socks particularly for use under or over an ordinary pair of socks or stockings, to be worn in cold weather; but it is

obvious that they can be made of a kind of paper which will last as long as an ordinary pair would keep clean, and they can be made so cheaply that their cost does not equal the price of washing. These socks are intended to bear the same relation to knitted or woven socks or stockings that paper collars do to linen or muslin collars.

### MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

A correspondent, who is a manufacturer of meerschaum pipes, gives us the following information relative to these goods:—

Meerschaum (English—foam of the sea), is so called on account of its remarkable lightness and pure white colour in the raw state. It is a superior species of white clay, chiefly consisting of silicate of magnesia, and is dug mostly in the peninsula of Natoli, Asia Minor. It is sent to market in irregular blocks of different sizes, the latter fixing the price, which is much higher in proportion for large lumps than for small ones.

The Turkish government owns the mines and stipulates the quotations according to the demand, which generally exceeds the supply. The last reports from Constantinople, the principal market for crude meerschaum, say that prices advanced 55 per cent. lately.

The method of manufacturing pipes is very simple: the lumps are cut into shape with a knife, after having been lightly wetted, then the bowls must be very carefully rubbed to obtain a clear, smooth surface, and afterwards boiled either in pure wax, or wax, oil and fats, the latter effecting a yellow hue and facilitating the colouring.

Imitation meerschaum is invariably made of the parings of the genuine, and nothing else.

Numerous other experiments, such as the application of magnesia, &c., have proved total failures.

COLD IRON FLOATING ON MOLTEN.—If into a ladle of molten cast iron a piece of cold cast iron is dropped, the piece of cold iron will float, although its specific gravity is the greatest, as is evident from this, that in cooling iron always shrinks.

A NEW method has been announced by which beef and mutton are cured in Australia and America, and all the juices kept in the meat. The inventor is Mr. Morgan, of the Veterinary College, Dublin. The meat, which is extremely palatable, can be sold at 4d. or 4½d. per lb. retail.

MR. EYRE CROWE has recently finished a picture representing the betrothal of Burns to Highland Mary. The parties are represented as the event actually occurred, standing one on either side of a running stream, their hands joined above its course. The background of the picture was painted on the spot where the ceremony took place, and has thus an interest beyond that which pertains to it as a work of art.

THE men employed in the manufacture of slate nails (1½-inch) in the neighbourhood of Dudley, work from seven a.m. until eleven p.m. for 9s. or 10s. a week, out of which they have to pay for fuel, tools, and carriage. This statement is made on the authority of one of the nailers themselves—a man working at Bowley. It is stated also that the masters are unable to advance the price on account of the severity of the competition of rivals in all parts of the world.

CONSUMPTION OF SUGAR.—The present consumption of sugar per head in different countries is:—England, 41 1-5th lbs.; United States, 31½ lbs.; France, 14½ lbs.; Zollverein, 9 lbs.; Austria, 4 lbs.; and observe with regard to the place of Austria at the end of the list, that that country is still in the midnight gloom of protection, and, in consequence, her manufactures are petty, her resources are undeveloped, and her people are poor. In England, on the other hand, although there is not yet free trade in sugar, this is about the only article on which protection still exists, and the extraordinary increase in the wealth of the country since 1844, entirely due to a liberal commercial policy, has made articles that were looked on as luxuries by our fathers, and which are still entirely out of the reach of all but the rich in countries with a protective tariff, necessities of life to us.

CHURCH-RATES.—The annual volume just issued from the Home-office, giving returns obtained with a view to showing the local taxation of England and Wales, contains church-rate returns from 12,074 parishes. The period embraced is the year ending at Easter, 1861. 9,186 of the returns are described as full; the other 2,888 are described as "nil, or no rates collected." This last class of return is remarkably frequent in some dioceses: it occurs in Ripon in 201 of the 409 returns; in Chester in 167 of 318; in Manchester in 201 of 324; in London in 210 of 356; in Bangor in 114 of 148. In the 9,186 parishes which have made full returns the church-rates collected

amounted to £241,960—namely £34,182 on rates made under the Church Building and other Acts, and £207,778 at common law. In several of these parishes there was no rate. Endowments in aid of rates in these parishes produced £34,140, and £23,602 was received from penalties, alms, or other receipts. From these various sources sums amounting to £59,384 were expended in ordinary repairs of the church and churchyard, £132,441 on the maintenance of public worship, and £44,930 on extraordinary outlay for buildings or improvements. At the end of the year the bonded or mortgaged debt amounted to £178,433. The 9,186 full returns and the 2,888 returns of nil do not represent the whole of England; it is estimated that if the parishes that had made no return at all had also sent in their account, the church-rate collected in the year would probably have been shown to be about £271,000.

## STATISTICS.

CORNISH PILCHARDS.—The pilchards exported during the season of 1865 were 9,929 hogsheds. The average for sixteen years is 15,575 hogsheds. Of this year's produce 3,637 hogsheds went to Genoa, 1,793½ to Leghorn, 408 to Civita Vecchia, 1,919 to Naples, and 2,171½ to Ancona, Venice, and Trieste. About 2,400 hogsheds were secured in Mount's Bay, 1,200 east of the Lizard, and 6,300 at St. Ives.

SUICIDES.—The following curious analysis is given by Dr. de Boismon, who has made it his speciality to study the suicides which have taken place in the French Empire between the years 1827 and 1860:—

	Total.	Men.	Women.
By hanging.....	14,806 ..	12,152 ..	2,000
By drowning.....	11,845 ..	6,568 ..	2,117
By firearms.....	4,390 ..	4,337 ..	53
By sharp weapons...	1,552 ..	1,272 ..	230
By voluntary falls...	1,800 ..	862 ..	518
By poison .....	736 ..	474 ..	282
By sundry means ...	282 ..	228 ..	54

POPULATION OF OUR CHIEF TOWNS.—The Registrar-General makes the following estimate of the population of thirteen of our great towns in the middle of the year 1866:—London, 3,067,536; Liverpool, 484,337; Manchester, 358,855; Salford, 112,904; Birmingham, 335,798; Leeds, 288,187; Sheffield, 218,257; Bristol, 163,680; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 122,271; Hull, 105,233. The estimate for Edinburgh is 175,128; for Glasgow, 432,265; for Dublin, the city and some suburbs, 318,437.

PARLIAMENTARY BOROUGH.—A return, moved for by Mr. Baines, has just been issued relative to the male occupiers in Parliamentary cities and boroughs. It shows that the total population of such places in England and Wales, in 1861, was 8,638,569; the gross estimated rental, in 1865, 41,059,105; and the number of electors on register, in 1865-66, 514,026. The total number of persons under a rental of less than £4 was 130,256; under £5, 108,465; under £6, 131,710; under £7, 130,232; under £8, 93,706; under £9, 68,690; under £10, 42,737; and at £10 and over, 634,082.

PROGRESS OF QUEENSLAND.—Six years ago there was a mail but once a fortnight from Queensland to Sydney; there is now a steamer leaves daily for that port. In 1859 the banks of Fitzroy River were unknown to white men, and Rockhampton on its banks is now a fine and thriving city. The greater part of the country from Rockhampton up to the Gulf of Carpentaria has been taken up by squatters, and gold fields and copper mines are being worked upwards of 200 miles from Keppel Bay. Railways are gradually usurping the occupation of the bullock and horse-draw. The electric wire is extending itself in places which were not heard of six years ago. There are now in operation a Brisbane Gas Company, a Queensland Steam Navigation Company, a Queensland Insurance Company, many cotton and sugar companies, a quartz crushing company, two copper-mining companies, and numerous building societies. All these companies report favourably of their progress, but not one of them was in existence six years ago.

IN one of the gold mines of Transylvania two remnants of antiquity have been discovered, which have excited the strongest curiosity. They are instruments of bronze, of which it is difficult to discover either the use or the name. The first ends in a triangular mass, which on each of its faces bears a medallion, ornamented with different figures, and surrounded with an inscription. One of the medallions bears the representation of a person with a headress resembling a Phrygian cap; he is discharging an arrow, and at the same time holds the bridle of a horse, which is placed behind him. In the inter-

erals between these two medallions several symbols may be seen, such as heads of the lion, eagle, wild boar, &c. The part which may be called the handle of the instrument bears an inscription, together with a singular assemblage of figures, among which may be distinguished with other objects a winged griffin, crouched down before a species of altar, on which is an eagle. The different inscriptions or legends with which this instrument is ornamented appear to be written in letters which some learned Hungarian has designated the "character of ancient Huns." The second instrument is of a shape more difficult to describe. It presents neither figure nor symbol, but on the bottom of it is a circular inscription of the same kind as those above mentioned.

### FACETIÆ.

Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Because it goes round and gathers up the waist.

The man who undertook to hatch chickens from the egg-plant has gone to California.

In California they call highway robbers "road agents."

LADY MONTAGU said: "My health is like old lace. I patch it in one place, and it breaks out in another."

A NATURALIST has just discovered that the largest species of ant is the elephant.

If your neighbour's offence is rank, don't let yours be rancour.

SHAKESPEARE V. LINNARD M'NALLY.

John and Charles Kemble were sitting one night in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, listening to a play. Charles Kemble remarked to his brother in the course of the evening:

"I really think this is the very best play for representation that Shakespeare ever wrote."

No sooner had he made this remark than a huge, red-headed, broad-shouldered Irishman, who sat immediately behind him, leant forward and tapped him on the shoulder to secure his attention.

"I think, sir," he observed, with a strong brogue, "ye said it was one Shakespeare what wraught that play. It was not Shakespeare, sir, but me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play."

"Oh, sir," replied Charles Kemble, coolly, "very well."

A short time after this, the Irishman tapped him on the shoulder again.

"Do ye believe, sir," he demanded, "it was me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play?"

"Oh, yes; certainly sir—if you say so," was the peaceable answer.

For a while he remained unmolested, but at last he felt the heavy finger once more upon him.

"Your friend that sits on your left hand," exclaimed the Irishman, "don't look as if he believed it was me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play."

This was too much for the brothers; they rose together and left the house, not deeming it either pleasant or safe to stay in such belligerent society.

"Oh, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat."

"Yes, master," replied the boy, "I have been practising since I was a child."

"POMPEY," said a good-natured gentleman to his coloured man, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, massa," replied Pompey, "I know'd it at the time."

TRYING TO SEE.—"What are you about with my microscope, George?" "I've been shaving, father, and I want to see if there are any hairs in the ether as yet."

Irritable Captain: "Your barrel's disgracefully dirty, sir, and it's not the first time; I've a good mind to—" Private Flanigan: "Shure, sir, I niver—" Captain (Irish too): "Silence, sir, when you speak to an officer!"

A NEGRO who was lately convicted of bigamy in Pennsylvania, sought to excuse his crime by the plea that when he had only one wife she fought him all the time and never gave him a day's peace, but on marrying a second wife, the two fought one another, and left him not only in peace and quietness, but also furnished him with "a better show than the circus." Nevertheless, he was sent to the Penitentiary for two years.

The following is told of a man in Naples, who found means to turn to account the popular apprehension of poisoners, which has prevailed there since the appearance of the cholera. The individual in question being exceedingly hungry, and having only a single coin of the value of a sou, laid it out in the purchase of powdered sugar, and as he passed by the stand of one of those open air cooks who make a kind of pan-

cake called *frittata*, he dropped, apparently by accident, some of the sugar into the frying-pan. He was instantly seized by the bystanders as a poisoner caught in the act. He denied vigorously the truth of the allegation, and at last, to prove his innocence, offered to eat the contents of the pan. The proposition was accepted, and he accordingly despatched the pancake with great relish, and then walked off well satisfied with the success of the trick.

### A CROCODILE STORY.

Among the houses recently pulled down in Paris to make way for the new Boulevard St. Michael was a well-known wine shop, more celebrated, however, for a large crocodile which was suspended from the ceiling of the shop than for the wine that was retailed.

This animal was stuffed, and was remarkable for its large proportion, formidable rows of glistening teeth, and for several arrows which pierced its scaly sides. Such a beast could not be without a history. Here it is:

The wine house was occupied formerly by medical students. The landlord was an amiable, easy-going man, and though not precisely willing to allow the students to live rent-free, was never very exacting, and always ready to give his lodgers time to pay their dues. It happened, however, that one of the students was not only far behind in his payments for rent, but also owed the landlord a considerable sum for board. For a long time the latter did not press for payment, but when the sum amounted to 800 francs he began to get impatient for his money. Under these circumstances the student cudgelled his brains to devise means to satisfy his landlord; but all his attempts to earn money honestly were fruitless, and he began to despair, when a fortunate chance relieved him of his difficulty.

Being so far reduced as to sell his clothes, he saw in the shop where he had parted with his garments a large crocodile wretchedly stuffed. "How much do you want for that beast?" he inquired of the old clothes-man. "Ten francs," replied the latter. "Oh, you are joking," replied the student; "ten francs for such a villainous beast as that! Come, now, I will give you three." "Done!" exclaimed the old-clothes-merchant, and away went the student with his purchase, taking care to bring it into his lodgings at nightfall, in order that his landlord should not see it.

He now set to work to re-stuff the crocodile, and by dint of hot-water and paint, varnish, false teeth, and glass eyes, succeeded in restoring the animal to life-like similitude, and making it a formidable-looking crocodile. When he had completed his task, he purchased seven arrows, attached feathers to them of the most brilliant and showy plumage, and then thrust the points into the sides of the crocodile. This done, he placed the beast in a closet in his room, disposing it in such a manner that by leaving the door open it might be easily seen.

Many days had not elapsed before the landlord paid his lodger an early visit. The student, who had not yet risen, hearing his landlord's voice outside his door, and conscious of the object of being waited on, opened the closet-door, requested the landlord to enter, and then jumped into bed again.

The student's apprehensions were true; the landlord had come for a portion, at least, of his rent. He was at first disposed to deal leniently with his lodger, until the latter declared he was soulless, and, moreover, did not think it at all probable that he should be able to discharge his lodging debt. On hearing this the landlord became furious, and was proceeding to threaten the student with legal proceedings, when turning around, his eyes fell on the magnificent crocodile within the closet.

His curiosity being aroused, he requested to know how his lodger became possessed of the animal, and whether any history was attached to it.

On this the student, who desired nothing better, and who had laid his plans to entrap his landlord, proceeded to inform him that the crocodile in question was on the point of devouring one of his uncles in South America, when it was pierced by the arrows still in its sides, discharged by savages who appeared at the critical time.

During the recital of the story the landlord regarded the animal with great admiration, and when the student had finished he exclaimed:

"Do you know that the crocodile would make an excellent shop-sign? Come, what will you sell it to me for?"

The student declared that to part with so interesting a family relic was out of the question; but when his landlord's offers ran high he at length gave way, and the crocodile finally became his property for the sum of twelve hundred francs, and the further understanding that the student's debt was to be cancelled.

The price was certainly extravagant, bearing in mind that for which the student had obtained the

animal; but the landlord had no reason to repent his bargain, for it made not only his fortune, but that of his two successors, and is, moreover, likely to make that of a third.

Suspended from the ceiling of the wine-shop, hundreds came to see the great crocodile which was killed when about to devour a man, and now the proprietor of the wine-shop, lately demolished, has carried it off with the rest of his stock-in-trade, for the purpose of setting it up in his new premises.

In a poem by Hoffman, the German poet, who was expelled from the Prussian dominions, the following word appears: "Steuererwerweigerung verfassungsmässig-berichtigt," meaning a man who is exempt by his constitution from the payment of taxes. The expulsion of such a poet as this would be justified by the laws of prosody if not by the code of Prussia.

### ARITHMETIC.

Schoolmistress: "What do two and two make?"

Urchin: "Don't know."

Schoolmistress: "Don't know? Well, suppose I have four apples and you have two, what will they make put together?"

Urchin (eagerly): "A first rate apple pie!"

The other day a gentleman asked one of his neighbours what was his age? "I am not certain," replied he. "I am either 58 or 68." "What, not know your own age?" "No, sir," replied the farmer. "I count my money, my income, and my cattle; but of my years I keep no reckoning, because I am well convinced I shall lose none of them, and that nobody will rob me of them."

A "WATERFALL" JOKE.—At a party where several ladies and gentlemen were assembled, nearly every person had something to say about waterfalls, and numerous jokes were made on them. One gentleman, in a very serious manner, asked an intimate lady friend "if her waterfall had been frozen as yet?" Before she could reply, another "lord of creation" cried out: "That's a foolish question. How can you expect it not to freeze when her hair is *à la fraiche* now?"

A SCOTCH "BULL" TWICE AS BIG AS AN IRISH ONE.—The other day, two Scotch labourers were heard earnestly conversing at a roadside station in the Upper Ward, respecting a mutual acquaintance, who in a drunken fit had risen during the night and had drunk the contents of a bottle, thinking it was whiskey, but which unfortunately happened to be poison. The relater of the tragedy concluded his melancholy story by thumping his knee with his clenched fist, and exclaiming: "As shair's colt, Tam, he didna recover till he was dead."

### GEOGRAPHICAL.

Examiner (to Scotch boy in Free School): "Where is the village of Drum?"

Scotch Boy (readily): "In the County of Fife."

Prize given.

—Punch.

A BAD INVESTMENT.—To buy the Honourable Member for Peterborough at his own Whalley-ation, and sell him at your own.—Punch.

HOW TO GET RID OF A DIFFICULTY.—Ireland is a difficulty. The Island of Heligoland is being, we are informed, slowly eaten up by the Governor's rabbits. Ireland is an Island: can't the Lord Lieutenant keep rabbits? Ah! Have I touched you nearly?—Punch.

MORAL SENTIMENT FOR LOVERS OF PROGRESS.—Praise of the past at the expense of the present usually comes from persons who have been born a century or two too late. Those who are behind the age are naturally the most tempted to give it a kick.—Fun.

FRENCH INTELLIGENCE.—It is stated that green peas have made an abundant appearance in the restaurants at Paris. The French get their peas from Algeria now, which accounts for it. And really they ought to get some peas from there, for it has supplied them with war long enough.—Fun.

GOING, GOING, VERY CHEAP!—A person called James Tayler, a "comic" singer, put himself up to auction before a doubtless select gathering of publicans and music-hall keepers at Glasgow the other day. Strange to say, he was eventually knocked down. We should have thought he should have gone too low for that.—Fun.

LAWYER D. who resides in a certain town in Greene Co., Pa., has a very intelligent son of some seven summers, who often puzzles the oldest heads with tough questions. The other evening Frank was seated in front of the fire, reading one of his books, and coming across the word "nuisance," he didn't exactly understand it. Looking up from his book, he inquired, "Pa, what is a nuisance?" Mr. D. supposing he could best make him understand by an illustration, said, "If some men were to bring a dead



horse in front of our door and leave it there, that would be a nuisance." "Y-e-s," said Frank; but not with a satisfied expression. Directly he broke out again, "But pa, which would be the nuisance, the dead horse, or the man that brought him there?"

## GEMS.

THE small things of life are often of more importance than the great; the slow than the quick; the still than the noisy.

### GROUNDLESS COMPLAINTS.

Aurora, the goddess of the morning, was lamenting among the gods that she, who was so much praised by mankind, was so little loved and sought after by them; and least of all by those who sang of her and praised her most.

"Grieve not at thy fate," said the goddess of wisdom; "is not mine the same? And consider, too," continued she, "who are those that neglect thee, and for what rivals they desert thee. Behold how, whilst thou art passing by, they lie buried in the arms of sleep, and waste away body and soul. Besides, hast thou not friends, has thou not votaries enough? All creation honours thee, all the flowers awake, and deck themselves in thy rosy light, in new bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcomes thee; each contrives some new device to hail thy brief visit. The industrious husbandman, the studious sage, do not neglect thee; they drink from the cup which though proffered health and strength, quiet and long life, doubly welcome in that they enjoy thee, undisturbed by the noisy rout of sleeping fools. Dost thou deem it little happiness to be beloved and be unapproached by the multitude? 'Tis the highest pleasure of love among gods and men."

Aurora blushed at her groundless complaints, and every fair one, who is pure and innocent like her, desires the same good fortune for herself.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

EVERYTHING which tends to discompose or agitate the mind, whether it be excessive sorrow, rage or fear, envy or revenge, love or despair—in short, whatever acts violently on our mental faculties, tends to injure the health.

MANKIND may be divided into three classes. 1st. Those who learn from the experience of others—they are happy men. 2nd. Those who learn from their own experience—they are wise men. 3rd. and lastly, those who learn neither from their own nor other people's experience—they are fools.

FROM THE HEART.—Be true if you would be beloved. Let a man speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart, and all men—so strongly are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy—must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker or below him, but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for in spite of all carnal varieties of outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

THE WOODPECKER.—Did you ever see or measure the length of the large woodpecker's tongue? Some years since, on going through a plantation, after much thunder and lightning, I saw at the base of a large wild cherry tree one of those beautiful birds, dead; to all appearance it had been killed by lightning. Observing a long curious dark something protruding from its mouth, I asked myself what it could be? Has the bird swallowed some reptile, and got choked? Oh, no; on examination I found that it was its tongue which protruded. It was of a dark, leathery, glutinous, sticky character, and measured 7½ inches—a length at which I was quite astonished. These birds are very numerous here, and I have many times since observed them making use of their long tongues at the great ant-hills, or running up and around the trees, sticking in their claws, and resting on their stiff, short, stubby tails against the butt of the tree, tapping, and with railway speed popping their long tongues into the crevices or fissures of the bark, and gobbling up the insects adhering to their long glutinous tongues.

NEW IDEAS.—One wonders whether a period will not at last arrive when everything shall have been thought out: when nothing new can be suggested, invented, or discovered. That professional wisacre and astute proverb-monger Solomon supposed that novelty was pretty well exhausted in his day; yet after a lapse of thirty centuries—be the same more or

less—new things under the sun are not uncommon. The old song tells us that "every day brings something new," and when M. Girardin started his paper (*La Presse*) in Paris, a few years ago, he adopted as its motto, "A New Idea Every Day." It must be admitted, however, that many of our so-called "new ideas" are old ones revamped or amplified, or perfected. Scattered through the history of the past may be found vague outgivings which seem to point to important results of modern science. There is a passage in the Old Testament, for example, which, if we make a little allowance for oriental metaphor, may be readily construed as a foreshadowing of the modern railroad train. That there were good chemists in the time of the Pharaohs, the "miracles" of the ancient Egyptian priesthood sufficiently prove; and the pyramids attest that mechanical science was by no means in its infancy on the shores of the Nile sixteen or eighteen centuries before the Christian era.

### THE SHADY WALK BENEATH THE TREES.

'Twas long ago, ere manhood's years  
Had shaded o'er my happy brow,  
Ere yet I knew the cares and fears,  
That cloud too oft my spirit now;  
When many a bird its gleesome tone  
Was giving to the summer breeze,  
I used to seek—but not alone—  
A shady walk beneath the trees.

No—not alone—one gentle voice,  
Fell softly on my raptured ear,  
For she was there, my love, my choice,  
Whose smile was more than sunshine dear;  
Long years since then have glided by,  
And I am far beyond the seas;  
But still I see in fancy's eye  
That dear old walk beneath the trees.

We loved and dreamed, as only they  
Who love in life's warm early spring,  
We little thought in that bright day,  
Love's dream could prove so brief a thing;  
But through the long, sweet summer hours,  
While sang the happy birds and bees,  
We sought the quiet, leafy bowers,  
Of that lone walk beneath the trees.

There made we vows of love and truth,  
Defying chance, and change, and time,  
Ah, that was when impassioned youth  
Had lent my soul its faith sublime.  
But long ago we said farewell  
And I have crossed the foaming seas,  
And yet—oh, I remember well  
That shady walk beneath the trees.

A.G.

SOME interesting vestiges of the ancient Temple of Trajan, adjoining his forum, have been discovered by the workmen employed in repairing the foundations of the Valentini Palace, at Rome.

THE Emperor of the French has been visiting several of the lowest quarters of Paris, to see how he might benefit them by pulling them down. When the nest is gone the birds will scatter, and they are both noisy and fighting ones in these quarters.

THE system of cultivating vineyards with the plough in the place of the spade has been introduced into the Maconnais, and is found to be more economical. It was long practised in the south-west of France, and is now being generally adopted, in consequence of the rise in labourers' wages.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON presided over a large meeting held lately at Willis's Rooms. The meeting had been called by the newly-formed Association for the Improvement of Workhouse Sick Wards and Infirmarys. The Archbishop of York was one of the principal speakers. Several resolutions were passed, declaring it to be advisable that workhouse infirmaries should be consolidated, and a special rate for their maintenance laid upon the whole metropolis.

"HOW SHALL THE BED BE PLACED?"—SIR,—I felt much interest in some remarks in your paper headed—"How Shall the Bed be Placed?" Years ago I suffered much from nervous irritation and consequent loss of sleep. I fancied that I slept better in certain rooms than others; and after trying to ascertain why came to the conclusion that a great deal depended upon the position of the bed. For twenty-five years and upwards I have had my bed placed with the head to the north, or as near that point as I can; and if I cannot have it placed north I place it north-east, with as much north as I can get. When I sleep from home I pull out the bedstead from the wall and turn it to the desired point as nearly as I can, finding great advantage. Many of my friends, knowing my fancy, take care to put me in a room with the bed in the right position. They smile at my whim; I sleep, and smile at their unbelief. The ex-

perience of a man who has lived to the age of 109 is to a person already predisposed to believe conclusive, and to any poor fellow who cannot sleep this hint is worth the trial. I trust that those who do try may find it as successful as it is with me.—T. P.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO CLEAN GILT FRAMES.—Beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with one ounce of soda. Blow the dust from the frames with a bellows; then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture, and they will become bright and fresh.

It seems not unlikely that the watery extract of cod's liver will supersede the cod-liver oil which is now so universally recommended in cases of consumption. From the reports of the French commissioners and from the published experience of several English and Continental physicians, it appears that the watery extract is a more valuable drug than the oil, and that, while it may be given in pills—thus avoiding the nausea produced by the oil—it is more easily digested than the latter.

GILDERS' COMPOSITION FOR FRAMES.—The composition at present in use is composed of best black glue, common resin and linseed oil. Some use resin oil, others boiled linseed oil. Nearly every manufacturer has a little change in the proportions, but the above ingredients are those used, and are held as a secret. It is a useful material for many other purposes to which it may be applied were its mode of manufacture known. Take ten pounds of best black glue, boil it in the usual manner, but with very little water. It should be at least four times as thick as carpenters' glue, as used for general purposes. Take six pounds of common resin, and pound to dust; add linseed oil, or resin oil, to form a thick paste with the dust; dissolve with heat, allow it to cool to about 212°, then add the resin compound and the hot glue together; combine it well. Have sifted whiting prepared and combine the whole as in making bread; form it into a cake, and allow it to cool; at any time by the application of steam or heat, this composition may be brought into use.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

SALAD.—The cost of the salad consumed annually in Paris is over £40,000.

It has been proposed to utilize the arches of the different metropolitan railways as workmen's dwelling houses.

It is now said that a good roadway can be secured from Charing-cross to the river without touching Northumberland House.

THE new female tenor now creating a sensation in Paris, is said to be astounding in her impersonation of a man, and is a splendid fencer and acrobat.

FROM NAPLES, the 14th ult., we hear that five priests have been married this month, one of them being a Franciscan monk. It is thought that these marriages will go on increasing.

### THE SMILES THAT HIDE GRIEF.

SOME one observed to Dr. Johnson that it seemed strange that he, who so often delighted his company by his lively conversation, should say that he was miserable.

"Alas! it is all outside," replied the sage; "I may be cracking my jokes and cursing the sun. 'Sun, how I hate thy beams!' Boswell appends a footnote, in which he remarks that beyond doubt a man may appear very gay in company who is sad at heart. 'His merriment is like the sound of drums and trumpets in a battle, to drown the groans of the wounded and dying. It is well known that Cowper was in a morbidly despondent state when he penned 'John Gilpin,' of which delectable ballad and its congeners he himself bears record: 'Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all.'"

In the height of his ill-fortune, in 1826, Sir Walter Scott was ever giving vent, in his diary, or elsewhere, to some whimsical outburst or humorous sally; and after inditing an extra *gay* *jeu d'esprit* in his journal, and before leaving his dingy Edinburgh lodgings for Abbotsford, he follows it up next day by this bit of self-portraiture: "Anybody would think, from the far-de-ral conclusion of my journal of yesterday, that I left town in a very gay humour. But nature has given me a kind of buoyancy—I know not what to call it—that mingles even with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hour. I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distress strange snatches of mirth which have no mirth in them."

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G.—The gentleman must be a rogue. Your case is a serious one. Do not, however, tamper with it, but consult a respectable solicitor.

AMERICAN.—Creoles are not a distinct race, neither are they a mixture of Europeans and Americans. A Creole is the offspring of European parents born in the Tropics.

S. H. J.—The best plants are to be found in any green-manured pond. The "valleria" may be had at any shop where aquaria are sold, and is an elegant plant, but requires light and care.

W. J. B.—The "Civil Service Guide," will give you every information. Its cost is 2s. 6d. Your handwriting is sufficiently good for the Civil, or any other service.

C. D.—Having once inserted your verses, how can you be so inconsistent as to request us to repeat them—and because, forsooth, you have lost the number in which they were printed. You should have more respect for your fellow readers.

CHARLEY STANWAY, twenty-five, light complexion, dark hair and moustache, tall, and considered good looking, wishes to correspond with one of our fair readers. Age, from seventeen to twenty, who must be of a respectable family and of some means. *Carte* exchanged.

FLORENCE and ELLA (sisters) would like to correspond with two gentlemen and exchange cards with a view to matrimony. "Florence" is twenty-one, tall, and fair complexion, with brown hair and grey eyes. "Ella" is nineteen, dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Both are thoroughly domesticated, and would make good wives.

FREDERICK FREEMAN—The I. O. U. is good without a stamp. You must prove defendant's handwriting or an admission of the debt by him. Apply to a County Court. The cost of summons in the jurisdiction wherein defendant lives will be about 2s. that of hearing 4s. You will be a good witness for yourself.

F. C.—To make yourself, put into a saucepan half a pound of brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a little essence of lemon or peppermint. Let it simmer over a slow fire very gently until it obtains such a consistency that an iron skewer will stand in it. Add a few blanched almonds before it gets quite cold.

AGATE, who is twenty-one, of tall, graceful figure, golden hair, and blue eyes, can speak French and German fluently, and can sing and play. Has 400*l.* a year, and will have 2000*l.* on her wedding day, desires to correspond with a gentleman who is tall and dark, an officer or foreigner preferred. *Carte* to be exchanged.

ANNIE C. desires an introduction to a gentleman of noble and affectionate disposition between twenty-three and thirty, with a moderate income; one who, in lieu of money, would appreciate a domesticated and loving wife. "Annie" is rather fair, medium height, and not bad looking. Age twenty-three. *Carte* to be exchanged.

J. J. PILLING.—We are not aware of any cure for knock knees. If aries, we believe, frequently from weakness and want of care in the nursing; at all events, consult a medical man, or wait patiently in the hope that you will grow out of it. Your handwriting, albeit at present very schoolboyish, is promising, and with care and practice may become very good and businesslike.

LOVE, the son of a clergyman of the Established Church, with a good salary, twenty-one years of age, 6 ft. in height, passably good looking, fond of home and music, wishes to correspond with a young lady from sixteen to nineteen years of age, pretty, domesticated, musical, and with an annual income or some property. *Carte* exchanged.

ROLEY and POLEY are both twenty-one. "Roley" is a merry, clever, dark-eyed girl, and "Poley" a laughing, sandy, blue-eyed one. They are respectively 5 ft. 2 in. in height, and want to meet with very good tempered, gentlemanly, clever, husbands. They are good housewives, and don't care for money as long as there is enough to make both ends meet. They are both well educated.

J. D.—If, as you say, you have signed to take in the work monthly you are clearly liable, without, indeed, you can prove that the vendor has broken his portion of the contract, in which case the decision will rest in the hands of the County Court Judge. "J. D." adds that being under age he thinks he cannot be sued. Probably, or, rather, perhaps not, but having signed an agreement, can "J. D." reconcile it with honour, not to say common honesty, to attempt to seek shelter under such a plea? At all events, it is a question for the decision of the before-mentioned judge.

QUEER, who is evidently a young man from the country, wishes to know whether there is any way of turning the course of the growth of the hair, for instance, a person's whiskers can one side grow downwards, while on the other

they grow upwards. He asks the way to cause the hair on both sides to grow downwards. On getting up each morning, say for a month, well pomatum your whiskers, then standing before your glass, take a good brush in each hand and apply them for at least a quarter of an hour, the result may be then in the course of some three months you will find your whiskers very docile and on their way towards your feet.

ADA and ANNIE, two friends, wish to correspond matrimonially with two young gentlemen who must be tall, dark, nice looking, and fond of home, not under twenty-two. "Ada" is nineteen, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, with light brown hair and hazel eyes. "Annie" is the same age, nineteen, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, dark auburn hair, and hazel eyes. Both thoroughly domesticated, very good tempered, and considered rather pretty. *Carte* to be exchanged.

W. C.—"The Disinherited" is prettily conceived, but as a poem it is scarcely up to our mark. All we can say of the verses "Eliza Jones," "Ambition," "Revenge," "A Prayer for E.," "The Beauties of Nature," "An Evening Ramble," and "Mourning," is that their execution is so much out of proportion to their intention, that they are respectfully declined. "The Lone Heart" and "Youth" are under consideration.

AN OFFICER in BLUE (in the steamers between New York and Liverpool, and in a fair way of getting promoted) wants a wife, but has not time to look for one on shore in the usual way. He would like a fair young lady of about twenty to twenty-five; if she has a little money she would be more acceptable than otherwise. He is twenty-eight, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, dark eyes, hair, and whiskers, good tempered and robust in build, and every such a sailor. The young lady must have had a good education. He would prefer an orphan. *Carte* exchanged.

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

O, tell me not those dreams were vain  
That linked my heart with thine for ever;  
I dream them o'er and o'er again,  
Like moons that wax but never wane,  
In all the agony and pain

Of love's long-suffering enduevous;  
And still they roll across my soul,  
Sweet ayon strains, to leave me never.

O, say thou not, "It might have been"—  
O, never list, "It cannot be."  
For thou hast so enthralled me,  
That I may not be free again.

And wilt thou bid me, then, forget,  
Or cooily say, "Ah, no, not yet?"  
Nay, love, thou hast me in love's net,  
And I would not in faith be free!

J. F.

FARD would be glad to know if a compositor would better his position by emigrating to America? No, for although the scale of wages may be higher in America, the more than equally high price of provisions, rent, &c., weighs down the balance. Surely an able compositor should not be without work in London. Again, the great cities of America are overrun with adventurers from every country in Europe, so that competition is even greater than in England.

J. BAIRD (of Bristol) asks us, "When a person is under sentence of death is the order for his execution signed by the Secretary of State or by the Queen, and is the reprieve always signed by Her Majesty?" The death-warrant is now never signed by the Sovereign. This has not been the practice since the reign of George III. The judge marks the sentence on the list of indictments. The reprieve is signed only by the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

NEMO, who apologises for his indifferent writing by the mainly acknowledging that he is more used to tending machines than writing, would be glad to correspond with some of our young lady readers, residing in or near Manchester. They must be about twenty, of middle height, well educated, fond of music, of domestic tastes, and last, though not least, pretty, and, if possible, with a little money, but not indispensable. "Nemo" is 22 years of age, tall, black hair, moustache, &c., dark features, is a mechanic with £30 per annum, with increase of domestic tastes, and would do his best to be a good husband.

VINA asks why people have panicles on Shrove Tuesday: The custom is derived from the heathen Fornalric, celebrated on the 13th of February, in memory of the making of bread before ovens were invented, by the goddess Fornare. Shrove is a corruption of an old Saxon word, *shrine*, signifying confession; hence Shrove Tuesday means Confession Tuesday. It was called so from the Roman Catholic practice of confessing and of being shrived or shrove, that is, obtaining absolution on this day. Shrove Tuesday was ever held a high festival during the middle ages, and very curious were the games practised on that day. For instance, that of *throwing the shrove hen*.

At Shrovetide, the shrove hen, go through the fat hen;  
If blindfold can kill her, then give in thy men;  
Maid, fritter, and panicles, enough see you make,  
Let slat have one panicle, for company's sake.

In this game the hen was hung at the back of a man who had also horse bells attached to him. The rest of the villagers were blindfolded, and with boughs in their hands chased the man and the hen about within a certain enclosure, judging their whereabouts by the sound of the bells, thus sometimes threatening each other. The hen being killed, panicles and fritters were made. The first panicle was offered to the "slat," i.e., she who was noted for lying about long, or any other mischievous. Hence the first panicle generally fell to the dog's share, for no girl could be persuaded to accept it. Shrove Tuesday, in fact, was a day in which, says an old writer, "men ate and drank, and abandoned themselves to every kind of foolery, as if they were to have their fill of pleasure before they were to die." In England and Scotland it has ever been held a high holiday, and one of the great days of out of door sports. The other query, of the origin of sending valentines, will be answered probably in our next.

COURTIER.—I. Yes, the late Sir C. P. Phipps, a portrait and memoir of whom we gave in our last issue, was not only keeper of the Queen's privy purse, but honoured with her Majesty's friendship. Sir Charles was interred in the catacombs of St. George's Cathedral, Windsor Castle. The coffin was deposited in that division used as the private

burial place of the Dean and Chapter. To do honour to the memory of the deceased knight, not only did the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Prince of Leiningen attend the funeral ceremony, but before the coffin was finally closed up in the place appointed for it, Col. Sir T. M. Edulph (who, by the way, succeeds the late Sir C. Phipps as Privy Purse) brought from the Castle wreaths of *immortelle*, prepared by our kindly Queen and her Royal daughters) and placed them in the tomb.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, twenty-two, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, dark complexioned, with black curly hair and black moustache, a business man, and, as Mark Antony says, "a plain, blunt man, that loves his friend," would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. He is not ambitious, but would like the young lady to have some money of her own. Would feel highly honoured if "Alice" or "Kate"—the latter preferred—would respond and exchange *carte*.

J. H. W.—A captain's commission cannot be purchased *per saltum*. The regulation price of an ensigncy in the line is 450*l.*, but before obtaining this the aspirant must pass an examination. The cost of outfit depends much upon taste and requirement—any sum between 100*l.* and 200*l.* Commission in the Artillery, Engineers, and Medics are not obtained by purchase. An ensign cannot—at least, in England—live comfortably upon his pay, which is about 6*l.* per diem.

ELLEN ATROLE and ALICE AINSLEY wish to correspond matrimonially with two young gentlemen from twenty-three to thirty, rather good looking, and not too fair. "Ellen" is twenty-one, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, brown curling hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and considered good looking. "Alice" is twenty-two, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, dark brown hair, dark grey eyes, rather dark complexion, and considered pretty. Both ladies are highly respectable, thoroughly domesticated, and of a very kind disposition.

J. L. J. W. B. asks us how to remove scurf from the head: How to make his hands soft and white? What is the best cement for joining meerschaum together? And the quality of his handwriting?—1. Crack a couple of eggs into a basin, the same as you would for a pudding, beat it well into a lather, and well rub it in. Then wash the head with tepid—or, if you are used to it, cold—water. 2. Do not work, and keep your hands clean. 3. If your meerschaum is of any value, don't trifle with it, but contract with the nearest pipe-seller. 4. Your handwriting is precisely of the kind we should expect from a gentleman who asks for a recipe for making his hands soft and white—viz., minding and emollient.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

J. B. would like to correspond with "C. H. G." She thinks she would make him a loving and affectionate wife.

ROSA A., nineteen, rather tall, with dark hair and brown eyes, thinks "J. E." just such a gentleman as she is in quest of. She would therefore be glad to hear further particulars and exchange *carte*.

JOAN A. would be most happy to correspond and exchange *carte* with a view to matrimony with "L. S." "J. A." is twenty-five, very good looking, dark hair and dark eyes, and is certain that "S. S." will be satisfied with his appearance. He is very fond of home, and is at present in a first-rate business.

DECATUR wishes to exchange *carte* with "Laurustina B. B." with a view to matrimony. He is twenty, dark, in possession of wealth equal or more than her own, and thinks he would make "Laurustina B. B." a good husband; also that she is just what he is looking for in a wife. Will give full particulars, with *carte*, if favoured with an answer.

CORNELIA would like to try her hand at making "J. R. O." happy. Is very merry, clever, and tolerably good looking, well educated, and hopes "J. B. O." is the same. She is nineteen, and about 5 ft. 3 in. in height, with dark hair and eyes.

A. and B., two Irish boys, respond to "Alice" and "Kate." "A." considers himself as good looking as any Irishman, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, twenty-three, and of dark complexion. "B." is about the same height, age, and appearance of "A." If "Alice" and "Kate" be in earnest and could make the north of Ireland their home, additional particulars can be ascertained.

ADA VILLERS would like to hear further from "M. M. C." Boast, who is twenty-five and of a respectable family, feels inclined to take pity on "H. M. de R.", who is in real want of a wife.

A. W. D., in answer to "S. P." with a fortune of 3000*l.*, says she is nineteen, light brown hair, blue eyes, medium height, and considered a good musician on the piano. *Carte* to be exchanged.

NELL would like to receive a *carte* from "Augustus." If approved she will send hers in return.

VINA craves our assistance on behalf of herself and a friend "Oriole." The latter, who is twenty-one, of medium height, dark hair, beautiful grey eyes, good teeth, and clear complexion and merry disposition—in fact, a general favourite—would prefer a dark gentleman, but thinks a "Son of Neptune" might respond. *Carte* to be exchanged, and returned if not suitable. "Vina" is tall, of fair complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, considered a good figure, twenty-five years of age, and would like the gentleman to be tall, dark, and in trade. Would like to correspond with "H. M. de R." (No. 145), if he will take the initiative. *Carte* to be exchanged. Neither "Vina" nor her friend "Oriole" are possessed of any money. They are both in the same house of business in a quiet town where there are very few gentlemen of their own rank of life.

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